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POEMS:

By Michaell Draiton
Esquire.



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The Arguments.

THe Barrons warres.
England's Heroicall Epiſtles.
Idea.
The Legend of Robert Duke of Normandie.
The Legend of Matilda.
The Legend of Pierce Gaueſton.

To Sir Walter Aſton, Knight of the honourable order of the Bath, and my moſt worthy Patron.

I Will not ſtriue m'invention to inforce,
With needleſſe words your eyes to entertaine,
T'obſerue the formall ordinarie courſe
That euerie one ſo vulgarly doth faine:
Our interchanged and deliberate choiſe,
Is with more firme and true election ſorted,
Then ſtands in cenſure of the common voice,
That with light humor fondly is tranſported:
Nor take I patterne of an others praiſe,
Then what my pen may conſtantly avow,
Nor walke more publique, nor obſcurer waies
Then vertue bids, and iudgement will allow;
So ſhall my loue, and beſt endeuours ſerue you,
And ſtill ſhall ſtudie, ſtill ſo to deſerue you.

Michaell Drayton.

To the Reader.

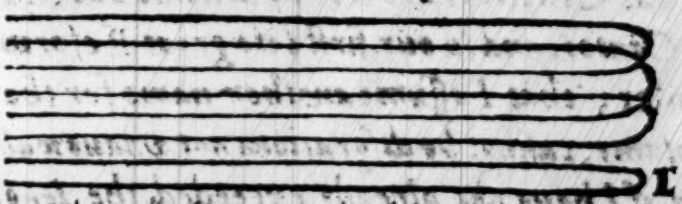
THat at first I made choise of this argument, I haue not as yet repented me, for if the Muse haue not much abused me, it was most worthy to haue found a more worthie Pen then mine owne; for the Barrons warres, (omitting the qualitie of those Armes, whereof I haue not heere to speake) were surely as well for their length in continuance, as for their manifold bloodshed, and multitude of horrid accident, meet matter for trumpet or tragedy. Therefore, as at first the dignitie of the thing was the motiue of the doing, so the cause of this my second greater labour was the insufficient handling of the first, which though it were more then boldnesse to venter on so noble an argument without leisure, and studie cõpetent, either of which trauell hardly affoords; yet the importunitie of friends made me, contrarie to mine own iudgement, take, vndertake, & publish it, so as the world hath seene, but herein I intend not to be too exact, as if either it needed too much excuse (knowing, that euen as it was it ought to haue passed for better then some would suffer, who can hardly thinke any thing hath sauour but their own, though neuer so vnsauoury) or as if I should seeme now to haue excelled my selfe, and failing in my hopes, be kept without excuse. Grammaticasters haue quarreled at the title of Mortimeriados, as if it had beene a sinne against Syntaxis to haue subscribed it in the second case, but not their idle reproofe hath made mee now abstaine from fronting it by the name of Mortimer at all, but the same better aduise which hath caused me to alter the whole; and where before

the

the ſtanza was of ſeauen lines, wherein there are two cou-plets, as in this figure appeareth.



the often harmonie thereof ſoftned the verſe more then the maieſty of the ſubiect would permit, vnleſſe they had all bin Geminels, or couplets. Therefore, (but not without faſhio-ning the whole frame) I choſe Arioſtos *ſtanza, of all other the moſt complete and beſt proportioned, conſiſting of eight, ſix interwouen, and a couplet in baſe.*



The Quadrin doth neuer double, or to vſe a word of He-raldrie, neuer bringeth forth Gemells. The Quinzain too ſoone. The Seſtin hath Twinnes in the baſe, but they detaine not the Muſicke nor the Cloze (as Muſitians terme it) long enough for an Epicke Poeme; The ſtanza of ſeauen is touched before; This of eight both holds the tune cleane through to the baſe of the columne, (which is the couplet the foote or bottome) and cloſeth not but with a full ſatis-faction to the eare, for ſo long detention.

Briefely, this ſort of ſtanza hath in it, maieſtie, perfecti-on and ſoliditie, reſembling the pillar which in Architecture is called the Tuſcan, whoſe ſhaft is of ſix diameters, and ba-ſes of two. The other reaſons this place will not beare, but generally all ſtanzas are in my opinion but tyrants and tor-turers, when they make inuention obey their number, which ſometime would otherwiſe ſcantle it ſelfe. A fault tha-

great Maisters in this Art strme to auoide. Concerning the diuision which I vse in this Poeme, I am not ignorant that antiquitie hath vsed to distinguish workes into Bookes, and euery one to beare the number of their order, Homers Iliads, *and* Vlyssiads *indeede are distinguished by seuerall letters of the Greeke Alphabet, as all the world knowes, and not by the numerall letters onely, which to loue are digit, and afterward compound; the Alpha being our vnite, for the Greeks had no figures nor ciphers in their Arithmeticke.* Virgils Æneis, Statius Thebais, Silius *worke of the Carthaginian warre,* Illyricus Argonauticks, Vidas Christeis, *are all diuided into books. The Italians vse Cantos, and so our first late great Reformer Master* Spenser; *that I assume another name for the sections in this volume, cannot be disgrations nor vnauowable.*

Lastly, if I haue not already exceeded the length of an Epistle, I am to intreate, that he who will (as any man may that will) make himselfe a partie to this of ours, would be pleased to remember that Spartan *Prince, who being found by certaine Ambassadors playing among his children, requested them to forbeare to censure, till also they had some of their owne. To such I giue as ample power and priuiledge as euer* Ius liberorum *coulain* Rome, *craning backe againe at their hands by a regrant, the like of that which I impart; for great reason there is, that they should vndergoe the licence which themselues challenge, and suffer that in their fames which they would wrongly put vpon others, according to the most indifferent law of the* Talio. *Fare you well.*

To

To M. Michaell Drayton.

WHat ornament might I deuiſe to fit
Th'aſpiring height of thy admired ſpirit?
Or what faire Garland worthy is to ſit
On thy bleſt browes, that compaſſe in all merit?
Thou ſhalt not crowned be with common Bayes,
Becauſe for thee it is a crowne too low,
Apolloes tree can yeeld thee ſimple praiſe,
It is too dull a veſture for thy brow;
But with a wreathe of ſtarres ſhalt thou be crown'd,
Which when thy working temples do ſuſtaine,
Will like the Spheares be euer mouing round,
After the royall muſicke of thy braine:
Thy skill doth equall *Phœbus*, not thy birth,
He to heauen giues muſicke, thou to earth.

Thomas Greene.

copy 1

To M. Michaell Drayton.

THose painefull wits, which natures depth admire,
And view the causes of vnconstant strife,
Doe tremble least the Vniuerse expire,
through lasting iarres, the enemies of life,
On earthly signes let not such Sages looke,
Nor on the cleere aspects of hopefull starres;
But learne the worlds continuance from thy booke,
which frames past natures force eternall warres;
wherein the Muses shewing perfect glory,
Adorne it so with gracefull harmonie,
that all the acts of this lamented story,
Seeme not perform'd for peoples libertie:
Nor through the awe of an imperious King,
But that thy verses their deepe wounds might sing.

Iohn Beaumont.

THE FIRST BOOKE
of the Barrons warres.

(***)

The Argument.

The grieuous plagues and the prodigious ſignes
That this great warre and ſlaughter doe foreſhow,
Th'eſpeciall cauſe the Baronage combines,
The Queenes ſtrong griefe, whence many troubles grow,
The time by courſe vnto our fall inclines,
And how each country doth to battell goe;
What cauſe to yeeld, the Mortimers *pretend,*
And their commitment perfecting the end.

I

THe bloodie factions, and rebellious pride
Of a ſtrong nation, whoſe vnmanag'd might
Them from their naturall Soueraigne did diuide,
Their due ſubiection, and his lawfull right,
Whom their light error looſely doth miſguide,
Vrg'd by lewd Minions tyrannous deſpight;
Me from ſoft layes, and tender loues doth bring,
Of dreadfull fights, and horred warres to ſing.

2

What helliſh furie poyſned your hie blood,
Or ſhould bewitch you with accurſed charmes,
That by pretending of the generall good,
Raſhly extrudes you to tumultuous armes,
And from the ſafetie wherein late you ſtood,
Reft of all taſte, and feeling of your harmes,
That France and Belgia with affrighted eyes,
Were ſad beholders of your miſeries.

3

Th'inueterate ranckor in their boſoms bred,
Who for their charter wag'd a former war,
Or through your veines, this raging venom ſpred,
Whoſe next-ſucceeding Nephewes now you are,
Or that hote gore your bowes in conqueſt ſhed,
Hauing enlarg'd your Countries bounds ſo far,
Enſigne to enſigne furiouſly oppoſe,
With blades of Bilbo dealing Engliſh blowes.

4

O thou the great director of my Muſe,
On whoſe free bountie all my powers depend,
Into my breaſt a ſacred fire infuſe,
Rauiſh my ſpirit this great worke to attend;
Let the ſtill night my laboured lines peruſe,
That when my Poems gaine their wiſhed end,
They whoſe ſad eyes ſhall reade this tragique ſtory,
In my weake hand ſhall ſee thy might and glory.

What

5

What Care would plot, Diſſentiõns quickely croſſe,
Which like an earthquake rends the tottering ſtate,
By which abroade we beare a publique loſſe,
Betrayd at home by meanes of priuate hate;
Whilſt vs th ſe ſtrange calamities doe toſſe,
(The daily nurſe of mutinous debate)
Confuſion ſtill our countries peace confounds,
No helpe at hand, and mortall all our wounds.

6

Thou Church then ſwelling in thy mightineſſe,
Tending the care and ſafetie of the ſoule;
O nurſe not factions flowing in exceſſe,
That with thy members ſhouldſt their griefe condole,
In thee reſts power this outrage to repreſſe,
Which might thy zeale and ſanctitie enrole,
Come thou in pureneſſe meekely with the word,
Lay not thy hand to the vnhalowed ſword.

7

Blood-thirſting warre ariſing firſt from hell,
And in progreſſion ſeizing on this Ile,
Where it before neere forty yeeres did dwell,
And with pollution horribly defile,
By which ſo many a woorthy Engliſh fell,
By our firſt *Edward* baniſhed awhile,
Transferd by Fortune to the Scottiſh meare,
To ranſacke that, as it had rauinde heere.

8

Where hovering ſtill with inauſpicious wings
About the verge of theſe diſtempered climes,
Returning now, new errour hether brings,
To ſtirre vs vp to theſe diſaſtrous crimes,
Weakeneth our power by oft diminiſhings;
And taking holde on theſe vnſetled times,
Forcing our frailty ſenſually at length,
Crackt the ſtiffe nerves that knit our antient ſtrength.

9

Whoſe frightfull viſion, at the firſt approach,
With violent madnes ſtrooke that deſperate age,
So many ſundry miſeries abroach,
Giuing full ſpeed to their vnbrideled rage
That did our antient libertie encroach,
And in theſe ſtrong conſpiracies ingage,
The worthieſt blood the ſubiects loſſe to bring,
By innaturall wrongs vnto their naturall king.

10

When in the North whilſt horror yet was yoong,
Theſe dangerous ſeaſons ſwiftly comming on,
Whilſt o're our heads portentious meteors hung,
And in the skies ſterne Comets brightly ſhone,
Prodigious births oft intermixt among,
Such as before to times had beene vnknowne,
In bloody iſſues forth the earth doth breake,
Weeping for vs, whoſe woes it could not ſpeake.

When

11

When by the rankenes of contagious aire,
A mortall plague inuadeth man and beast,
Which soone disperst, and raging every where,
In doubt the same too quickely should have ceast,
More to confirme the certaintie of feare
By cruell famine haplesly encreast;
As though the heauens in their remisfull doome,
Tooke those best lou'd from worser daies to come.

12

The leuell course that we propose to goe
Now to th'intent you may more plainely see,
And that we euery circumstance may show
The state of things, and truely what they be,
And with what skill, or proiect we bestow,
As our accurrents happen in degree.
From these portents we now diuert our view,
To bring to birth the horrors that ensue.

13

The calling backe of banisht *Gaueston*,
Gainst which the Barrons were to *Longshanks* sworne,
That insolent lascivious Minion,
A Soueraignes blemish, and a countries scorne,
The signiories, and great promotion,
Him in his lawlesse courses to suborne,
Stirres vp that hatefull and outragious strife,
That cost ere long so many an English life,

14

O worthy *Lacy*, hadſt thou ſparde that breath
Which ſhortly after Nature thee denide,
To *Lancaſter* deliuered at thy death,
To whom thy onely daughter was affide,
That this ſterne warre too quickely publiſheth,
To ayde the Barrons gainſt that Minions pride,
Thy Earledomes, lands, and titles of renowne,
Had not ſo ſoone returnd vnto the Crowne.

15

The Lordſhips *Bruſe* vnto the *Spenſers* paſt,
Croſſing the Barrons vehement deſire,
As from *Ioues* hand that fearefull lightning caſt,
When fifty townes lay ſpent in enuious fire,
Alas too vaine and prodigall a waſte;
The ſtrong effect of their conceiued ire,
Vrging the weake King with a violent hand,
T'abiure thoſe falſe Lordes from the troubled land.

16

When the faire Queene that progreſſing in *Kent*,
Laſtly denide her entrance into *Leedes*,
Whom *Badleſmere* vnkindly dooth preuent;
Who gainſt his Soueraigne in this courſe proceedes,
As adding further to this diſcontent,
One of the ſprings which this great miſchiefe feedes,
Heaping on rage and horror more and more,
To thruſt on that which went too faſt before.

Which

17

Which more and more, a kingly rage increaſt,
Moou'd with the wrongs of *Gaueſton* diſgraded,
Which had ſo long beene ſetled in his breaſt,
That all his powers it wholy had inuaded,
Giuing the *Spenſers* an aſſured reſt,
By whom his reaſons chiefly are perſwaded,
By whoſe lewd counſells he is onely led,
To leaue his true Queene, and his lawfull bed,

18

That now herſelfe who while ſhe ſtood in grace,
Applied her powers theſe diſcords to appeaſe
When yet confuſion had not fully place,
Nor former times ſo dangerous as theſe,
A party now in theyr afflicted caſe,
A willing hand to his deſtruction layes,
That time whoſe ſoft palme heals the wound of war,
May cure the ſoare, but neuer cloſe the ſcar.

19

In all this heate his greatnes firſt began,
The ſerious ſubiect of our ſadder vaine,
Braue *Mortimer*, that euer-matchleſſe man,
Of the old Heroes great and God-like ſtraine,
For whom inuention dooing beſt it can,
His weight of honour hardly can ſuſtaine,
Bearing his name immortaliz'd and hie,
When he in earth vnnumbred times ſhall lie.

20

That vncle now (whose name this Nephew bare,
The onely comfort of the wofull Queene)
Who from his cradle held him as his care,
In whom the hope of that great name was seene,
For this young Lord now wisely doth prepare,
Whilst yet this deepe hart-goaring wound is greene,
And on this faire aduantage firmely wrought,
To place him highly in her princely thought.

21

At whose deliberate and vnusuall byrth,
The heauens were said to counsell to retire,
And in aspects of happinesse and mirth,
Breath'd him a spirit insatiatly t'aspire,
That tooke no mixture of the ponderous earth,
But all compresst of cleere ascending fire,
So well made vp, that such an one as he,
Ioue in a man like *Mortimer* would be.

22

The temper of that nobler moouing part,
With such rare pureneſſe rectified his blood,
Raising the powers of his resolued hart,
Too prowd to be lockt vp within a flood,
That no misfortune possibly could thwart;
Which from the natiue greatnesse where it stood,
Euen by the vertue of a piercing eye,
Shew'd that his pitch was boundlesse as the sky.

Worthy

23

Worthy the grand-child of ſo great a Lord,
Who whilſt firſt *Edward* fortunately raign'd,
Reedified great *Arthurs* auncient boord,
The ſeate at goodly *Kennelworth* ordain'd,
The order of old Knighthood there reſtor'd,
To which a hundreth duely appertain'd
With all the grace, and beauties of a Court,
As beſt became that braue and martiall ſport.

24

The hart-ſwolne Lords with furie ſet on fire,
Whom *Edwards* wrongs to vengeance ſtill prouoke.
With *Lancaſter* and *Hartfoord* now conſpire
No more to beare the *Spenſers* ſeruile yoke.
And thus whilſt all a mutuall change deſire,
The ancient bonds of their allegeance broke,
Reſolu'd with blood their libertie to buy,
And in this quarrell vow'd to liue and dye.

25

What priuiledge hath our free birth? (ſay they)
Or in our blood what vertue doth remaine,
To each laſciuious Minion made a pray,
That vs, and our nobilitie diſdaine,
Whilſt they tryumphing boaſt of our decay?
Either thoſe ſpirits we do not now retaine
That were our fathers, or by fate we fall
Both from their greatnes, liberty and all.

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26

Honour deiected from that ſoueraigne ſtate,
From whence at firſt it challenged a being,
Now proſtitute to infamy and hate,
As with it ſelfe in all things diſagreeing,
So out of order, diſproportionate,
From her faire courſe prepoſterouſly flying,
Whilſt others as themſelues, and onely wee
Are not held thoſe we would but ſeeme to bee.

27

Then to what end hath our great conqueſt ſeru'd,
Thoſe acts achiued by the Norman ſword,
Our Charters, patents, or our deeds reſeru'd,
Our offices, and tytles to record,
The creſts that on our monuments are caru'd,
If they to vs no greater good affoord?
Thus doe they murmure euery one apart,
With many a vext ſoule, many a grieued hart.

28

Whilſt this ſad Queene to depth of ſorrow throwne,
Wherein ſhe waſtes her flower of youth away,
Beyond beliefe to all but heauen vnknowne,
This quickning ſparke, where yet it buried lay,
By the ſharpe breath of deſperate faction blowne,
Conuerts her long night to the wiſhed day,
The wofull winter of misfortune cheering,
As the darke world at the bright ſunnes appearing.

Yet

29

Yet ill perplex'd amid these hard extreames,
All meanes depresst her safety to preferre,
Depriu'd of those late comfortable beames,
Whose want might make her the more easly erre,
Her hopes relinquisht like deceiptfull dreames,
Which in her breast such sundry passions stirre,
Where strugling which ech other should controule
Worke strange confusion in her troubled soule.

30

That now disabled of all soveraigne state,
That to her graces rightly did belong,
To be reiected, and repudiate,
So true a Lady, goodly, faire and yoong,
Which with more feruor still dooth intimate
Her too-deepe-setled and inveterate wrong,
What wisedome would, a womans will denies,
With arguments of her indignities.

31

When to effect the angry Fates pursue
In heauens high Court that long time did depend,
When these full mischiefes to a ripenesse grew,
And now the harvest hastning in the end,
And all these lines into one centre drew,
Which way soe're they seemingly extend;
All these together in proportion laide,
Each breath of hope, a gale of certaine aide.

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32

Now is the time when *Mortimer* doth enter,
Of great imployment in this tragicke act,
His youth and courage boldly bid him venter,
And tell him ſtill how ſtrongly he was backt;
And at this inſtant in due ſeaſon ſent her,
When the ſtreight courſe to her deſire is tract,
(And but vpon more certaintie doth ſtay)
By a direct, what though a dangerous way?

33

This dreadfull Commet drew her wondring eie,
Which now beganne his golden head to reare,
Whoſe glorious fixure in ſo faire a skie,
Strikes the beholder with a chilly feare,
And in a Region eleuate and hie,
And by the forme wherein it did appeare,
As the moſt skilfull ſeriouſly divine,
Foreſhew'd a kingdome ſhortly to decline.

34

Yet ſtill recoyling at the *Spencers* power,
As often checkt with their intemperate pride,
Th'vnconſtant Barrons wauering euery howre,
The fierce incounter of this boyſterous tide,
That eaſily might their liuelihoode deuoure,
Had ſhe not thoſe that skilfully could guide,
She from ſuſpition craftily retires,
Careleſſe in ſhew, of what ſhe moſt deſires.

Diſſem-

35

Diſſembling griefe, as one that knew not ill;
So can ſhe rule the greatnes of her mind,
As a moſt perfect Rectoreſſe of her will,
Aboue the vſuall weakenes of her kind;
For all this ſtorme immooueable and ſtill,
Her ſecret drift the wiſeſt miſſe to find;
Nor will ſhe know what (yet) theſe factions meant,
With a pleaſd eie to ſooth ſad Diſcontent.

36

The leaſt ſuſpition cunningly to heale,
Still in her lookes humilitie ſhe beares,
The ſafeſt way with mightineſſe to deale,
So Policie Religions habite weares;
Tis now no time her greeuance to reueale,
Hee's mad which takes a Lyon by the eares,
This knew the Queene, exampled by the wiſe,
This muſt they learne that rightly temporize.

37

The learnedſt Biſhop *Torleton* in the land,
Vpon a text of Politickes to preach,
Which he long ſtudying, well did vnderſtand,
And by a methode could as aptly teach,
That was a Prelate of a potent hand,
Wiſe were the man could goe beyond his reach:
This ſubtile Tutor *Iſabell* had taught,
In nicer poynts than euer *Edward* fought.

Rage

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38

Rage which no limits longer can containe,
Laſtly breakes foorth into a publique flame,
Their ſlipp'd occaſion better to regaine,
When to their purpoſe things ſofitly frame,
And now diſcerned viſibly and plaine,
When treaſon boldly dare it ſelfe proclaime,
Caſting aſide all ſecular diſguiſe,
Leading prowd legions furiouſly to riſe.

39

As *Severne* lately in her ebbes that ſanke,
Vaſt and forſaken leaues th'vncouered ſands,
Fetching full tides, luxurious, hie, and ranke,
Seemes in her pride t'inuade the neighbouring lands,
Breaking her limits, couering all the banks,
Threatning the prowde hilles with her watry handes,
As though ſhe meant her Empery to haue,
Where euen but lately ſhe beheld her graue.

40

Through all the land, from places farre and neere,
Led to the field as Fortune lots their ſide,
(With th'auntient weapons vſde in warre to beare)
As thoſe directed whom they choſe their guide,
Or elſe perhaps as they affected were,
Or as by friendſhip, or by ductie tide,
Swayde by the ſtrength and motion of their blood,
No cauſe examin'd, be it bad or good.

From

41

From Norfolke, and the countries of the East,
That with the long pyke best could mannage fight,
The men of Kent vnconquer'd of the rest,
That to this day maintaine their ancient right,
And for their strength that we account the best,
The Cornishmen, most actiue, bold, and light,
Those neere the plaine that gleaue and polax weeld,
And claime for due vaward of the field.

42

The noble Britton sprung of *Ilyon* race,
From Lancashiere most famous for their bowes,
With those of Cheshiere, chiefest for their place,
Men of such bone, as onely made for blowes,
That for their faith are had in speciall grace,
And as the guard vnto the Soueraigne goes;
Those of the North in feuds so deadly fell,
That for their speare and horsemanship excell.

43

For euery vse experience could espy
Such as in Fens and Marsh-lands vse to trade,
The doubtfull foards and passages to try,
With stilts and loapstaues that do aptliest wade,
And fit'st for scowts and Currers to discry,
Those from the Mines with pickaxe, and with spade,
For Pyoners best, that for intrenching are,
Men chiefly needefull in the vse of war.

7216
copy 1

44

O noble Nation furniſhed with Armes,
So full of ſpirit, ſo eminent alone,
Had heauen but bleſt thee to foreſee theſe harmes,
And as thy valiant Nephewes to haue gone,
Paris, Roan, Orleance ſhaking with alarmes,
As the bright Sunne thy glorie then had ſhone;
To other Realmes thou hadſt transferd this chance,
Nor had your ſons been firſt that conquerd France.

45

And thus on all hands making for their reſt,
And now ſet forward for this mightie day,
Where euery one prepares to do his beſt,
When in ſucceſſe their liues and fortunes lay;
No croſſe euent their purpoſes to wreſt,
Where now they ſtand in ſo direct a way;
And whilſt they play this ſtrange & doubtfull game,
The Queene ſtands by, and onely giues the ayme.

46

When this braue Lord his foote had ſcarcely ſet
Into the road where Fortune had to deale,
But ſhe diſpoſd his forward courſe to let,
Her lewd condition quickly doth reueale,
Glory to her vaine deitie to get,
By him, whoſe birth did beare her omenous ſeale,
Winning occaſion from this very hower,
In him to proue and manifeſt her power.

As

47

As when we ſee the earely riſing Sunne,
With his faire beames to emulate our ſight,
And when his courſe but newly is begunne,
The humorous fogges deprive his wiſhed light,
Till through the moiſt clouds his cleare forehead run,
Climing the noonſted in his gorgeous height:
His bright beginning fortune hindreth thus,
To make the reſt more rich, more glorious.

48

The King diſcreetely that conſidered,
The ſpace of earth whereon the Barrons ſtand,
What were their powers to them contributed,
Now being himſelfe but partner of his land,
And of the ſtrength and army that heeled,
Gainſt them that doe ſo great a power command,
In which t'was well he did ſo wiſely looke,
The taske was great that now he vndertooke.

49

And warn'd by danger to miſ-doubt the worſt,
In equall ſcales whilſt eithers fortune hung,
Muſt now performe the vtmoſt that he durſt,
Or vndergoe the burden of his wrong;
As good to ſtirre, as after be inforſt
To ſtop the head whence many euills ſprung:
Now with the marchers thinkes it beſt beginne,
Which firſt muſt looſe, ere he could hope to winne.

7216 copy 1

50

The *Mortimers* being men of greateſt might,
Whoſe name was dreadfull, and commanded far,
Sturdie to manage, of a haughtie ſpright,
Strongly aly'd, much followed, popular,
On whom if thus he happily could light,
He hopes more eaſly to conclude this war;
Which he intendeth ſpeedily to try,
To quit that firſt, which moſt ſtood in his eye.

51

For which he expeditiouſly prouided
That part of land into his power to get,
Which if made good, might keepe them ſtill diuided,
Their combination cunningly to let,
Who being conioyn'd, would be too ſtrongly ſided,
Two, ſo great ſtrengths together ſafely met,
The face of warre would looke ſo ſterne and great,
As well might threat to heaue him from his ſeate.

52

Wherefore from London ſtrongly ſetting forth,
With a faire Army furniſh'd of the beſt,
Accompany'd with frends of greateſt worth,
With whom there's many a gallant ſpirit is preſt;
Great *Lancaſter*, the Lord of all the North,
The *Mortimers* are Maiſters of the Weſt, (ther,
Hee towards mid England makes, the way twixt ei-
Which they muſt croſſe, ere they could com together.

And

53

And thus inueagled with delightfull hope,
Stowtly to front and ſhoulder with debate,
Knowing to meete with a reſolued troupe
That came prepar'd with courage, and with hate,
Whoſe ſtubborne Creſts if he inforc'd to ſtoope,
He now muſt tempt ſome great and powrefull fate;
And through ſterne guards of ſwords & irefull flame,
Make way to peace, and propagate his name.

54

When now the Marchers well vpon their way,
(Expecting ſuch ſhould promis'd ſuccour bring
Which all this while abus'd them by delay)
Are ſuddainely encountred by a King,
And now perceiue their dilatory ſtay
To be the cauſer of their ruining,
How neere their boſoms blacke deſtruction ſtood,
With open iawes prepared for their blood.

55

And by the ſhifting of inconſtant wind,
Seeing what weather they were like to meet,
Which (euen) at firſt ſo aukwardly they find
Ere they could yet giue ſea-roomth to their fleet,
Cleane from their courſe, and caſt ſo far behind,
And yet in perrill euery howre to ſplit,
Some vnknowne harbor ſuddainely muſt ſound,
Or runne their fortunes deſprately on ground.

56

The elder peere, graue, politique, and wiſe,
Which had all dangers abſolutely ſcand,
Finding high time his Nephew to aduiſe,
Since now their ſtate ſtood on this deſperate hand,
And from this miſchiefe many more to riſe,
With long experience learn'd to vnderſtand:
Nephew (ſaith he) t'is longer vaine to ſtriue,
Counſell beſt ſerues our ſafetie to contriue.

57

The downe-right perill preſent in our eye
Not to be ſhund, what certaine end t'aſſures;
The next, the weight that on our fall doth lie,
And what our life to our deſigne procures,
Each hope, and doubt that doth ariſe thereby,
Prouing with iudgement how the ſame endures:
For who obſerues ſtrict pollicies true lawes,
Shifts his proceeding to the varying cauſe.

58

To hazard fight with the Emperiall powers,
May our ſmall troupes vndoubtedly appall,
A deſperate end vs willingly deuours;
Yeelding our ſelues, by this wee looſe not all,
We leaue our friends this little force of ours,
Reſerv'd for them, though hapleſly we fall;
That ſhew of weaknes hath a glorious hand,
That falls it ſelfe, to make the cauſe to ſtand.

Twixt

59

Twixt inexpected and ſo dangerous ills,
That's beſt wherein we ſmalleſt perrill ſee,
A courſe that reaſon neceſſary wills,
And that doth moſt with pollicie agree,
The idle vulgar breath it nothing skils,
T'is ſound diſcretion muſt our Pylot be,
He that doth ſtill the fayreſt meane preferre,
Anſwers opinion how ſo ere he erre.

60

And to the world's eye ſeeming yet ſo ſtrong,
By our diſcending willingly from thence,
May vrge the ſhew of our oppoſed wrong
Rather b'inforcement then fore-thought pretence,
Leauing th'aduantage doth to vs belong,
May qualifie the nature of th'offence,
Men are not alwayes incident to loſſe,
When Fortune ſeemes their forward cauſe to croſſe.

61

Nor giue we enuie abſolute acceſſe,
To lay our fall vpon thy forward mind,
Ther's neerer meanes this miſchiefe to redreſſe,
And make ſucceſsfull what is yet behinde,
Nor of our hope vs wholy diſpoſſeſſe,
Fortune is euer variouſly inclind,
And a ſmall vantage to the courſe of Kings,
Guides a ſlight meanes to compaſſe mighty things.

62

Which ſpeech ſo caught his Nephews pliant youth,
Faſtning vpon a dutiful reſpect,
Which he with ſuch celeritie purſu'th,
(Well could he counſell, well could he direct)
Proceeding from integritie and truth,
And working with ſuch proſperous effect,
Shewes wiſemens counſels, by a powerfull fate,
(Seeming from reaſon) yet proue fortunate.

63

To which they awfull Maieſtie inuite
By the moſt due and ceremonious way,
With circumſtance, and each conditi'nall rite
Might winne reſpect vnto this new eſſay,
Or might opinion any way excite,
To which the King doth willingly obay;
Who as themſelues in finding danger neere,
Rather accepts doubt, then a certaine feare.

64

Which he receaues in preſage of his good,
To his ſucceſſe auſpiciouſly apply'd,
which cooles the heat of his diſtemperd blood,
Before their force in doubtfull Armes was try'd,
In his protection when they onely ſtood,
At his diſpoſing wholy to abide,
vvhereon in ſafety he diſmiſt their power,
Sends them away as priſoners to the rower.

65

O all-preparing prouidence Diuine,
In thy large Booke what ſecrets are enrold?
What ſundry helps doth thy great powre aſſigne,
To ſtay the courſe thou ſtedfaſtly dooſt hold?
What mortall ſence is able to define
Thy myſteries, thy counſells manifold;
By theſe digreſſions ſtrangely that extends
Thy obſcure proceedings to aparent ends?

66

This was the meane, by which the Fates diſpoſe
More threatned plagues vpon that age to bring,
Vtter confuſion on the heads of thoſe
That were before the Barrons ruining,
With the ſubuerſion of ſo many foes,
The murther of the miſerable King;
And that which came as Epilogue to all,
Laſtly, his fearefull, and ſo violent fall.

67

Which to their hope giues time for further breath,
As the firſt pawſe in this their great affaire,
That yet awhile deferr'd this threatning death,
Truſting this breach by leyſure to repaire,
And heere a while this furie limetteth:
Whilſt in this manner things ſo ſtrangely fare,
Horror beyond the wonted bounds doth ſwell,
As the next Canto dreadfully ſhal tell.

The end of the firſt Canto.

The ſecond Booke of the Barrons warres.

(***)

The Argument.

At Burton-bridge *the puiſſant armies met,*
The forme and order of the doubtfull fight,
Whereas the King the victory doth get,
And the prowd Barrons laſtly forcde to flight;
How they againe towardes Burrough *forward ſet,*
Where then the Lords are vanquiſhed outright,
Laſtly, the lawes doe execute their power,
On thoſe the ſword before did not deuoure.

I

THis chance of warre, that dreadfully had ſwept
So large a ſhare from their full-reckned might,
Which their prowd hopes ſo carefully had kept
Whilſt yet their ſtate ſtoode equally vpright,
That could at firſt ſo cloſely intercept,
That ſhould haue ſeru'd them for a glorious fight,
Muſters ſupplies of footemen, and of horſe,
To giue a new ſtrength to their ruinde force.

Th'in-

2

Th'inueterate griefe ſo deepe and firmely rooted,
Yet ſlightly curde by this ſhort ſtrengthleſſe peace;
To aſſay t'remoue, ſince it but vainely booted,
That did with each diſtemprature increaſe,
And being by euery offerd cauſe promooted,
Th'effect too firmely ſetled to ſurceaſe:
When each euaſion ſundry paſſions brought,
Strange formes of feare in euery troubled thought.

3

And put in action for this publique cauſe,
Whilſt euery one a party firmely ſtoode,
Taxt by the letter of the cenſuring lawes,
In the ſharpe tainder of his honoured blood;
And he thats free'ſt, entangled by ſome clauſe,
Which to this miſchiefe giues continuall food;
For where confuſion gets ſo ſtrongly hold,
Till all conſumde, can hardly be controlde.

4

Where now by night, euen when pale leaden ſleepe,
Vpon their eie-lids heauily did dwell,
And, ſtep by ſtep, on euery ſence did creepe,
Miſchiefe (that blacke inhabitant of hell)
Which neuer failes continuall watch to keepe,
Fearefull to thinke, a horred thing to tell,
Entred the place where now theſe warlike Lordes
Lay maild in armour, girt with irefull ſwords.

Miſchiefe

5

Miſchiefe with ſharpe ſight, and a meager looke,
And alwaies prying where ſhe may do ill,
In which the fiend continuall pleaſure tooke,
Her ſtarued body Plenty could not fill,
Searching in euery corner, euery nooke,
With winged feete, too ſwift to worke her will;
Hung full of deadly inſtruments ſhe went,
Of euery ſort to hurt where ere ſhe meant.

6

And with a viall fild with banefull wrath,
Brought from *Cocytus* by this curſed ſpright,
Which in her blacke hand readily ſhe hath,
And drops the poiſon vpon euery wight;
For to each one ſhe knew the readie path:
Now in the midſt and dead-time of the night,
Whoſe enuious force inuadeth euery Peere,
Striking with furie, and impulſiue feare.

7

The weeping morning breaking in the Eaſt,
When with a troubled and affrighted mind,
Each whom this venom lately did infeſt,
The ſtrong effect ſoone inwardly do find;
And lately troubled by vnquiet reſt,
To ſad deſtruction euery one inclind;
Rumours of ſpoile through euery eare doth flye,
And fury ſits in eu'ry threatning eye.

This

8

This doone, in haſte vnto King *Edward* hies,
which now growne proude vpon his faire ſucceſſe,
The time in feaſts and wantonneſſe implies
with crowned cups his ſorrowes to redreſſe,
That on his fortune wholy now relies,
And in the boſome of his Courtly preſſe
Vaunting the glory of this late wonne day,
whilſt the ſick Land with ſorrow pines away.

9

Thether ſhe comes, and in a Minions ſhape
Shee creepeth neere the perſon of the King,
warm'd with the verdure of the ſwelling grape,
In which, ſhe poyſon ſecretly doth wring,
Not the leaſt drop vntaynted doth eſcape,
To which intent ſhe all her ſtore did bring,
whoſe rich commixture making it more ſtrong,
Fills his hote veines with arrogance and wrong.

10

And hauing both ſuch courage, and ſuch might
As to ſo great a buſineſſe did belong,
Neuer conſidering their pretended right
Should be inducement to a trebled wrong,
when miſty error ſo deludes their ſight,
which ſtill betwixt them, and cleere reaſon hong;
By which opinion falſly was abuſde,
As left all out of order, all confuſde.

Now

11

Now our *Minerua* tells of dreadfull Armes,
Inforc'd to ſing of worſe then ciuill warres,
Of Ambuſcades, ſtratagems, alarmes,
Vnkind diſcentions, fearfull maſſacars,
Of gloomy magiques, and benumming charmes,
Freſh-bleeding wounds, and neuer-healed skarrs,
And for the ſock wherein ſhe vſde to tread,
Marching in greaues, a helmet on her head.

12

Whilſt hate, and griefe, their weakned ſence delude,
The Barrons draw their forces to a head,
(Whome *Edward* ſpur'd with vengeance ſtill purſude)
By *Lancaſter*, and noble *Herford* led,
This long proceeding laſtly to conclude;
Whilſt now to meet, both Armies freſhly ſped
To *Burton*, both incamping for the day,
With expectation for a glorious pray.

13

Vpon the Eaſt, from *Needwoods* buſhy ſide,
There riſeth vp an eaſie clyming hill,
At whoſe faire foote the ſiluer *Trent* doth glide,
With a deep murmure permanent and ſtill,
With liberall ſtore of many Brooks ſupplide,
Th'inſatiate Meades continually doe fill,
Vpon whoſe ſtreame, a bridge of wondrous ſtrēgth
Doth ſtretch it ſelfe in forty arches length.

Vpon

14

Vppon this Mount the Kings pauillion fixt,
And in the towne, the foe intrench'd in fight,
When now the flood is riſen ſo betwixt,
That yet a while prolong'd th'unturall fight,
With tributarie waters intermixt,
To ſtay the furie dooing all it might,
Things which preſage both good and ill there bee,
Which heauen fore-ſhewes, but mortals cannot ſee.

15

The heauen euen mourning o're our heads doth ſit,
As greeu'd to ſee the time ſo out of courſe,
Looking on them who neuer looke at it,
And in meere pittie melting with remorce,
Longer from teares that cannot ſtay a whit,
Whoſe confluence on euery lower ſourſe,
From the ſwolne fluxure of the clowdes doth ſhake
A ranke Impoſtume vpon euery lake.

16

O warlike Nation! hold thy conquering hand,
Euen ſenceleſſe things admoniſh thee to pawſe,
That Mother ſoyle on whom thou yet dooſt ſtand,
That would reſtraine thee by all naturall lawes.
Canſt thou (vnkinde) inuiolate that band,
When euen the earth is angry with the cauſe?
Yet ſtay thy foote in miſchiefes vglie gate,
Ill comes too ſoone, repentance ſtill too late.

And

17

And can the clowdes weepe ouer thy decay,
And not one drop fall from thy droughtie eyes?
See'ſt thou the ſnare, and wilt not ſhun the way,
Nor yet be warn'd by paſſed miſeries?
'Tis yet but early in this fatall day;
Let late experience learne thee to be wiſe,
Miſchiefe foreſeene, may eaſly be preuented,
But hap'd, vnhelp'd, though nere enough lamented.

18

Cannot the Scot of your late ſlaughter boaſt?
And are you yet ſcarce healed of the ſore?
I'ſt not enough you haue alreadie loſt,
But your owne madneſſe needſly make it more?
Will you ſeeke ſafety in a forraine Coaſt?
Your wiues and children pittied you before;
But when your own blood your own ſwords imbrue,
Who pitties them which once did pittie you?

19

The neighbouring groues diſpoiled of their trees,
For boates, and timber to aſſay this flood,
Where men are laboring as the Summer bee,
Some hollowing truncks, ſom binding heaps of wood,
Some on their breaſts, ſome working on their knees,
To winne the bancke whereon the Barrons ſtood,
Which o're this current they by ſtrength muſt tew,
To ſhed that blood that many ages rew.

Some

20

Some ſharpen ſwords, ſome on their Murrians ſet
The Greaues, and pouldrons others riuet faſt,
The archers now their bearded arrowes whet,
Whilſt euery where the clamerous Drums are bra'ſt,
Some taking view where ſureſt ground to get,
And euery one aduantage doth fore-caſt;
In ranks and fyles each plaine and meadow ſwarmes,
As though the land were clad in angry Armes.

21

The creſts and honours of the Engliſh name,
Againſt their owne oppoſed rudely ſtand,
As angry with th'atchieuements whence they came,
That to their vertues gaue the generous brand;
O you vnworthy of your ancient fame,
Againſt your ſelues to lift your conqu'ring hand!
Since forraine ſwords your height could not abate,
By your owne powre your ſelues to ruinate.

22

Vpon his ſurcoate valiant *Neuell* bore
A ſiluer ſaltoyre grac'd on martiall red;
A Ladies ſleeue hie-ſpirited *Haſtings* wore,
Ferrer his Taberd with rich verry ſpred,
Wel knowne in many a warlike match before;
A Rauen ſate on *Corbets* warlike head,
Cou'ring his Helmet; *Culpepper* inrayld,
On maiden Armes, a bloodie bend engrayld.

The

23

The noble *Percy* in this furious day,
With a bright Creſſant in his guide-home came,
In his faire Cornet *Verdoon* dooth diſplay
A Geuly fret, priz'd in this mortall game
That had beene taskt in many a doubtfull fray,
His launces pennons ſtained with the ſame;
The angry horſe chafde with the ſtubborne bit,
The ruinous earth with rage and horror ſmit.

24

I could the ſumme of *Staffords* arming ſhow,
What colours *Courtney*, *Roſſe* and *Warren* holde,
Each ſundry blazon I could let you know,
And all the glorious circumſtance haue tolde,
What all the Enſignes ſtanding in arow,
But wailing in a Muſe, (ah me) thou arte controlde,
When in remembrance of this horred deede,
My pen for inke euen drops of blood doth ſheede.

25

Th'imperiall ſtandard in this place is pitcht,
With all the hatchments of the Engliſh crowne,
Great *Lancaſter* with all his power enricht,
Sets the ſame Leopards in his Colours downe;
O if with furie you be not bewitcht,
Haue but remembrance, on your ſelfe you frowne,
A little note, or difference is in all,
How can the ſame ſtand, when the ſame dooth fall?

Behold

26

Behold the Eagles, Lyons, Talbots, Beares,
The badges of your famous anceſtries,
And ſhall they now by their inglorious heires,
Stand thus oppos'd againſt their families?
More honoured markes no Chriſtian nation weares,
Reliques vnworthie of their progenies;
Thoſe beaſts you beare, do in their kindes agree.
O that than beaſts more ſauage men ſhould bee!

27

But whilſt the king no courſe concluded yet,
In his directions variably doth houer,
See how misfortunes ſtill her time can fit,
Such as were ſent the Country to diſcouer;
As vp and downe, from place to place they flit,
Had found a foord to land their forces ouer:
Ill-newes hath wings, and with the winde doth goe,
Comfort's a Cripple, and comes euer ſlow.

28

When *Edward* fearing *Lancaſters* ſupplies,
Prowd *Richmond*, *Surry* and great *Penbrooke* ſent,
On whoſe ſucceſſe his chiefeſt hope relies;
Vnder whoſe conduct halfe his Army went,
The neereſt way, conducted by theſpies;
And he himſelfe, and *Edmond* Earle of Kent,
Vpon the hill, in ſight of *Burton* lay,
Watching to take aduantage of the day.

29

Stay, *Surry* ſtay, thou mai'ſt too ſoone be gone,
Pawſe till this rage be ſomewhat ouer-paſt,
Why runn'ſt thou thus to thy deſtruction?
Richmond and *Penbrooke*, whither doe you haſte?
You labour ſtill to bring more horror on;
Neuer ſeeke ſorrow, for it comes too faſt:
Why do you ſtriue to paſſe this fatall flood,
To fetch new wounds, and ſhed your natiue blood?

30

Great *Lancaſter*, ſheath vp thy angry ſword,
On *Edwards* armes whoſe edge thou ſhouldſt not whet,
Thy naturall kinſman, and thy ſoueraigne Lord;
Are you not one, both true *Plantaginet?*
Call but to mind thy once-engaged word,
Canſt thou thy oath to *Longſhankes* thus forget?
Conſider well, before all other things
Our vowes be kept we make to Gods and Kings.

31

The windes are huſh'd no little breath doth blow,
Which ſeemes ſo ſtill as though it liſtning ſtood,
With trampling crouds the verie earth doth bow,
And through the ſmoke the ſunne appeares like blood;
What with the ſhout, and with the dreadfull ſhow,
The heirds and flockes runne bellowing to the wood.
When drums and trumpets giue the fearfull ſound,
As they would ſhake the clowds vnto the ground.

The

32

The Earles then charging with their power of horſe,
Taking a ſignall when they ſhould beginne,
Being in view of the imperiall force,
Which at the time aſſay'd the bridge to winne;
That now the Barrons change th'intended courſe,
T'auoide the danger they were lately in;
Which on the ſuddaine had they not fore-caſt,
Of their blacke day this howre had beene the laſt.

33

When from the hill the Kings maine power comes
Which had *Aquarius* to their valiant guide, (downe,
Braue *Lancaſter* and *Herford* from the towne
Now iſſue forth vpon the other ſide,
Peere againſt peere, the crowne againſt the crowne,
The one aſſailes, the other munifide,
Englands red croſſe vpon both ſides doth flie,
Saint *George* the king, S. *George* the Barrons crie.

34

Like as an exhalation hote and dry,
Amongſt the ayre-bred moiſtie vapors throwne,
Spetteth his lightning forth outragiouſly,
Rending the groſſe clowdes with the thunder-ſtone,
Whoſe fierie ſplinters through the thin ayre flie,
That with the terror heauen and earth doth grone;
With the like clamor and confuſed woe,
To the dread ſhocke theſe deſp'rate Armies goe.

35

Now might you ſee the famous Engliſh Bowes
So fortunate in times we did ſubdue,
Shoote their ſharpe arrowes in the face of thoſe
which many a time victoriouſly them drew,
Shunning their aime, as troubled in the looſe;
The winged weapons mourning as they flew.
Cleaue to the ſtring, (now impotent and ſlacke)
As to the Archers they would faine turne backe.

36

Behold the remnant of *Troyes* auntient ſtocke,
Laying on blowes, as Smiths on Anuils ſtrike,
Grapling together in this fearefull ſhocke,
whereas the like incountreth with the like,
As firme and ruthleſſe as th'obdurate Rocke,
Deadly oppoſed at the puſh of pike;
Still as the wings, or battels brought together,
when Fortune yet giues vantage vnto neither.

37

From battred caskes with euery enuious blow,
The ſcattred plumes flie looſly heere and there,
which in the ayre dooth ſeeme as drifts of ſnow,
which euery light breath on his wings dooth beare,
As they had ſence and feeling of our woe;
And thus affrighted with the preſent feare, (make,
Now backe, now forward ſuch ſtrange windings
As though vncertaine which way they ſhould take.

Slaughter

38

Slaughter runnes wildely through th'afflicted hoſte
Whilſt yet the battaile ſtrongly dooth abide,
That in this ſtrange diſtemprature is loſt,
Where helliſh fury ſenſibly doth guide,
Neuer ſuffiſde, where tyrannizing moſt, (wide,)
That now their woundes (with mouthes euen opend
Laſtly inforcde to call for preſent death, (breath.
That wants but tongues, your ſwords do giue them

39

Heere lies a heape halfe ſlaine, and halfly drownd,
Gaſping for breath among the watry ſegs,
And there a ſort ſalne in a deadly ſwownd,
Troade with the preſſe into the muddy dregs,
Other lie bleeding on the firmer ground,
Hurt in the bodies, maimde of armes and legs,
One kills a foe, his braine another curs,
Ones feete intangled in anothers guts.

40

One his aſſayling enemie beguiles,
As from the bridge hee happily dooth fall,
Cruſht with his weight vpon the forced piles,
Some in their gore vpon the pauement ſpraule,
That euery place ſo loathſomely defiles,
The careaſſes lie heaped like a wall,
Such hideous ſhreekes yet ſtil the ſouldiers breathe,
As though the ſpirits had howled from beneathe.

41

The faction ſtill defying *Edwards* might,
Edmond of *Woodſtocke* with the men of *Kent*,
Charging afreſh, reuiues the doubtfull fight,
Vpon the Barrons languiſhing and ſpent,
New preparation for a tragicke fight;
when they againe ſupplies immediate ſent
A ſecond battaile prowdly to beginne;
The nobleſt ſpirits but newly entred in.

42

As at *Troyes* ſacke, faire *Thetis* godlike ſunne,
Couragious *Talbot* with his ſhield him bare,
Clifford and *Mowbray* brauely following on,
Awdley and *Gifford* thronging for a ſhare;
Theſe ſeconding, the former being gone,
Elmſbridge and *Baldſmere* in the thickeſt are,
Pell mell together flie this furious powre;
when they perceiue that death will all deuoure.

43

Mountfort and *Teis*, your woorth I faine would ſpeake,
But that your value dooth ſo ill deſerue,
And *Dennile* heere from thee perforce muſt breake,
And from thy praiſes *Willington* muſt ſwerue,
Your deeds permit not I your wrongs ſhould wreake,
Prowd *Damory*, heere muſt thy glorie ſtarue;
Concealing many moſt deſeruing blame,
Becauſe your actions quench my ſacred flame.

44

O had you fashion'd your great deedes by them,
Who sommond *Acon* with an English drumme,
Or marcht before that faire Ierusalem,
With the vnited powres of Christendome,
Eternall then had beene your Diadem,
And with Christs warriors slept about his toombe:
Then ages had immortalizde your name,
Where now my song can be but of your shame.

45

O age inglorious, armes vntimely borne,
When now this prooued and victorious shield
Must in this ciuill massacre be torne,
Which bare the markes of many a bloody field;
And lastly, in their ouerthrowne forlorne,
When now to flight the Barrons basely yeeld,
That since that time the stones for very dreed,
Against foule storms final drops of moisture sheed.

46

When now those wretched and vnstedfast frends,
Which all this while stoode doubtfully to pawse,
When they perceiue what destenie intends,
And his successe dooth iustifie his cause,
Their faintnesse now more comfort apprehends,
For victory both feare and friendship drawes,
T'an open smile, conuert a couered frowne,
All lend their hands to hew the conquered downe.

47

That part of power th'emperiall ſeemde to lacke,
whilſt yet the aduerſe bare an vpright face,
when now conſtraind to giue a recreant backe,
Quickely returnes to proſecute the chaſe,
where now the Barrons wholy goe to wracke,
In the iuſt trial of ſo neere a caſe;
Inforcde to prooue the fortune of the coaſt,
When they perceiue the glorious goale is loſt.

48

And to the fortunes of the conqu'ring King,
Which well confirmde his long and tendred hope,
His faire ſucceſſe ſtill more incouraging,
which now had gote ſo large and ample ſcope,
The Earle of *Carlell* happily dooth bring
His light-armde bands the valiant Northerne troope,
Armed too lately, and with too much ſpeed,
To doe moſt harme, euen when we leaſt had need.

49

When now the Barrons making out their way,
Through partes for ſafety, and aduantage knowne,
Keeping their force ſtill bodied as they may,
Into the depth of this misfortune throwne;
And in purſuite, deuiſing day by day
T'offend th'aſſailant, and defend their owne,
In their laſt hope the vtmoſt to endure,
To deferre th'effect, although the end were ſure.

And

50

And whilst their fortune suting sadly thus,
To *Burrough-bridge* conducted by their fate,
Bridges to Barrons euer ominous,
And to this place their fall preordinate,
That ministring such cause of griefe to vs,
By the remembrance of their passed state;
The very soile by deepe impression yit,
Euen to this day doth still remember it.

51

New courage now, new sights, new battells rangde,
New breath (but what might make destruction new)
They change the ground, but yet their fate vnchangde,
Which too directly doth their course pursue,
Nor from their former misery estrangde,
Their strength decayes, their dangers daily grew,
To shorten that which whilst it did depend,
Gaue a long breathing to a feareful end.

52

Like to a heird of weary heartlesse deere,
whom hote-spurrde huntsmen seriously doe chase,
In brakes and bushes falling heere and there,
Prooving each couert, euery secret place,
Yet by the hounds recouered euery where,
with eager yearning in the sented trace;
Hem'd on each side with hornes rechating blast,
Headlong themselues into the toyles doe cast.

Ensigne

53

Enſigne beards enſign, ſword genſt ſword doth ſhake,
Wing againſt wing, and ranke doth ranke oppoſe,
In, on each other furiouſly they brake,
And death in earneſt to his bus'neſſe goes,
A generall hauocke as diſpoſde to make,
And with deſtruction dooth them all incloſe,
Dealing it ſelfe impartially to all,
Friend by his friend, and foe by foe doth fall.

54

This parte of life which yet they did reſpire,
In ſpite of Fortune, as they ſtood preparde,
With courage chargde, with comelineſſe retire,
Make good their ground, & then relieue their guarde,
Withſtand the entrer, then purſue the flier,
New forme their battell, ſhifting euery warde,
As your hie courage; but were your quarrell good,
O noble ſpirits, how deare had bin your blood?

55

The Northerne bands th'ambitious *Hertkley* led
On the weake Barrons mangled ſo before,
That now towards *Burrough* make a puiſſant head,
Incouraging th'emperiall power the more:
O day ſo fatall, and ſo full of dread,
When ere ſhall time thy ruinous waſte reſtore,
Which to amend although thou ſhalt perſeuer,
Thou ſtill maiſt promiſe, but performe it neuer.

Pale

56

Pale death beyond all wonted bounds doth swell,
Caruing prowd flesh in cantells now at large,
As leaues in Autumne, so the bodies fell
Vnder rough steele at euery boy strous charge,
O what sad pen can the destruction tell,
Where scalps lay beaten as the battred targe;
And euery one he claimeth as his right,
That not prouides t'escape away by flight.

57

Those ensignes erst, that in the glittring field
With their curld foreheads threat th'ambitious foe,
Like wetherd foule the drowping pinions yeeld,
Stouping their prowde heads to the dust below,
There sits a helmet, and there lies a shield,
O ill did fate these noble Armes bestow,
Which as a quarry on the soilde earth lay,
Seizde on by conquest as a glorious pray.

58

Heere noble *Babyne* that braue issued peere,
Herford so hie in euery gracious heart,
Vnto his country so receiude, and deere,
Wounded by treason in the lower part,
(As o're the bridge his men returning were)
Through those ill-ioynd planckes by an enuious dart.
But *Lancaster*, whose let not yet to die,
Taken, reseru'd to greater infamie.

59

O subiect for some sadder Muse to sing,
Of fiue great Earledomes happily possest,
Of the direct line of the English king,
with fauours, friends, and earthly honours blest,
If so that all these happinesse could bring,
Or could endow assurednes of rest;
But what estate stands free from fortunes powre?
The Fates haue guidance of our time and howre.

60

Some few themselues in sanctuaries hide,
In mercie of that priuiledged place,
Yet are their bodies so vnsanctifide,
As scarce their soules can euer hope for grace;
Whereas they still in want and feare abide,
A poore dead life this draweth out a space,
Hate stands without, and horror sits within,
Prolonging shame, but pardoning not their sinne.

61

Here is not death contented with the dead,
As though of some thing carelesly denide,
Till which might firmely be accomplished
His vtmost fully were not specifide,
That all exactly might be perfected
A further torment vengeance dooth prouide,
That dead men should in misery remaine,
To make the liuing die with greater paine.

You

62

You ſoueraine Cities of th'afflicted Ile,
In Cipreſſe wreathes, and widowed attire,
Prepare yee now to build the funerall pile;
Lay your pale hands vnto this lateſt fire,
All mirth and comfort from your ſtreetes exile,
Till you be purgde of this infectious ire,
The nobleſt blood yet liuing to be ſhed,
That euer dropt from your rebellious dead.

63

When this braue Lord great *Lancaſter*, who late
This puiſſant force had now thus long retainde,
As the firſt Agent in this ſtrange debate
At fatall *Pomfret* for theſe facts arraignde;
Gainſt whom of all things they articulate,
To whom theſe factions chiefly appertainde:
Whoſe proofes apparant ſo directly ſped,
As from his body reft a reuerent head.

64

Yet *Lancaſter*, it is not thy decre breath
Can ranſome backe the ſafety of the Crowne,
Nor make a league of ſo great powre with death,
To warrant what is rightfully our owne,
But they muſt pay the forfait of their faith,
Which fondly broke with their ambition,
when now reuenge vnto the vtmoſt rackt,
The Agents iuſtly ſuffer with the act.

Euen

65

Euen in that place where he had lately led,
As this darke path vnto the reſt to ſhow,
It was not long ere many followed,
In the ſame ſteps that he before did goe;
London, thy freedom is prohibited,
The firſt in place (O would the firſt in woe)
Others in blood did not excell thee farre,
That now deuoure the remnant of this warre.

66

O parents ruthfull, and hart-renting ſight,
To ſee that ſonne thy tender boſome fed,
A mothers ioy, a fathers ſole delight,
That with much coſt, yet with more care was bred;
A ſpectacle euen able to affright
Th'moſt ſenceleſſe thing, and terrifie the dead;
His blood ſo deere vpon the cold earth powr'd,
His quarter'd coarſe of birds and beaſts deuour'd.

67

But t'is not you that heere complaine alone,
Or to your ſelues this fearefull portion ſhare,
Heere's choice, and ſtrange variety of moane,
Poore childrens teares with widdowes mixed are;
Many a friends ſigh, many a maidens grone,
So innocent, ſo ſimply, pure, and rare;
As though euen Nature that long ſilent kept,
Burſt out in plaints, and bitterly had wept.

O

68

O wretched age, had not theſe things beene done,
I had not now in theſe more calmer times
Into the ſearch of former troubles runne;
Nor had my virgine impolluted rimes,
Altred the courſe wherein they firſt begunne,
To ſing theſe bloodie and vnnaturall crimes,
My layes had ſtill beene to *Ideas* bowre,
Of my deere *Ankor*, or her loued *Stoure*.

69

Or for our ſubiect your faire worth to chuſe,
Your birth, your vertue, and your hie reſpects,
That gently daine to patronize our Muſe,
Who our free ſoule ingeniouſly elects
To publiſh your deſerts, and all your dues
Maugre the Momiſts, and Satyricke ſects,
Whilſt my great verſe eternally is ſung,
You ſtill may liue with me in ſpight of wrong.

70

But greater things reſerued are in ſtore,
Vnto this taske my armed Muſe to keepe,
Still offering me occaſion as before,
Matter whereof my tragicke verſe may weepe;
And as a veſſell being neere the ſhore,
By aduerſe windes enforced to the deepe,
Am driuen backe from whence I came of late,
Vnto the bus'nes of a troubled ſtate.

The end of the ſecond Canto.

copy 1

The third Booke of the Barrons warres.

(***)

The Argument.

By a ſleepie potion that the Queene ordaines,
Lord Mortimer *eſcapes out of the Tower,*
And by faiſe ſlights, and many ſubtile traines,
Shee gets to France to raiſe a forraigne power;
The French King leaues his ſiſter; neede conſtraines
The Queene to Henault *in a happie hower:*
Edward *her ſonne to* Philip *is affide,*
And for inuaſion preſently prouide.

I

SCarce had theſe paſſed miſeries their ends,
When other troubles inſtantly begunne,
As (ſtill) new matter miſchiefe apprehends,
By things that inconſid'rately were done;
And further yet this inſolence extends,
Whilſt all not yeelded that the ſword had wonne;
For ſome there were that ſecretly did lie,
That to this bus'nes had a watchfull eye.

When

2

Whenas the King (whilſt things thus fairely went)
Who by this happy victory grew ſtrong,
Sommons at *Yorke* a preſent Parlement,
To plant his right, and helpe the *Spenſers* wrong,
By which he thinkes t'eſtabliſh his intent,
Whence (more & more) his Minions greatnes ſprong,
Whoſe counſells ſtill in all proceedings croſſde
Th'inraged Queene, whom all misfortunes toſſde.

3

When now the eldſt, a man extreamely hated,
Whom yet the King not aptly could preferre,
The edge of their ſharpe inſolence abated,
This Parlement makes Earle of *Winchester*,
Where *Herckley* Earle of *Carlell* is created,
And *Baldocke* likewiſe is made Chancellor,
On whom the king had for his purpoſe wrought,
A man as ſubtile, ſo corrupt, and nought.

4

When now miſhaps that ſeldome come alone,
Thicke in the necks of one an other fell,
The Scot pretends a new inuaſion,
And France doth thence our vſe-full powre expell,
Treaſons ſuſpected to attend his throne,
The grieued Commons euery day rebell,
Miſchiefe on miſchiefe, curſe doth follow curſe,
One ill ſcarce paſt, when after comes a worſe.

5

For *Mortimer* this winde yet fitly blew,
troubling their eyes which elſe perhaps might ſee,
Whilſt the wiſe Queene, who all aduantage knew,
Is cloſely plotting his deliuery,
(Which now ſhe dooth with all her powres purſue)
Aptly contriu'd by her deepe policie,
Againſt opinion, and the courſe of might,
To worke her will, euen through the jawes of ſpite.

6

A ſleepy drinke ſhe ſecretly hath made,
Whoſe operation had ſuch wondrous powre,
As with cold numneſſe could the ſenſe inuade,
And mortifie the patient by an houre,
The lifeleſſe coarſe in ſuch a ſlumber laide,
As though pale death did wholy it deuoure:
Nor for two dayes take benefite of eyes,
By all meanes Arte or Phyſicke could deuiſe.

7

For which ſhe Plantane and colde Lettice had,
The water Lilly from the marriſh ground,
with the wanne Poppy, and the Night-ſhade ſad,
And the ſhort moſſe that on the trees is found,
The poyſning Henbane, and the Mandrake drad,
With Cypreſſe flowers that with the reſt are pownd;
The braine of Cranes like purpoſely ſhe takes,
Mixt with the blood of Dormiſe, and of Snakes.

Thus

8

Thus sits the great Enchauntresse in her Cell,
Strongly engirt with ceremonious charmes,
Her cleansed body sensde with halowing smell,
With vestall fire her potent liquor warmes.
Hauing full heate vnto her busnes fell,
When her with Magicke instruments she armes:
And from the herbs the powrefull verdure wrong,
To make the medcine forcible and strong.

9

The sundry doubts that incident arise,
Might be supposde her trembling hand to stay,
If she considred of the enterprise,
To thinke what perill in th'attempting lay,
The secret lurking of deceitfull spies,
That on her steps continually do pray:
But when they leaue off vertue to esteeme,
Those greatly erre which take them as they seeme.

10

Their plighted faith for liberty they leaue,
Their loue is colde, their lust hote, hote their hate,
With smiles and teares they serpent-like deceaue,
In their desires they be insatiate,
There's no restraint their purpose can bereaue,
Their will no bound, nor their reuenge no date,
All feare exempt where they at ruine aime,
Couering their sinne with their discouered shame.

11

The elder of the *Mortimers* this ſpace,
(that many ſundry miſeries had paſt,)
So long reſtraindе within that healthleſſe place,
Redeemde by death, yet happily at laſt
That much auailes the other in this caſe,
And from this Lord that impoſition caſt:
Which the deare ſafety of his vncles breath
within the tower ſo ſtrictly limiteth.

12

But there was more did on his death depend,
Than heauen was pleaſde the fooliſh worlde ſhoulde (know,
And why the Fates thus haſted on his end,
Thereby intending greater things to ſhow;
Braue Lord, in vaine thy breath thou didſt not ſpend,
From thy corruption further matters grow,
And ſome beginning fruitfully to ſpring,
New formes of feare vpon the time to bring.

13

All things preparde in readineſſe, and fit,
The Queene attends her potions powre to proue,
Their ſtedfaſt friends, their beſt aſſiſting it,
Their ſeruants ſeale their ſecrets vp in loue;
And he expreſſe his valure and his wit,
Whome of the reſt it chiefly doth behoue,
Places reſolu'd where guide and horſes lay,
And where the ſhip him ſafely to conuay.

As

14

As his large bounties liberally were heap't
To all deſeruing, or to thoſe that neede,
His ſolemne birth-dayes feſtiuall was kept
At his free charge, all in the Tower to feede,
which may ſuſpition cleerely intercept,
A ſtrong aſſiſtant in ſo great a neede, ſquench.
VVhen midd'ſt their cates, their furious thirſt to
Mixing their wine with this approoued drench.

15

Which ſoone each ſence, and eu'ry power doth ſeize,
when he that knew the ſtrength of euery warde,
And to the purpoſe ſorting all his keyes,
His corded ladders readily preparde;
And lurking foorth by the moſt ſecret wayes
Not now to learne his Compaſſe by the Carde,
To winne the walles couragiouſly doth goe,
which looke as ſcorning to be maiſtred ſo.

16

They ſoundly ſleepe whilſt his quicke ſpirites awake,
Oppoſde to perill, and the ſtern'ſt extreames,
Alcydes labours new to vndertake,
Of walls, of gates, of watches, and of ſtreames,
Through which his paſſage he is now to make,
And let them tell king *Edward* of their dreames:
For ere they roſe out of the brainſicke traunce,
He hopes to tell this noble jeaſt in Fraunce.

17

The ſullen night hath her blacke curtaines ſpred,
Lowring the day had tarried vp ſo long,
Whoſe faire eyes cloſing ſoftly ſteales to bed,
When all the heauens with duskie clowdes are hung,
And *Cynthia* now pluckes in her horned head,
And to the Weſt incontinently flungs;
As ſhe had long'd to certifie the ſunne,
What in his abſence in her Court was done.

18

The glimmering lights, like Sentinels in warre,
Behind the clowdes ſtand craftily to pry,
And through falſe loope-holes looking from afarre,
To ſee him skirmiſh with his deſteny;
Not any fix'd, nor any wandring ſtarre,
As they had held a counſell in the skie;
And had before concluded with the night,
It ſhould not looke for any cheerefull ſight.

19

In deadly ſilence all the ſhores are huſh'd,
Onely the Skreech-howle ſounds to the aſſault,
And *Iſis* with a troubled murmure ruſh'd,
As if conſenting, and would hide the fault;
And as his foote the ſand or grauell cruſh'd,
A little whiſp'ring mou'd within the vault,
Made by the treading ſoftly as he went,
Which ſeem'd to ſay, it furthred his intent.

This

20

This wondrous Queene whom care yet reſtleſſe kept,
Now for his ſpeede to heauen holds vp her hands,
A thouſand ſtrange thoughts in her boſome heap'r,
As in her cloſet liſtning ſtill ſhe ſtands,
That many a ſigh ſpent, many a warme teare wept,
And though diuided, as in ſundry ſtrands,
Moſt abſent, preſent in deſires they bee,
Our mindes diſcerne where eyes do ceaſe to ſee.

21

The ſmall clowdes iſſuing from his lips ſhe faith,
Labouring ſo faſt, as he the ladder clame,
Should purge the ayre of peſtilence and death;
And as ſometime that filch'd *Promethian* flame,
Euen ſo the power and vertue of his breath,
New creatures in the elements ſhould frame;
And to what part of heauen it happ'd to ſtray,
There ſhould path out another milkie way.

22

Attainde the top, halfe ſpent a while to blow,
Now round about he caſts his longing eyes,
The gentle earth ſalutes him from below,
And couered with the comfortable skies.
Viewing the way that he is now to goe,
Cheer'd with the beames of *Iſabels* faire eyes,
Downe from the turret deſperately doth ſlide,
Night be ſucceſſefull, fortune be his guide.

23

With his deſcent, her eye ſo ſtill deſcends,
As feare had fix'd it to fore-warne his fall,
On whom her hope and fortune now depends,
When ſuddaine feare her ſences doth appall;
For preſent aide her god-like hand extends,
Forgets herſelfe, and ſpeedie aide doth call;
Silent againe, if ought but good ſhould hap,
She begs of heauen his graue may be her lap.

24

Now ſhe intreates the darke diſtempred ayre,
Then by ſtrong Magicks ſhe coniures the wind,
Then ſhe inuokes the gloomie night by prayre,
Then with her ſpells the mortall ſence to bind;
And fearing much leſt theſe yet fruſtrate are,
Now by the burning tapers ſhe diuin'd,
Intreating *Thames* to giue a friendly paſſe,
The deereſt fraught ere on her boſome was.

25

The ruſhing murmure ſtills her like a ſong,
But yet in feare the ſtreame ſhould fall in loue,
Suſpects the drops that on his treſſes hung,
And that the billowes for his beautie ſtroue,
To this faire body that ſo cloſely clong,
Which when in ſwimming with his breaſt he droue;
Palled with griefe ſhe turnes away her face,
Iealous that he the waters ſhould embrace.

This

26

This angry Lyon hauing ſlipp'd his chaine,
As in a feuer makes King *Edward* quake,
Which knew (too well) ere he was caught againe,
Deere was the blood muſt ſerue his thirſt to ſlake,
Many the labours had beene ſpent in vaine,
And he inforc'd a longer courſe to take,
Saw further vengeance hanging in the wind,
That knew the pride and greatnes of his mind.

27

The faction working in this lingring jarre,
How for the Scot free paſſage might be made,
To lay the ground of a ſucceſsfull warre,
That hope might breede freſh courage to inuade;
And whilſt our ſafetie ſtandeth out ſo farre,
More dangerous proiects eu'ry where are layd;
That ſome in hand home troubles to enure,
Others in France do forraigne broiles procure.

28

By theſe diſcentions that were lately ſowne,
Inciting *Charles* to open Armes againe,
Who ſeazing *Guyne*, pretended as his owne,
That *Edward* ſhould vnlawfully detaine,
Proceeds to make a further title knowne.
T'our Lands in *Pontieu*, and in *Aquitaine*,
When wanted homage hath deſolu'd the truce,
Waking his wrongs by *Iſabels* abuſe.

This

29

This plot concluded that was long in hand,
(Which to this iſſue proſperouſly had thriu'd)
The Baſe whereon a mightie frame muſt ſtand,
With mickle Art, yet with more feare contriu'd;
So ſtrongly builded by this factious band,
As from the ſame their ſafetie is deriu'd,
Till their full-rooted and inueterate hate,
Getting more ſtrength might deepely penetrate.

30

When choiſe of ſuch to ſway this French affaire,
Which as a ſharpeleſſe and vnweldie maſſe,
Might well imploy the ſtrength of all their care;
So hard and perlous to be brought to paſſe,
Which it behooues them quickly to prepare,
That being now ſo ſetled as it was,
Craues a graue ſpirit, whoſe eminence and powre,
Might like a ſtiffe gale checke this threatning (ſhowre.

31

This muſt a Seſſion ſeriouſly debate,
That depth of iudgement crau'd to be diſcuſt,
That ſo concernes the ſafetie of the ſtate,
And in a caſe ſo plauſible and iuſt,
As might haue quench'd all ſparckes of former hate,
And might be thought euen pollicie might truſt,
Could enuy maſter her diſtracted will,
Or apprehend facietie in ill.

Torlion

32

Tarleton, whose tongue mens eares in chaines could tie,
And as a tearefull thunder-bolt could pierce,
In which there more authoritie did lie,
Then in the *Sybils* sage propheticke verse,
Whose sentence was so absolute and hie,
As had the power a iudgement to reuerse;
On the Queenes part with all his might doth stand,
To lay this charge on her well-guiding hand.

33

What helpes her presence to the cause might bring,
Being a wife, a sister, and a mother,
And in so great and pertinent a thing,
To right her lonne, her husband, and her brother,
Her gratious helpe to all distributing,
To take of her what they should holde of other;
Which colour serues t'effect in these extreames,
That which (God knowes) King *Edward* neuer (dreames.

34

Torleton, is this thy spirituall pretence?
Would God thy thoughts were more spirituall,
Or lesse perswasiue were thy eloquence.
But O! thy actions are too temporall;
Opinion lends too great preheminence,
Thy reasons subtile, and sophisticall;
Would all were true thy suppositon saith,
Thy arguments lesse force, or thou more faith.

These

35

Theſe ſuddaine broiles that were begun of late,
Still kept in motion by their ſecret ſleight,
By falſe ſuggeſtions ſo interminate;
That as a ballaſt of ſome ſolide weight,
Betwixt theſe aduerſe currents of debate,
Kept their proceeding in a courſe ſo ſtreight,
As lends the Queene an ampler colour ſtill,
By generall meanes to worke a generall ill.

36

She which thus fitly found both wind and tyde,
And ſees her leiſure ſerue, the howre ſo neare,
All her endeuours mutually apply'd,
Whilſt for her purpoſe things ſo fitly were,
And thus aduantage quickly had eſpy'd,
As one whoſe fortunes taught the worſt to feare,
Seeing the times ſo variouſly inclinde,
And eu'ry toy ſoone altring *Edwards* minde.

37

Her followers ſuch as friendleſſe elſe had ſtood,
Suncke, and deiected by the *Spenſers* pride,
Who bare the brands of treaſon in their blood,
Which but with blood there was no way to hide;
Whoſe meane was weake, whoſe will was but too good,
Which to effect did but the howre abide,
And knew all meanes that miſchiefe could inuent,
That any way might further her intent.

Whilſt

38

Whilſt *Mortimer* which now ſo long hath laine
From our iuſt courſe, by fortune lately croſſt,
In Fraunce now ſtruggling how he might regaine
That which before he had in England loſt,
All preſent meanes doth gladly entertaine,
No iote diſmaide in all theſe tempeſts toſſt:
Nor his great minde can thus be ouerthrowne,
All men his friends, all countries are his owne.

39

And Muſe, tranſported by thy former zeale,
Led in our progreſſe where his fortune lies,
To thy faire ayde I ſeriouſly appeale,
To ſing this great man his magnanimous guiſe,
The auntient Heroes vnto me reueale,
whoſe worths may raiſe our nobler faculties,
That in my verſe, tranſparent, nete, and cleere,
His character more liuely may appeere.

40

Such one he was, of him we boldely ſay,
In whoſe rich ſoule all ſoueraigne powres did ſute,
In whome in peace th'elements all lay
So mixt, as none could ſoueraignty impute;
As all did gouerne, yet all did obey,
His liuely temper was ſo abſolute,
That t'ſeemde when heauen his modell firſt began,
In him it ſhewd perfection in a man.

So

41

So throughly ſeaſond, and ſo rightly ſet,
As in the leuell of cleere iudgements eye,
Time neuer tuch't him with deforming fret,
Nor had the powre to wrap him once awry,
Whoſe ſtedfaſt courſe no croſſe could euer let,
His eleuation was ſo heauenly hie,
Thoſe giddy tempeſts that the baſe world proue,
Sate vnder where he Planet-like did moue.

42

Which this faire Queene that had a knowing ſpirite,
And ſawe the beauties reſting in his minde,
One that had throughly lookt into his merit,
Aboue the value of the vulgar kinde,
That rightly did his Grandſires deedes inherit,
When now the ages in their courſe declinde,
when the old world, being weake began to bow,
To th'effeminate baſenes that it reſts at now.

43

What weighs he wealth, or what his *Wigmore* left?
Let needleſſe heapes, things momentary ſtand,
He counts not his that can be rapde by theft,
Man is the ſole Lord both of ſea and land,
And ſtill is rich of theſe that is not reft,
Who of all creatures hath an vpright hand;
And by the ſtarres is onely taught to know,
That as they progreſſe heauen, he earth ſhould do.

44

Wherefore wiſe Nature forcde this face of ground,
And through the deeps ſhewd him the ſecret way,
That in the flouds her iudgements might be found,
Where ſhe for ſafety did her treaſure lay;
Whoſe ſtore, that he might abſolutely ſound,
Shee gaue him courage for her onely kay,
That he alone of all her creatures free,
Her glory, and her wondrous works ſhould ſee.

45

Let wretched worldlings ſweate for mud and earth,
whoſe groueling boſomes licke the recreant ſtones.
And peſants carke for plenty, and for dearth,
Fame neuer lookes vpon theſe proſtrate drones,
Man is allotted at his princely birth,
To manage Empires, and to ſit on thrones,
Frighting coy Fortune when ſhe ſternſt appeares,
Which elſe ſcornes ſighes, and jeereth at our teares.

46

When now Report with her fleet murmuring wing,
Tucht the ſtill entrance of his liſtning eare,
A fleete preparde this royall Queene to bring,
And her arriuall ſtill awaited neare,
When euery ſound a note of loue doth ſing,
The ioyfull thoughts that in his boſome were:
The ſoule in doubt to make her function leſſe,
Denies the vtterance fully to expreſſe.

Quoth

47

Quoth he, Slide billowes gently for her ſake,
Whoſe ſight can make your aged *Nereus* yong,
For her faire paſſage euen allies make,
On the ſleeke waters waft her ſailes along;
And whilſt ſhe glides vpon the pleaſant lake,
Let the ſweete Syrens rocke her with a Song:
Though not Loues mother that dooth paſſe this (way,
Fairer than ſhe thats borne vpon the ſea.

48

You Sea-bred creatures, gaze vpon her eie,
And neuer after with your kinde make warre;
O ſteale the accents from her lip that flie,
Which like the muſickes of the Angels are,
And them vnto your amorous thoughts apply,
Comparde with which, *Aryons* did but jarre:
Wrap them in aire, and when blacke tempeſts rage;
Vſe them as charmes the rough ſeas to aſſwage.

49

France, ſend to fetch her with full ſholes of oares,
With which her fleete may every way be plide,
And being landed on thy happie ſhoares,
As the vaſt nauie dooth at anckor ride;
For her departure when the wilde ſea roares,
Ship mount to heauen, there brightly ſtellifide:
Next *Iaſons* Argo on the burniſht throne,
Aſſume thee there a conſtellation.

Her

50

Her perſon hence conuaide with that delight,
Which beſt the languiſh of her iournies eaſde,
That to her pleaſure dooth it ſelfe inuite,
Whereon her mind, and ſubtil fancie ſeaſde,
And that (moſt deare) her liking might excite, (pleaſd,
Which then this Lorde, naught more her preſence
where, when with ſtate ſhe fitſt her time could take,
Thus the faire Queene her *Mortimer* beſpake.

51

O *Mortimer*, great *Mortimer*, quoth ſhee,
What angry power did firſt this meane deuiſe,
To ſeperate Queene *Iſabell* and thee,
whome loues eternall vnion ſtrongly ties;
But if ſuppoſde this fault beganne by mee,
For a iuſt pennance to my longing eyes:
(Though guiltleſſe they) this puniſhment aſſignde,
To gaze vpon thee, till they leaue me blinde.

52

Tis ſtrange, ſweete friend, how thou arte altred thus,
Since firſt in Court thou didſt our fauours weare,
whoſe ſhape ſeemde then not mortall vnto vs,
when in our eye thy brow was beauties ſpheare,
In all perfection ſo harmonious,
A thouſand ſeuerall graces mooving there;
But what then couldſt thou be, not now thou arte,
An alien firſt, laſt home-borne in my heart.

53

That powerfull fate thy ſafetie did inforce,
And from the worſt of danger did thee free,
Still regular, and conſtant in one courſe,
Wrought me a firme and euen path to thee,
Of our affections as it tooke remorce,
Our birth-fix't ſtarres ſo happily agree;
Whoſe reuolution ſeriouſly directs
Our like proceedings, to the like effects.

54

New forme of counſaile in the courſe of things,
To our diſſignement findes a neerer way,
That by a cleere and perfect managing,
Is that firme prop whereon we onely ſtay;
Which in it ſelfe th'authoritie doth bring,
That weake opinion hath no power to ſway;
Confuting ſuch, whoſe ſightleſſe iudgement ſit,
In the thicke ranke with euery vulgar wit.

55

Then ſince pleaſde Time our wiſh'd content aſſures,
Imbrace the bleſſings of our mutuall reſt;
And whilſt the day of our good hap endures,
And we as fauorites leane on Fortunes breaſt,
Which doth for vs this vacancie procure,
In choice make free election of the beſt;
Ne're feare the ſtorme before thou feele the ſhower,
My ſonne a King, an Empire is my dower.

Of

56

Of wanton *Edward* when I first was woo'd,
Why cam'st thou not into the Court of France?
Thy selfe alone then in my grace hadst stood;
Deere *Mortimer*, how good had beene thy chance?
My loue attempted in that youthfull mood,
I might haue beene thine owne inheritance;
Where entring now by force, thou hold'st thy might,
And art deseisor of anothers right.

57

Honour thou Idole women so adore,
How many plagues doost thou retaine to grieue vs,
When still we finde there is remaining more,
Then that great word of Maiesty can giue vs;
Which takes more from vs then it can restore,
And of that comfort often doth depriue vs,
That with our owne selues sets vs at debate,
And mak'st vs beggars vnder our estate.

58

Those pleasing raptures from her graces rise,
Strongly inuading his impressiue breast,
That soone entranced all his faculties,
Of the prowdfulnesse of their ioyes possest;
And hauing throughly wrought him in this wise,
Like tempting Syrens sing him to his rest,
When eu'ry power is passiue of some good,
Felt by the spirits of his high-rauisht blood.

59

Like as a Lute that's touch'd with curious skill,
In muſickes language ſweetely ſpeaking plaine,
When eu'ry ſtring his note with ſound doth fill,
Taking the tones, and giuing them againe,
And the eare bath's in harmony at will,
A diapaſon cloſing eu'ry ſtraine;
So their affections ſet in keyes ſo like,
Still fall in conſort as their humors ſtrike.

60

When now the path to their deſire appeares,
Of which before they had been long debar'd,
By deſolution of ſome threatning feares,
That for deſtruction ſeem'd to ſtand prepar'd,
Which the ſmooth face of better ſafetie beares,
And now protected by a ſtronger guard,
Giues the large ſcope of leiſure to fore-caſt
Euents to come, by things alreadie paſt.

61

Theſe great diſſignements ſetting eaſly out,
By due proportion meaſuring eu'ry pace,
T'auoide the cumbrance of each hindring doubt,
That might diſtort the comlineſſe and grace,
Comming with eu'ry circumſtance about,
Strictly obſeruing perſon, time and place;
All ornaments in faire diſcretions lawes,
Could giue attire to beautifie the cauſe.

The

62

The Embaſſie in termes of equall height,
As well their ſtate and dignity might fit,
Apparelling a matter of that weight,
In ceremony well beſeeming it,
To carry things ſo ſteddy, and ſo right,
Where Wiſedome with cleare maieſty might ſit;
All things ſtill ſeeming ſtrictly to effect, (ſpect.
That Loue commaunds, and Greatneſſe ſhould re-

63

Whoſe expedition by this faire ſucceſſe,
That doth againe this antient league combine,
when *Edward* ſhould by couenant releaſe,
And to the Prince the Prouinces reſigne,
With whome king *Charles* renues the happy peace,
Receiuing homage due to him for *Guyne:*
And laſtly now to conſumate their ſpeede,
Edwards owne perſon to confirme the deede.

64

Who whilſt he ſtands yet doubtfull what to do,
The *Spenſers* chiefely that his counſels guide,
Nor with their Soueraigne into Fraunce durſt goe,
Nor in his abſence durſt at home abide;
Now whilſt the weake king ſtands perplexed ſo,
His liſtning eares with ſuch perſwaſion plide,
As he at laſt to ſtay in England's wonne,
And in his place, to ſend the Prince his ſonne.

65

Thus is the King encompaſſt by their skill,
A meane to worke what *Herford* doth deuiſe,
To thruſt him on, to draw them vp the hill,
That by his ſtrength they might get powre to riſe:
Thus they in all things are before him ſtill,
This perfect ſteerſman of their policies
Hath caſt to walke whilſt *Edward* beares the light,
And take that aime that muſt direct his ſight.

66

And by th'allowance of his liberall will,
Suppoſde his ſafety, furthering their intent,
Stands as a teſt to iuſtifie their ill,
Made ſound and currant by this late euent,
And what yet wanting laſtly to fulfill,
Things in their courſe to fall in true conſent,
Giues full aſſurance of that happy end,
On which they now laborioufly attend.

67

Nor finding reaſon longer to protract,
Or in ſuſpence their home-left friends to holde,
By being now ſo abſolutely backt,
And thereby waxing confident and bold,
By their proceedings publiſhing their act,
whenas their powre was ripened as they would,
Now with an armed and erected hand,
To abet their faction abſolutely ſtand.

When

68

When now the fearefull fainting *Exceter*,
A man experiencde in their counſels long,
Whether himſelfe thought his way to preferre,
Or moou'd in conſcience with king *Eawards* wrong,
Or t'was his frailty forcde him thus to erre,
Or other fatall accident among,
The onely firſt that backe to England flew,
And knowing all, diſcouered all he knew.

69

The plot of treaſon laſtly thus diſcloſde,
And *Torletons* drift by circumſtaunces found,
With what conueyance things had beene diſpoſde,
The cunning vſde in caſting of the ground,
The meanes and apt aduantages he choſde,
When better counſell coldely comes to ſound,
Awakes the King to ſee his owne eſtate,
When the preuention comes too vaine and late.

70

And whilſt the time ſhe daily dooth adjourne,
Charles as a brother, by perſwaſions deales,
Edward, with threates, to haſten her returne,
And *Iohn* of Rome with Papall curſe aſſaies,
Tis but in vaine againſt her will to ſpurne,
Perſwaſions, threats, nor curſes aught preuailes:
Charles, *Edward*, *Iohn*, do th'vtmoſt of your worſt,
The Queene fares beſt when ſhe the moſt is curſt.

71

The ſubtile *Spenſers* which French humors felt,
(And with their Soueraigne had deuiſde the draught)
with Prince and Peeres now vnder-hand had dealt,
with golden baites that craftily were caught,
whoſe flexed temper ſoone begins to melt,
On which they now by ſleights ſo throwly wrought,
As with great ſummes now laſtly ouer-waide,
The wretched Queene is deſperate of aide.

72

Nor can all this amaze this mighty Queene,
with all th'affliction neuer yet contrould,
Neuer ſuch courage in her ſex was ſeene,
Nor was ſhe caſt in other womens mould,
(Nor can rebate the edge of her hie ſpleene)
But can endure warre, trauell, want, and cold:
Strugling with Fortune, ne're with griefe oppreſt,
Moſt cheerefull ſtill, when ſhe was moſt diſtreſt.

73

And thus reſolu'd to leaue ingratefull France,
And in the world her fortune yet to trie,
Changing the ayre, hopes time may alter chance,
As one whoſe thoughts were eleuate more hie,
Her weakned ſtate ſtill ſeeking to aduance,
Her mighty minde ſo ſcorneth miſery;
Yet ere ſhe went, her grieued heart to eaſe,
Thus to the King this grieued Lady ſaies.

74

Is this a King and brothers part, quoth she?
And to this end did I my griefe vnfold?
Came I to heale my wounded heart to thee,
Where slaine outright I now the same behold?
Proue these thy vowes, thy promises to mee,
In all this heate, thy faith become so cold,
To leaue me thus forsaken at the worst?
My state more wretched than it was at first.

75

My frailty vrging what my want requires,
To thy deere mercy should my teares haue tide,
Our bloods maintained by the selfe-same fires,
And by our fortunes as our birth alide;
My sute supported by my iust desires,
All arguments I should not be denide.
The grieuous wrongs that in my bosome be,
Should be as neere thy care, as I to thee.

76

Nature that easly wrought vpon my sex,
To thy vile pleasure thus mine honour leaues,
And vnder colour of thy due respects,
My settled trust disloyally deceaues,
That me and mine thus carelesly neglects,
And of all comfort wholy me bereaues;
Twixt recreant basenes, and disord nate will,
To expose my fortunes to the worst of ill.

But

77

But for my farewell this I propheeie,
That from my wombe that glorious fruit doth ſpring,
Which ſhall deiect thy neere poſteritie,
And leade a captiue thy ſucceeding King,
That ſhal reuenge this wretched iniury.
To fatall Fraunce I as a *Sybel* ſing,
Her citties ſackt, the ſlaughter of her men,
When of the Engliſh, one ſhall conquer ten.

78

Bewmount in Fraunce that had this ſhuffling ſeene,
whoſe ſoule by kindnes *Iſabel* had wonne,
For *Henault* now perſwades the grieued Queene,
By full aſſurance what might there be done;
Now in the anguiſh of this tumerous ſpleene,
Offring his faire Neece to the Prince her ſonne:
The ſureſt way to gaine his brothers might,
To backe yong *Edward*, and vphold her right.

79

This gallant Lord, whoſe name euen fil'd report,
To whom the ſouldiers of that time did throng,
A man that faſhiond others of his ſort,
As that knew all to honour did belong,
And in his youth traind vp with her in Court,
And fully now confirmed in her wrong,
Croſſt by the faction of th'emperiall part,
In things that ſat too neerely to his hart.

Suffi-

80

Sufficient motiues to inuite diſtreſſe,
To apprehend the leaſt and pooreſt meane,
Againſt thoſe miſchiefes that ſo ſtrongly preſſe,
Whereon their lowe dejected ſtate to leane,
And at this ſeaſon, though it were the leſſe,
That might a while their ſickely powre ſuſtaine;
Till proſprous times by milde and temprate dayes,
Their drooping hopes to former height might raiſe

81

Where finding cauſe to breathe their reſtleſſe ſtate,
where welcome lookt with a more milder face,
From thoſe diſhonours ſhe receiu'd of late,
Where now ſhe wants no due officious grace,
Vnder the guidance of a gentler fate,
Where bounteous offers mutually embrace:
And to conclude all ceremonies paſt,
The Prince affies faire *Philip* at the laſt.

82

All couenants ſignde with wedlockes ſacred ſeale,
A laſting league eternally to binde,
And all proceeding of religious zeale,
And ſuting right with *Henaults* mighty minde,
That to his thoughts much honour dooth reueale,
What eaſe the Queene is like thereby to finde,
The ſweete contentment of the louely Bride,
Yong *Edward* pleaſde, and ioy on euery ſide.

The end of the third Canto.

The fourth Booke of the Barrons warres.

(*.*)

The Argument.

The Queene in Henault *mightie power doth winne,*
In Harwich *hauen ſafely is arriu'd,*
Great troubles now in England new beginne,
The King of friends and ſafety is depriu'd,
Flieth to Wales, *at* Neath *receiued in,*
Many ſtrange acts and outrages contriu'd:
Edward *betrayde, deliu'red vp at* Neath,
The Spenſers, *and his friends are put to death.*

1

NOw ſeauen times *Phœbus* had his welked waine,
Vpon the top of all the Tropike ſet,
And ſeauen times deſcending downe againe,
His firy wheeles had with the fiſhes wet;
In the occurrents of this hapleſſe raigne,
Since treaſon firſt theſe troubles did beget:
which through more ſtrange varieties had runne,
Than it that time celeſtiall ſignes hath done.

Whilſt

2

Whilſt our ill thriuing in thoſe Scottiſh broiles,
Their ſtrength and courage greatly doth aduance,
That being made fat and wealthy by our ſpoiles.
When we ſtill weakned by the iarres in France,
And thus diſ-hartned by continuall foiles,
Yeeldes other cauſe, whereat our Muſe may glance;
And *Herckleys* treaſons laſtly brings to view,
Whoſe power of late the Barrons ouer-threw.

3

Now when the Scot with an inuaſiue hand,
By daily inroads on the borders made,
Had ſpoilde the Country of Northumberland,
whoſe buildings leuell with the ground were laide;
And finding none that dare his power withſtand,
Without controlement eu'ry where had praide,
Bearing with pride what was by pillage got,
As our laſt fall appointed to their lot.

4

For which falſe *Herckley* by his Soueraigne ſent,
T'intreate this needefull, though diſhonored peace,
Cloking his treaſons by this fain'd intent,
Kinling the warre which otherwiſe might ceaſe;
And with a Scot, new miſchiefes doth inuent,
T'intrap King *Edward*, and their feare releaſe;
For which, their faith they conſtantly haue plight,
In peace and warre, to ſtand for eithers right.

For

5

For which the King his ſiſter doth beſtow,
Vpon this falſe Lord, which to him affy'd,
Maketh too plaine and euident a ſhow,
Of what before his truſt did cloſely hide;
But being found from whence this match ſhould grow
By ſuch as now into their actions pry'd,
Diſplaies the treaſons, which not quickly croſt,
Would ſhed more blood then all the wars had coſt.

6

Whether the Kings weake Counſells, cauſes are
That eu'ry thing ſo badly ſorteth out,
Or that the Earle did of our ſtate diſpaire,
when nothing proſperd that was gone about;
And therefore, careleſſe how theſe matters fare
(Ile not define, but leaue it as a doubt)
Or ſome vaine title his ambition lackt,
Hatch'd in his breaſt this treaſonable act.

7

Which now reueal'd vnto the jealous King,
For apprehenſion of this trait'rous Peere,
To the Lord *Lucy* leaues the managing,
One, whoſe knowne faith he euer held ſo deere;
By whoſe diſpatch, and trauell in this thing,
(He doth well worthy of his truſt appeare)
In his owne Caſtell careleſly defended,
The trecherous *Herckley* cloſely apprehended.

For

8

For which ere long vnto his triall led,
In all the roabes befitting his degree,
Where *Scroope* chiefe Iuſtice in King *Edwards* ſted,
was now prepar'd his lawfull Iudge to bee,
Vrging the proofes by his enditement read,
Where they his treaſons euidently ſee;
Which now themſelues ſo plainely do expreſſe,
As might at firſt declare his bad ſucceſſe.

9

His honor'd title backe againe reſtord,
Noted with termes of infamie and ſcorne,
And then diſarmed of his knightly ſword,
On which his faith and loyalty was ſworne,
And by a varlet of his ſpurres diſpur'd,
His coate of Armes in peeces hal'd and torne;
To taſte deſerued puniſhment is ſent,
T'a traitrous death that traitrouſly had meant.

10

When ſuch the fauorers of this fatall warre,
Whom this occaſion dóth more ſharpely whet,
Thoſe for this cauſe that yet impris'ned are,
Boldly attempt at libertie to ſet,
Whoſe purpoſe fruſtrate by the others care,
Doth greater wounds continually beget;
Warning the King more ſtrictly looke about,
Theſe ſecret fires ſtill daily breaking out.

And

11

And *Hereford* in Parlement accuſde
Of treaſons, which apparantly were wrought,
That with the Queene, and *Mortimers* were vſde,
Whereby ſubuerſion of the Realme was ſought,
And both his calling and his truſt abuſde;
Which now to anſwer when he ſhould be brought,
Seizde by the Clergie in the Kings deſpight,
Vnder the colour of the Churches right.

12

Whilſt now the Queene from England day by day,
That of theſe troubles ſtill had certaine word,
Whoſe friends much blamde her tedious long delay,
When now the time occaſion doth afford,
With better haſte doth for her ſelfe puruay,
Bearing prouiſion preſently abord;
Ships of all vſes daily rigging are,
Fit'ſt for inuaſion to tranſport a warre.

13

The Earle of Kent by's ſoueraigne brother plac'd,
As the great Generall of his force in *Gwine*,
Who in his abſence heere at home diſgrac'd,
And fruſtrated both of his men and coine,
By ſuch lewd perſons to mainetaine their waſte,
From the Kings treaſures ceas'd not to proloine;
Th'laſciuious Prince, though mou'd, regardleſſe ſtill,
Both of his owne loſſe, and his brothers ill.

Whoſe

14

Whoſe diſcontentment being quickly found,
By ſuch as all aduantages await,
That ſtill apply'd ſtrong corſiues to the wound,
And by their ſharpe and intricate deceit,
Hindred all meanes might poſſibly redound,
This faſt-ariſing miſchiefe to defeate;
Vntill his wrongs were to that fulneſſe growne,
That they haue made him abſolute their owne.

15

Whoſe ſelfe-like followers in theſe faithleſſe warres,
Men moſt experienc'd, and of worthieſt parts,
Which for their pay receiued onely ſcarres,
Whilſt the inglorious reap'd their due deſarts,
And Mineons hate of other hope debarres,
With too much violence vrg'd their grieued harts,
On *Iohn* of *Henault* wholy doe rely,
Who led a great and valiant company.

16

That in this conqueſt do themſelues combine,
The Lords *Pocelles*, *Sares*, and *Boyſeers*,
Dambretticourt, the young and valiant *Heyn*.
Eſtoteuill, *Comines*, and *Villeers*,
Others his Knights, Sir *Michaell de la Lyne*,
Sir *Robert Balioll*, *Boſwit*, and *Semeers*,
Men of great power, whom ſpoile & glory warmes,
Such as were wholy dedicate to Armes.

17

Three thouſand ſouldiers muſtred men in pay,
Of French, Scotch, Almaine, Swiſer, and the Dutch.
Of native Engliſh, fled beyond the ſea,
Whoſe number neere amounted to aſmuch;
which long had look'd for this vnhappie day,
whom her reuenge did but too neerely tutch,
Her friends now ready to receiue her in,
And new commotions eu'ry day begin.

18

When ſhe for England fitly ſetting forth,
Spreading her prowd ſailes on the watry plaine,
Shaping her courſe directly to the North,
with her young *Edward* Duke of *Aquitaine*,
with th'other three of ſpeciall name and worth,
(The deſtainde ſcourges of his lawleſſe raigne)
Her ſouldier *Beumount*, with the Earle of Kent,
And *Mortimer*, that mightie malcontent.

19

A fore-winde now for *Harwich* fitly blowes,
Blow not too faſt to kindle ſuch a fire,
whilſt with full ſaile, and fairer tide ſhe goes,
Turne gentle winde, and force her to retire;
The fleete thou driu'ſt is fraught with our woes,
But windes and ſeas, do *Edwards* wracke conſpire;
For when iuſt heauen to chaſtice vs is bent,
All things conuert to our due puniſhment.

Thy

20

Thy coaſts be kept with a continuall ward,
Thy Beacons watch'd her comming to diſcry;
O had the loue of ſubiects beene thy guard,
T'had beene t'effect that thou didſt fortifie;
But whilſt thou ſtandſt gainſt forraigne foes prepard,
Thou art betraide by thy home enemy;
Small helpe by this thou art but like to win,
Shutting death out, thou keep'ſt deſtruction in.

21

When *Henry* brother to that hapleſſe Prince,
The firſt great engine of this ciuill ſtrife,
(Deere *Lancaſter*) who law did late conuince,
And that at *Pomfret* left his wretched life;
This *Henry*, in whoſe great hart euer ſince
Reuenge lay couerd, ſmotherd vp in griefe,
Like fire in ſome fat minerall of the earth,
Finding the leaſt vent, giues it ſelfe a birth.

22

That being Earle Marſhall, great vpon the coaſt,
With bells and bon-fires welcomes her aſhore,
And by his office gath'ring vp an hoaſt,
Shewes the old malice in his breaſt he bore,
Nor of his helpe abaſh'd at all to boaſt,
The Clergies power in readineſſe before,
Vpon their friends a great taxation laide,
To raiſe munition for the preſent aide.

23

And to confuſion all their power expoſe,
On the rent boſome of this Ile, where long
Warre did it ſelfe ſo ſtedfaſtly incloſe;
(warre from our owne lewd deſoluteneſſe ſprong)
Whom no inuaſion euer yet could loſe;
So old the malice, and ſo great the wrong,
Vrg'd with the force that forraigne fire doth bring,
A greater ſpoile, and horror menacing.

24

This innouation by an altred ſtate,
Lent this new action ſuch a violent hand,
That it thus boldly dare inſinuate,
On the cold faintneſſe of the feebled Land;
And being arm'd with all the power of fate,
Finding a way ſo openly to ſtand
To their intendments, which endeuoured well,
Might get that height from whence at firſt they fel.

25

When all their ſtrength in order ſtrictly ſet,
All helps and doubts by warres beſt counſailes waid,
What well might further, what their courſe might let,
And their reliefes conueniently had laid,
A meane reſeru'd ſecuritie to get,
Whereon at worſt their fortune might be ſtayd,
And furniſh'd fully as themſelues deſir'd,
Of all this action needefully requir'd.

And

26

And at Saint *Edmonds* doe a while repoſe,
To reſt themſelues, and their new welcom'd force,
Better to learne the manner of their foes,
To th'end, not vainely to direct their courſe;
And ſeeing daily how the Armie growes,
To take a full view both of foote and horſe;
With ſuch diſcretion managing the war,
Truly to ſhew them what indeede they are.

27

When now the King of theſe proceedings heard,
And of the troopes that to them daily runne,
And little ſtrength at *London* yet preparde,
Where he expected fauour to haue wonne,
He now commits the Cittie to the guard
Of his approu'd moſt-truſted *Stapleton*,
To *Iohn* of *Eltham* (his faire ſonne) the Tower,
Himſelfe to *Wales* to raiſe a ſpeedy power.

28

Yet whilſt his name doth any hope admit,
Proclaimes in forfait both of goods and life,
All that enioyde a ſubiects benefit,
Should lend their power againſt his ſonne and wife,
And doth all ſlaughters generally acquite
Were done vpon the moouers of this ſtrife:
And who could bring in *Mortimers* prowd head,
Should freely take th'reuenewes of the dead.

29

Which ſtrait encountred by the Queenes Edict,
who making knowne the iuſtnes of her cauſe,
That ſhe proceeded in a courſe ſo ſtrict,
T'vphold their antient liberties and lawes;
Nor that ſhe did this puniſhment inflict
For priuate hate, or popular applauſe,
Onely the *Spenſers* to account to bring,
Whoſe wicked counſells had abuſde the King.

30

Which ballaſing the multitude that ſtood
As a light barke thats toſſt twixt winde and tide,
Turnd in the mixture of th'oppoſed flood,
when yet opinion not their courſe could guide,
And wau'ring thus in their inconſtant moode,
Till by the weakenes of th'emperiall ſide,
Suffers the ſeiſure of it ſelfe at laſt,
which to the Queene all free aduantage caſt.

31

When friendleſſe *Edward* followed by his foes,
whom danger dooth to recreant flight debaſe,
As poore in hope, as he is rich in woes,
Depriu'd all princely ornament and grace,
whoſe force th'more weakened further that he goes,
His ſafety now ſuſpecting eu'ry place;
No helpe at home, no ſuccour ſeene abroade,
His minde ſmall reſt, his body leſſe abode.

One

32

One ſcarce to him his ſad diſcourſe hath done
Of *Henaults* power, and what the Queene intends,
But whilſt he ſpeakes, another hath begunne,
A third dooth take it where the ſecond ends,
when now abroade theres other rumours runne,
Some of new foes, ſome of reuolting friends;
Theſe ſcarcely paſt when more reports are ſpred,
Of many that rebell, of many fled.

33

What plagues doth *Edward* for himſelfe prepare,
Forſaken king, O whither dooſt thou flie?
Men change their clime, but ſildome change their care,
Thou fli'ſt thy foes, but follow'ſt miſery,
The euill fates in number many are,
That to thy footſteps doe themſelues apply;
And ſtill thy conſcience prickt with inward griefe,
Thy ſelfe purſues thy ſelfe, both robd, and thiefe.

34

Accepting ſuccour offerd next at hand,
At laſt for *Wales* commits him to the ſeas;
And ſeeing *Lundy* that ſo faire dooth ſtand,
Puts in for ſuccour, (neede would faine haue eaſe)
This little modell of his baniſht land,
Which for a while his fancie ſeemes to pleaſe,
Faine would he be king of a little Ile,
Although his Empire bounded in a mile.

35

And ready now to ſtrike his proſp'rous ſaile,
As vnder lee, paſt danger of the flood,
A ſuddaine ſtorme of mixed ſleet and haile,
Not ſuffers him to rule this peece of wood.
What doth thy labour, what thy toyle auaile,
When thou art ſtill with greater powers with-ſtood?
Edward, thy hopes all vainely do delude,
By Gods and men, inceſſantly purſude.

36

In this blacke tempeſt long turmoild and toſt,
Quite from their courſe, & well they know not where,
Mongſt rockes and ſands, in danger to be loſt,
without in perrill, and within in feare,
At length perceiuing they are neere the coaſt,
And that the place more plainely doth appeare,
Knowes by the mountaines inſolently tall,
That part of Wales that we *Glamorgan* call.

37

To *Neath*, a Caſtell fortifi'd and ſtrong,
Commanding entrance with his baniſh'd crew,
The Earle of *Gloſter*, worker of much wrong,
The Chancelor *Baldocke* that much euill knew,
Reding his Marſhall is the reſt among,
Heere hid from eyes, but not from enuies view;
where for a while committing them to dwell,
We muſt prepare more dreadfull things to tell,

You

38

You lighter Muſes, leaue me, and be gone,
Your weake complaints are matters much too ſlight,
More horred plagues are heere approching on,
Yee ghaſtly ſpirits that haunt the gloomie night,
Lend me your ſhreeks t'expreſſe the depth of moane,
with ghaſtly howling all approach my ſight;
And round about with funerall tapers ſtand,
To giue a ſad light to my ſadder hand.

39

Each line ſhall leade to ſome dire point of wo,
And eu'ry cadence as a torturde cry,
Now muſt my teares in ſuch aboundance flow,
That they ſurround the circle of mine eye;
And whilſt theſe great calamities I ſhow,
All looſe affections ſtand you idely by,
Once more our cleere Muſe dips her wing in gore,
The dreereſt tale that pen did ere deplore.

40

New ſorts of vengeance threatned to the earth,
The raging Ocean paſt the bounds to riſe,
Strange apparitions, and prodigious birth,
Vnheard of ſickneſſe, and mortalities,
More inaccuſtom'd, and vnlook'd for dearth,
New ſorts of Meteors gazing from the skies;
As what before had ſmall or nothing bin,
And onely now our miſeries begin.

And

copy 1

41

And whilſt theſe diſcordes and diſſentions breede,
The land layd naked to all offered ill,
The lawleſſe exile now returnes with ſpeed,
Not to defend his countrey, but to kill,
And all the priſons diſſolutely freed,
Both field and towne with wretchednes to fill,
London firſt author of our lateſt ſhame,
Soonſt that repentſt, moſt plagued for the ſame.

42

Whoſe giddy commons mercileſſe and rude,
Let looſe to miſchiefe in this curſed day,
Their hands in blood of *Edwards* friends imbrude,
Neuer content till they were made away;
Th'implacable and wicked multitude
On the Lieutenant *Stapleton* doe pray,
who dragg'd and torne by this tumultuous heape,
Cut off his head before the Croſſe in Cheape.

43

Reade wofull Citty on thy ruinde wall,
Thy ſad deſtruction which is drawing nie,
Where on thy gates is charactered thy fall,
In mangled bodies thine Anatomy,
Now thy lewd errours to a reckning call,
Which may exſtract teares from thy ruthleſſe eye:
And if the thicke ayre dim thy hatefull ſight,
Thy buildings are on fire to giue thee light.

Thy

44

Thy chanels ſerue for incke, for paper, ſtones,
And on the ground write murther, inceſt, rape,
Aud for thy pennes, a heape of dead mens bones,
Let euery letter be ſome monſtrous ſhape,
Thy poynts and accents be departing groanes,
And let no vile, nor deſperate act eſcape,
And when with pride thou arte againe ore'gon,
Then take this booke, and ſadly looke thereon.

45

Poore wretch diſpoilde of thy late Virgins name,
Now for thy ſinne what impious villaine ſhent,
Blacke is my incke, but blacker thy defame,
Who ſhall reuenge whilſt I thy ſtate lament,
What might be done to remedy thy ſhame,
When now too late theſe miſchieſes to preuent,
Againſt theſe horrors thou dooſt idely ſtriue,
Thou ſeeſt thy ſelfe deuoured, yet aliue.

46

Thou wantſt redreſſe, and tyrannie remorce,
To whom ſhouldſt thou thy helples woes complaine?
But yeelde thy ſelfe to the adulterers force,
Thy wordes vntimely, and returne in vaine,
The more thou grieu'ſt, thy fault is ſtill the worſe;
This remedy there onely dooth remaine,
Diſpoylde of fame, be prodigall of breath,
And make thy life cleere by a reſolute death.

For

47

For worlds that were, the preſent times complaine,
when men might haue beene buride when they di'de,
And children ſafely in their cradles laine,
And when the husband might enioy his bride,
when in ſome bounds ill could it ſelfe containe,
The ſonne haue kneeld by's fathers death-bed ſide,
The liuing wrongde, the dead no right can haue,
The father ſees his ſonne to want a graue.

48

But tis too late thy head-ſtrong courſe t'recall,
Depriude all feeling of externall feare;
Theſe deadly ſounds by their continuall fall,
Settle confuſion in thy deafned eare,
This is the laſt, O would the worſt of all!
Shreekes be the muſicke thou delightſt to heare,
Armes thy attire, and wounds be all thy good,
Thy end conſiſts in rapine and in blood.

49

In glorious age of whom it ſhould be ſaid,
That all theſe miſchieues ſhould abound in thee,
That all theſe ſinnes ſhould to thy charge be laid,
From no calumnious nor vile action free,
O let not time vs with thy ills vpbrayd,
Leſt feare what hath beene, argue what may be;
And faſhioning ſo a habite in the minde,
Make vs alone the haters of our kinde.

50

O powrefull heauen, in whoſe all-ſoueraigne raine,
Thoſe thy pure bodies mooue in harmony,
And by a ſtrong and euerlaſting chaine,
Together linckt in ſacred vnitie;
In which you doe continually remaine,
Stayd in one certaine courſe eternally,
Why his due motion keepeth eu'ry ſtar,
Yet what they gouerne ſo irregular?

51

Muſe, in the courſe of this vnnaturall warre,
Tell me from whence this height of miſchiefe grew,
That in ſo ſhort time ſpread it ſelfe ſo farre,
Whereon ſuch ſtrange calamities enſue;
The true occaſions faithfully declare:
O men religious, was the fault in you? (draw
Which euen growne reſty by your powre, with-
Your ſtifned neckes, as free from ciuill awe.

52

What wonder then the people grow prophane,
When Church mens liues giue lay-men leaue to fall;
Their former Doue-like hun bleneſſe diſdaine,
For coates of haire, now clad in coſtly pall,
The holy Ephod made a cloke for gaine,
And what moſt cunning, moſt cannonicall,
And blinde promotion ſhuns that dangerous road,
Which the old Prophets diligently troad.

Hence

53

Hence iſt that God ſo ſlightly is ador'd,
The rocke remoou'd whereon our faith is gounded,
Conſcience eſteemde but as an idle word,
Which weake before, by vaine opinion wounded,
Profeſſors liues ſo little fruit affoord,
And in her ſects religion lies confounded;
The ſacred things a merchandize become,
None talks of texts, and prophecying dumbe.

54

And of the former being thus poſſeſt,
Like to the venome of infectious ayre,
That hauing got into the ſecret breaſt,
Is not preſcribde, nor long times ſtaies it there;
But from this ground to ſeize vpon the reſt,
The rancke contagion ſpreading eu'ry where;
That ere this euill hath the vtmoſt done,
The ſolide body laſtly ouer-runne.

55

Cauells breake forth to cancell wholeſome lawes,
And caching hold vpon the publique weale,
Where doubts ſhould ceaſe, they riſe in euery clawſe,
The ſword that wounds ordaind a ſalue to heale,
One miſcheefe ſtill another forward drawes,
Each ſtriuiug others vileneſſe to conceale,
By lewd corruptions in a needefull vſe,
Right cloakes all wrong, and couers all abuſe.

VVhen

56

When now the King late taken to this hold,
And in this poore imprisned libertie,
Liuing a death in hunger, want, and cold,
Euen in depth of woe and miserie;
By hatefull treason secretly is sold,
Before he could the trecherous drift espy;
For when oppression's vp vnto the chin,
Who lends not hand to thrust him boldly in?

57

In th'luckleſſe fortunes of this wretched King,
whoſe perſon's ſeiſed by th'inuading part,
Vnto his friends ſad matters menacing,
VVith bloodleſſe terror ſtriking eu'ry hart,
All expectation now diſcouraging,
VVhen no euaſion from the foe to ſtart;
And that the clowd which threatned greateſt feare,
Roſe whence their hopes moſt brighteſt did appeare.

58

Which breaking in now with a generall force,
On the two *Spenſers*, from whoſe onely hate
This warre firſt ſprung, diſtracted in their courſe,
Their lateſt power confined by their fate,
Of whom theres none takes pittie or remorce;
Which to avoide, as cankers of the ſtate,
The eldeſt firſt to death at *Briſtow* led,
Where hangde to death, his body quartered.

When

59

Whenas the heire to *Wincheſter* late dead,
The bloody lot to th'Earle of *Gloſter* fell,
Reding the Marſhall, marſhald with the dead,
When ſoone ſucceedes the Earle of *Arundell*,
To pay the forfait of a reuerent head,
Then *Muchelden*, and wofull *Daniell*,
Who followed him in his laſciuious waies,
Muſt go before him to his fatall daies.

60

Euen like ſome pillar, on whoſe goodly height,
A pondrous building onely doth depend,
Which when not able to ſuſtaine the weight,
And that his ſtrong backe hath begun to bend,
As quite depriued of his former might,
The maſſy load vnto the ground doth ſend,
Cruſhing the leſſer props, and murdring all
That ſtand within the compaſſe of the fall.

61

That ſtate whereon the ſtrength of Princes leanes,
Whoſe hie aſcent we trembling do behold,
From whence by coyneſſe of their chaſte diſdaines,
Subiection is imperiouſly controld;
Their earthly weakneſſe euermore explaines,
Exalting whom they pleaſe, not whom they ſhould,
When their owne fall (ſhowes how they fondly er'd)
Procur'd by thoſe vnworthily prefer'd.

Merit

62

Merit goes vnregarded and vngrac'd,
When by his fauters ignorance held in,
And Paraſites in wiſe mens roomes are plac'd,
Onely to ſooth the great ones in their ſin,
From ſuch whoſe gifts, and knowledge is debac'd,
Theres many ſtrange enormities begin,
Forging great wits into moſt factious tooles,
When mightieſt men oft proue the mightieſt fooles.

63

But why ſo vainely doe I time beſtow,
The fowle abuſe of th'wretched world to chide,
Whoſe blinded iudgement eu'ry howre doth ſhow,
What follie weake mortalitie doth guide?
Wiſe was the man that laugh'd at all thy woe,
My ſubiect ſtill more ſorrow doth prouide,
And this late peace more matter ſtill doth breede,
To haſten that which quickly muſt ſucceede.

The end of the fourth Canto.

The fifth Booke of the Barrons warres.

(***)

The Argument.

Th'impriſoned King his gouernement forſakes,
And to the Peere his weakeneſſe ſo excuſed,
Who him ere long from Leiſters *keeping takes,*
That with much woe his ſoueraigne Lord refuſed,
His torturers of him a mockery makes,
And baſely, and reprochfully abuſed,
By ſecret waies to Berckley *being led,*
And cruelly in priſon murthered.

I

THe wretched King vnnaturally betrayd,
By lewd coruption of his natiue Land,
From thence with ſpeede to *Kenelworth* conuayd,
By th'Earle of *Leiſter* with a mightie band,
Some few his fauorers quickely ouer-wayd,
And now a preſent Parlement in hand,
To ratifie the generall intent,
His reſignation of the gouernment.

Falne

2

Falne through the frailtie of intemperate will,
That with his fortunes it ſo weakely farde,
To vndergoe that vnexpected ill,
For his deſerued puniſhment preparde,
The meaſure of that wretchedneſſe to fill,
To him alotted as a iuſt reward,
Armes all with malice, either leſſe or more,
To ſtrike at him that ſtrooke at all before.

3

And being a thing the commons daily craue,
To which the great are reſolutely bent,
Such forward helpes on eu'ry ſide to haue,
T'effect their ſtrong and forcible intent,
Which now that ſpeede vnto their action gaue,
That ratifi'd by generall conſent,
Still haſtned on to execute the thing,
Which for one ill, two worſe ſhould ſhortly bring.

4

Biſhops, Earles, Abbots, and the Barrons all,
Each in due order as becomes the ſtate,
Set by the Heraults in that goodly hall,
The Burgeſſes for places corporate,
Whom this great buſnes at this time doth call,
For the Cinque-ports the Barrons conuocate,
And other Knights, for the whole body ſent,
Both on the South, and on the North of Trent.

5

From his impris'ning chamber clad in blacke,
Before th'assembly sadly he is brought,
A dolefull hearse vpon a dead-mans backe,
whose heauy lookes might tell his heauier thought,
In which there doth no part of sorrow lacke,
Nor fained action needes to grieue be taught:
His funerall solemniz'd in his cheere,
His eyes the mourners, and his legs the Beere.

6

Torleton, as one select to this intent,
The best experienc'd in this great affaire,
A man graue, subtile, stowt, and eloquent,
First with faire speech th'assembly doth prepare,
Then with a voyce austere and eminent,
Doth his abuse effectually declare,
As winnes each sad eye with a reuerent feare,
With due attention drawing eu'ry eare.

7

The great exactions raised by the King,
With whose full plenty he his Mineons fed,
Himselfe and subiects so impou'rishing,
And that deere blood he lauishly had shed,
Which desolation to the land should bring,
And the chiefe cause by his lewd riots bred;
The losse in warre sustained through his blame,
The during scandall to the English name.

Pro-

8

Proceeding forward to the future good,
That their diſſignements happily intend,
And with what vpright policie it ſtoode,
No after hopes their fortunes to amend,
The reſignation to his proper blood,
That might the action lawfully defend,
The preſent need that willd it ſtrictly ſo,
Whoſe impoſition they might not forſlowe.

9

Pardon me Art, that ſtriuing to be ſhort,
To this intent a ſpeech deliuering,
And that at full I doe not heere report
Matters that tuch depoſing of the King,
My faithfull Muſe, O doe not thou exhort
The after times to ſo abhorr'd a thing,
To ſhew the reaſons forcibly were laide,
Out of thy feelings what hee might haue ſaide.

10

The ſtrong deliu'ry of whoſe vehement ſpeech,
Borne with a dauntleſſe, and contracted brow,
That with ſuch ſterne ſeuerity did teach,
His reaſons more authentique to allow,
Which the more eaſly made the dang'rous breach,
By the remembrance of a generall vow:
To which they heere muſt openly conteſt,
When *Edward* comes to conſummate the reſt.

11

His faire cheeke couerd in pale ſheets of ſhame,
And as a dumbe ſhew in a ſwowne began,
Where paſſion dooth ſuch ſundry habites frame,
As eu'ry ſence a right Tragedian,
Truely to ſhew from whence his ſorrow came,
Beyond the compaſſe of a common man,
where Nature ſeemes a practiſer in Art,
teaching Diſpaire to act a liuely part.

12

Ah Pitty, doſt thou liue, or wert thou not,
Mortalls by ſuch ſights haue to flint bin turned,
Or what men haue beene, hath their ſeed forgot,
Or was it neuer knowne that any mourned,
In what ſo ſtrangely are we ouerſhot?
Againſt our owne ſelfe hath our frailue ſpurned,
Or teares henceforth abandon humane eies,
And neuer-more to pity miſeries.

13

He takes the Crowne yet ſcornefully vnto him,
With ſlight regarde, as ſcarcely thinking on it,
As though not ſenſleſſe that it ſhould forgoe him,
And ſildome caſts a ſcornefull eie vpon it,
would ſeeme to leaue it, and would haue it woe him,
Then ſnatching it, as loath to haue forgone it,
Yet puts it from him, yet he will not ſo,
would faine retaine what faine he would forgoe.

In

14

In this confused conflict of the minde,
Teares drowning sighes, and sighs confounding teares,
Yet whenas neither libertie could finde,
Oppressed with the multitude of teares,
Stands as a man affrighted from his kinde,
Griefe becomes senslesse when too much it beares,
whilst speech & silēce striues which place should take
From his ful bosome thus his sorrowes brake.

15

If that my title rightfully be planted,
Vpon a true indubitate succession,
Confirmd by nations as by nature granted,
That freely hath deliuerd me possession,
Impute to heauen sufficiencie I haue wanted,
which must deny it power, or you oppression,
which into question by due course may bring,
The grieued wrongs of an annointed King.

16

That halowed vnction by a sacred hand,
which once was powrde on this emperious head,
which wrought th'indument of a strict command,
And round about me the rich verdure spred,
Either my right in greater stead must stand,
Or why in vaine was it so idely shed,
whose prophanation and vnreuerent tuch,
Iust heauen hath often punisht alwayes much.

17

When from the bright beames of our ſoueraine due,
Deſcends the ſtrength of your enated right,
And proſperouſly deriues it ſelfe to you,
As from our fulnes taking borrowed light,
which to your ſafeties alwayes firme and true,
Why thus repugne you by prepoſtrous might?
But what heauen lent me vertuouſly t'haue vſed,
Leaues to your power what weaknes hath abuſed.

18

But heere I doe reſigne it to your King,
Pawſing heereat as though his tongue offended,
with griping throwes ſeemes forth that word to bring,
Sighing a full point as he there had ended,
O how that ſound his grieued heart doth wring,
Which he recalling gladly would haue mended:
Things of ſmall moment we can ſcarcely holde,
But griefes that touch the heart are hardly colde.

19

But being paſt, he powres out teares,
Calming that tempeſt with a ſhower of raines:
As he had ſtroue to keepe it from his eares,
Quoth he, the liegeman to your Soueraigne?
O in his lippes how vile that word appeares,
Whereat aſhamde doth faſtly pawſe againe,
Yes, yes, euen ſay ſo vnto him you beare it,
If be yong Edward that you meane ſhall weare it.

20

Let him account his bondage from that day
That he is with the Diademe inuested,
A glittering Crowne hath made this haire so gray,
Within whose circle he is but arrested,
To true content this not the certaine way,
With sweeter cates a meane estate is feasted,
And when his prowd feet scorne to tuch the mold,
His head a prisner in a gayle of golde.

21

His subiects numbred, numbring of his care,
And when with showts the people doe beginne,
Let him suppose th'applause but prayers are
T'escape the danger that they see him in,
Wherein t'aduenture he so boldly dare;
The multitude hath multitudes of sinne,
And he thats first to cry, God saue the King,
Is the first man doth newes of sorrow bring.

22

Appeasing tumults hate cannot appease,
Soothde with deceits, and fed with flatteries,
Thy selfe displeasing, other sought to please,
Obeyd as much as hee shall tyrannize,
The least in safety being most at ease,
Feare forcing friends, inforcing enemies.
And when hee sitteth in his greatst estate,
His foot-stoole danger, and his chaire is hate.

Raigne

23

Raigne he alone, whilst he no King, was one
Disarmde of power, and heere deiected is,
By whose depoſing he enioyes a throne,
Nor ſhould I ſuffer that, nor he doe this,
I muſt confeſſe th'inheritance his owne,
But whilſt I liue it ſhould be none of his,
The ſonne climes vp to thruſt the father downe,
And thus the crowned left without a Crowne.

24

Hauing performd this haird conſtrained part,
His ſpeech, his raigne, the day all ioyntly ended,
Strangely transformd; not being what thou art,
Carde for of none, vnlookt on, vnattended,
Sadly departing with a heauy heart,
To his ſtrong lodging ſtraightly recommended,
Left to bemoane his miſerable plight,
To the rude walls, and ſolitarie night.

25

Whilſt things are thus diſaſtrouſly decreed,
Seditious libels euery day are ſpred,
By ſuch as like not of their violent deede,
That he by force ſhould be deliuered,
Whether his wrong remorce in ſome did breede,
That him at laſt vntimely pitied,
Or elſe deuiſde in pollicie by ſome,
To cloake that miſchiefe afterward to come.

And

26

And hate that each where hearkning ſtil doth lurke,
And yet ſuſpitions *Edward* is not ſure,
Thinking what blood with *Leiceſter* might wurke,
Or elſe, what friends his name might him procure,
Which yet their thoughts continually doth yrke
The time he ſhould at *Kenelworth* endure:
Fore-thinke ſome place t'which ſecretly conuaide,
Vnknowne his being, be ſecurde from aide.

27

And though the great to hide their cloſe intent,
(Seeme ne're ſo cleare from knowing thoſe know ill)
Not vnprouided of the inſtrument,
Which they keepe ready to performe their will,
Such haue th'in ſtore to their damnation bent,
In villanie notorious for their skill,
Diſhoneſt, deſperate, mercileſſe, and rude,
To all vile actions ready to intrude.

28

Matreuers and baſe *Gurney* are the men
In this lewd act that muſt confedered be,
Whoſe hatefull names pollute our maiden pen,
But I intreate you, be not greiu'd with mee
To whome the ſame doe worthily pertaine,
Some boughs grow crooked from the ſtreighteſt tree:
Nor ſhall you be partakers of their ſhame,
The fault lies in their deede, not in your name.

29

These secretly to *Killingworth* dispatcht,
Fitted of all things that their hearts desire,
At such a time as few their purpose watcht,
After whose busines none is to enquire,
Which by their warrant subtilly was matcht,
Onely to them knowne whither to retire:
taking the King, his guardian to acquit,
And to bestow him where they thought most fit.

30

With a crew of ribalds, villainous, and nought,
As their coagents in this hatefull thing,
To th'earle of *Leister* their commission brought,
Commaunding the deliu'ry of the King,
which (with much griefe) they lastly frō him wrought,
About the Castell closely houering,
watching a time till silence, and the night,
Might with conuenience priuiledge their flight.

31

With shamefull scoffes, and barbarous disgrace,
Him on a leane ill fauord jade they set,
In a vile garment, beggarly, and base,
Which, it should seeme, they purposely did get,
And in a wretched miserable case,
Benumd and beaten with the colde, and wet,
Depriu'd of all repose and naturall rest,
with thirst and hunger grieuously oppresst.

Yet

32

Yet ſtill ſuſpitious that he ſhould be knowne,
They ſhaue away his ornament of haire,
The laſt thing his that he could call his owne,
Neuer left Fortune any wight ſo bare;
Such tyranny on king was neuer ſhowne,
Thus voide of comfort, were he voide of care:
No, no, our ioyes are ſhadowes, and deceiue vs,
But till our death our ſorrowes neuer leaue vs.

33

To which intent, when fartheſt from reſort,
Forcing him light from his poore wearie beaſt,
Vpon a mole-hill (O moſt ſad report)
With puddle-water him they lewdly dreſt,
Whilſt at his woes and miſeries they ſport,
An yron skull the Baſon, like the reſt,
VVhoſe lothing eyes in this more lothed glaſſe,
Well may diſcerne how much deformd he was.

34

Th'abundant drops that from his eyes do fall,
A poole of teares ſtill riſing by this raine,
VVhich wraſtling with the water, and withall,
A troubled circle makes it to retaine,
His endleſſe griefes vnto his minde might call,
Billowde with ſighes like to a little maine,
water with teares contending whether ſhould
Make water warme, or make the warme tears cold.

Vile

35

Vile traitors, hold off your vnhalowed hands,
His brow the ſtate of maieſtie ſtill beares,
Dare you thus keepe your ſoueraigne Lord in bands,
How can your eyes behold th'annointeds teares?
Or if your ſight thus all remorce with-ſtands,
Are not your harts euen pierced through your eares?
The minde is free, what ere afflict the man,
Hee's yet a King, do Fortune what ſhe can.

36

Who's he ſhould take what God himſelfe hath giuen,
Or ſpill that life his holy ſpirit infuſed,
All powers be ſubiect to the power of heauen,
Wrongs paſſe not vnreueng'd how ere excuſed,
If of all ſenſe griefe hath thee not bereauen,
Riſe maieſtie when thou art thus abuſed,
O whither ſhall authoritie betake,
When in this ſort it doth it ſelfe forſake.

37

And in deſpight and mockery of a Crowne,
A wreathe of graſſe they for his temples make,
Which when he felt, as comming from a ſwoune,
And that his powers a little gan awake,
Fortune (quoth he) thou dooſt not alwaies frowne,
I ſee thou giu'ſt aſwell as thou dooſt take,
That wanting naturall couert for my braine,
For that defect, thou lend'ſt me this againe.

To

38

To whom, O heauen, should I my griefes complaine
Since thou art iuſt and prouident in all?
How ſhould this body naturall ſtrength retaine,
To ſuffer things ſo much innaturall?
My cogitations labour but in vaine,
Except thou be partaker in my fall;
And when at once ſo many miſchiefes meete,
By change of ſorrow mak'ſt my torment ſweete.

39

Wherefore my fate I ſhould but fondly grutch,
Tis vaine contention when with heauen we ſtriue,
Which preordaines my miſeries for ſuch,
That by one woe another ſhould ſuruiue,
To ſhew how it mortalitie can tutch,
My wretchedneſſe ſo ſtrangely to contriue,
That all my comfort in miſhaps ſhould reſt,
And elſe in nothing but misfortune bleſt.

40

To *Berckley* thus they led this wretched King,
The place of horror that was long fore-thought,
What power ſhould ſuffer ſo defilde a thing,
Or can behold this murther to be wrought,
That might the Nation into queſtion bring,
But that your waies with iudgement ſtill are fraught;
Thus art thou hap'd into thy earthly hell,
Now take thy leaue, and bid the world farewell.

Berckley

41

Berekley, whoſe faire ſeate hath beene famous long,
Let thy faire buildings ſhreeke a deadly ſound,
And to the ayre complaine thy greeuous wrong,
Keeping the figure of King *Edwards* wound,
That as thou waxeſt old, their ſhame ſtill yong,
Their wretched foote-ſteps printed on the ground,
That when report ſhall lend their vile act breath,
All tongues may adde damnation to their death.

42

The omenous Rauen with a diſmall cheere,
Through his hoarſe beake, of following horror tells,
Begetting ſtrange imaginarie feare,
With heauie ecchoes like to paſſing-bells;
The howling dogge a dolefull part doth beare,
As though they chimde his lateſt burying knells;
Vnder his eaue the buzzing ſhreech-owle ſings,
Beating his windowes with her fatall wings.

43

And ſtill affrighted in his fearefull dreames,
With raging fiends and goblins that he meetes,
Of falling downe from ſteepe Rockes into ſtreames,
Of toombes, of burialls, and of winding-ſheetes,
Of wandring helpeleſſe in far forraigne Realmes,
Of ſtrong temptations by ſeducing ſprites,
Wherewith awakde, and calling out for aide,
His hollow voyce doth make himſelfe afraide.

Next

44

Next comes the vision of his bloody raine,
Masking along with *Lancasters* sterne ghost,
Of Barrons twenty eight or hangd, or slaine,
Attended with the ruefull mangled host,
That vnreuengde yet all this while remaine,
At *Borough* battell, and at *Burton* lost,
Threatning with frownes, and trembling eu'ry lim,
As though in peeces they would torture him.

45

And if it chance that from the troubled skies,
The least small starre through any chincke giue light,
Straitwaies on heapes the thronging cloudes arise,
As though the heauen were angry with the night,
That it should lend that comfort to his eies,
Deformed shadowes, glimpsing in his sight
As darkenes, for it would more darkened be,
Through those poore crannies forcde it selfe to see.

46

When all th'affliction that they could impose,
Euen to the full, and vtmost of their hate,
Aboue his torment yet his strength arose,
As Nature made a couenant with Fate,
When now his watchfull and two wary foes,
That cease not still his woes to aggrauate,
All further helps suspected to preuent,
To take his life to *Berckley* closely sent.

47

And ſubtilly a letter faſhioning,
Which in the wordes a double ſence doth beare,
Which ſeemes to bid them, not to touch the King,
Shewing withall how, vile a thing it were,
But by falſe poynting, is another thing,
And to diſpatch him, bids them not to feare,
which taught to find, theſe murderers need no more,
For which they ſtood too ready long before.

48

Whereas he haps a Chronicle to find
Of former kings, their raignes, their deaths, and deedes,
which ſome their lodgde forgotten had behind,
On which to paſſe the houres he falls to reede,
Thinking thereby to recreate his mind,
But in his breaſt this greater woe doth breede,
For when deepe ſorrow on the fancie ſeaſeth,
What ere we ſee, our miſery increaſeth.

49

Firſt of great *William*, Conquerour of this Ile,
(From whom hee's tenth that in ſucceſſion lies)
Whoſe power inforcde the Saxon to exile,
Planting new lawes, and forraine ſubtilties,
Force and ſubiection, ſo to reconcile
The puniſhment of *Harolds* tyrannies,
which he applies with arguments ſo ſtrong,
To the due courſe of his iuſt puniſht wrong.

Ruſus

50

Rufus his ſonne, duke *Robert* farre abroade,
Receiues the rule in weake infeebled ſtate,
His fathers ſteps that euidently troade,
Depreſſing thoſe who had beene conquerd late,
Wiſhing releaſe of this their grieuous loade,
Vnder the guidance of their former fate,
The place for men that did to beaſts intend,
A beſtiall life had laſt a beaſtly end.

51

Henry the yongſt, his brother *William* dead,
Taketh the Crowne from his vſurpfull hand,
Due to the eldeſt good duke *Roberts* head,
Bearing our Red Croſſe in the Holy Land,
whoſe force farre off ſo much diminiſhed,
That his returne diſabled to withſtand,
when thoſe for whom th'vnnaturall war was done,
The ſea deuours, he left without a ſonne.

52

To *Mawd* the Empreſſe he the Scepter leaues,
His onely daughter, which by falſe pretext
Stephen Earle of *Bolloine* forcibly bereaues,
Henries falſe nephew in ſucceſſion next,
By which the Land a ſtranger warre receaues,
wherewith it grew ſo miſerably vext:
Till *Stephen* failing, and his iſſue reft,
T'the heires of *Mawd* the regall Scepter left.

53

The ſecond *Henry*, *Maud* the Empreſſe ſonne,
Of th'Engliſh line *Plantagenet* the firſt,
By *Stephens* death a glorious raigne begunne,
whoſe youth prolongd to make his age accurſt,
By his ſonne *Henries* coronation,
Which to his dayes much woe and ſorrow nurſt,
when thoſe for whom he conquerd, to make great,
Abroad his townes, at home vſurpde his ſeate.

54

Richard his ſonne that after him ſucceedes,
Who not content with what was ſafely ours,
A man lift vp to great and glorious deedes,
Into the Eaſt tranſportes our valiant powres,
Where with his ſworde whilſt many a Pagan bleedes,
Relentleſſe Fate haſtes on vntimely howres,
And makes a period to this hopefull ſtory,
Euen in the ſpring and bloſſome of his glory.

55

When him ſucceedes his faithleſſe brother *Iohn*,
Murthring yong *Arthur* by oppreſſefull might,
Climing by force to his vſurped throne,
Iuſtly with poyſon was repayde his ſpight,
His life to all men ſo hatefull growne,
Who grieues his wrongs that ne're did any right?
That on the Cleargie tyrannouſly fed,
Was by the Cleargie iuſtly puniſhed.

Henry

56

Henry his ſonne now crowned very yong,
Who for the hate they to his father bare,
His ſtate of raigning ſtoode in queſtion long,
Or to be left vnto a ſtrangers care;
With whom the Barrons, inſolent and ſtrong,
For the old Charter in commotion are,
Which his long raine ſo carefully attends
Granting, his daies in peace ſecurely ends.

57

From him proceedes a Prince, iuſt, wiſe, and ſage,
(In all things happy but in him his ſonne)
For whom euen nature did herſelfe engage,
More then in man, in this Prince to haue done,
Whoſe happy raigne, recur'd the former rage,
By the large bounds he to his Empire wonne,
As the firſt *Edward* had the ſecond beene,
O what a flow of glory had we ſeene!

58

Turning the leafe as finding vnawares,
What day yong *Edward* Prince of *Wales* was borne,
Which letters ſeeme like Magique Characters,
Or to deſpight him they were made in ſcorne,
Marking the paper like diſ-figuring ſtars,
O let that name (quoth he) from bookes be torne,
Leſt in that place the ſad diſpleaſed earth,
Doe loath it ſelfe as ſlaundered with my birth.

59

From thence hereafter humane birth exil'd,
By th'earth deuour'd, or ſwallowed by the ſea,
And fame enquiring for that luckleſſe child,
Say twas abortiue, or elſe ſtolne away;
And leſt, O Time, thou be therewith defil'd,
In thy vnnumbred courſe deuoure that day;
Let all be done that power can bring to paſſe,
Onely forget that ſuch there euer was.

60

The troubled teares now ſtanding in his eyes,
Through which as glaſſes he is forc'd to looke,
Make letters ſeeme as rondlets that ariſe,
By a ſtone caſt into a ſtanding brooke,
Appearing to him in ſuch various wiſe,
And at one time ſuch ſundry faſhions tooke,
Which like deluding monſters do affright,
And with their fowle ſhapes terrifie his ſight.

61

When on his faint bed falling downe at laſt,
His troubled ſpirit fore-telling danger nie,
When (forth) the doores a fearefull howling caſt,
To let thoſe in by whom a King ſhould die;
Whereat he ſtarts, amaz'd and agaſt,
Theſe ruthleſſe villaines all vpon him flie,
Sweete Prince, alas in vaine thou call'ſt for aide,
By theſe accurſed homicides betraide.

62

O be not authors of ſo vile an act,
My blood on your poſteritie to bring,
Which after times with horror ſhall diſtract,
When Fame euen hoarce with age your ſhame ſhall ring,
And by recounting of ſo vile a fact,
Mortalitie ſo much aſtoniſhing,
That they ſhal count their wickedneſſe ſcarce ſinne,
To that which long before their time hath bin.

63

And if your hate be deadly, let me liue,
For that aduantage angry heauen hath left,
That except life, takes all that it could giue,
But for iuſt vengeance ſhould not quite bereft;
Me yet with greater miſery to grieue,
Reſerue a while this remnant of their theft,
That that which ſpent frō th'reſt ſhould interdict me,
Alone remaining, doth withall afflict me.

64

Thus ſpake this wofull and diſtreſſed Lord,
As yet his breath found paſſage to and fro,
With many a ſhort pant, many a broken word,
Many a ſore grone, many a grieuous throw,
whilſt yet his ſpirit could any ſtrength affoord,
Though with much paine disburdning of his woe,
Till laſtly gaſping by their maiſt'ring ſtrength,
His kingly heart ſubiects it ſelfe at length.

65

When twixt two beds they cloſe his wearied corſe,
Baſely vncou'ring of his ſecret part,
Without all humane pittie and remorce,
With burning yron thruſt him to the hart;
O that my Muſe had but ſufficient force,
T'explaine the torment in the which thou art,
Which whilſt with words we coldy do expreſſe,
Thy paine made greater that we make it leſſe.

66

When thoſe in dead and depth of all the night,
Good ſimple people that are dwelling neare,
From quiet ſleepe whom care did now affright,
That his laſt ſhreeke and wofull cry do heare,
Euen pittying that miſerable wight,
As twixt compaſſion, and obedient feare,
Lift their ſad eyes with heauy ſleepe oppreſt,
Praying to heauen to giue the ſoule good reſt.

67

Still let the buildings ſigh his bitter grones,
And euermore his ſad complaints repeate,
And let the dull wails and the ſenceleſſe ſtones,
By the impreſſion of his torment, ſweate,
As wanting ſounds wherewith to ſhew his mones,
With all ſharpe paine and agony repleate,
That all may thether come that ſhall be told it,
As in a mirror cleerely to behold it.

When

68

When now the *Genius* of this wofull place,
Beeing the guide to his affrightfull ghoſt,
With haire diſheueled, and a gaſtly face,
Shall haunt the priſon where his life was loſt;
And as the denne of horror and diſgrace,
Let it be fearefull vnto all the coaſt,
That thoſe hereafter that do trauell neere,
Neuer behold it but with heauy cheere.

The end of the fifth Canto.

The ſixth Booke of the Barrons warres.

(***)

The Argument.

Lord Mortimer *made Earle of March; when he*
And the faire Queene rule all things by their might,
The pompe wherin at Nottingham they be,
The coſt wherewith their amorous Court is dight,
Enuide by thoſe their hatefull pride that ſee,
The King attempts the dreadfull caue by night,
Entring the Caſtell, taketh him from thence,
And March *at London dies for the offence.*

I

INforc'd of other accidents to ſing,
(Bearing faire ſhowes of promiſed delight,
Somewhat to ſlacke this melancholie ſtring,)
That new occaſions to our Muſe excite,
To our conceit ſtrange obiects faſhioning,
Doth our free numbers liberally inuite,
Matter of moment much to be reſpected,
Muſt by our pen be ſeriouſly directed.

And

2

And now the time more cuuningly redeeming,
Theſe fraudfull courſes fitly to contriue,
How ill ſo e're, to beare the faireſt ſeeming,
For which they now muſt diligently ſtriue,
Caſting all waies to gaine the ſame eſteeming,
That to the world it proſprouſly might thriue,
This farre gone on, now with the hand of might,
Vpon this wrong to build a laſting right.

3

The pompous Synod of theſe earthly Gods;
At *Salsbury* ſelected by their King,
To ſet all euen that had beene at ods,
And into faſhion their diſſignes to bring,
And ſtrongly now to ſettle their abodes,
That peace might after from their actions ſpring;
Firmely t'eſtabliſh what was well begunne,
Vnder which colour mighty things were done.

4

When *Mortimer* purſuing his deſire,
Whilſt eu'ry engine had his temperate heate,
To b'Earle of *March* doth ſuddainely aſpire,
T'increaſe the honor of his antient ſeate,
That his command might be the more entire;
Who now but onely *Mortimer* is great?
Who knew a kingdome as her lot was throwne,
Which hauing all, would neuer ſtarue her owne.

Now

5

Now stand they firme as those celestiall Poles,
Twixt which the starres in all their course do moue,
Whose strength this frame of gouernement vpholds,
An argument their wisedomes to approue,
Which way soe're the time in motion roles,
So perfect is the vnion of their loue;
For right is still most absolute alone,
Where power and fortune kindely meete in one.

6

Whilst *Edwards* non-age giues a further speede,
To th'antient foe-man to renew the warre,
Which to preuent they must haue speciall heede,
Matters so strangely manag'd as they are,
Which otherwise, if their neglect should breede,
Nothing yet made, it might not easily marre,
Which with the most, reseruing their estate,
Inforc'd to purchase at the deerest rate.

7

So much t'release the homage as suffic'd,
Mongst which that deed namde Ragman, of renown,
By which the kings of Scotland had deuisde,
Their fealty vnto the English crowne,
With other Reliques that were highly prizde,
As that which forc'd the greatest part to frowne;
Th'blacke Crosse of Scotland (men did omenous deeme)
Being a Relique of so hie esteeme.

To

8

To colour which, and to confirme the peace,
They make a marrige twixt the Scot and vs,
To giue more ſtrength vnto this ſtrange releaſe,
Which vnto all men ſeemd ſo dangerous
Whilſt *Roberts* raigne, and after his deceaſe,
The league might euer be continued thus,
Dauid the Prince the Lady *Iane* ſhould take,
which twixt the Realms a laſting bond ſhuld make.

9

When th'Earle of *Kent* that being one of thoſe,
Which in their actions had a powerfull hand,
Perceiuing them of matters to diſpoſe,
To the ſubiection of ſo great a land,
Finding the inconuenience that growes
Vnder the guidance of their wilfull hand,
To ſhake their power whilſt he ſtrangely doth caſt,
His fatall end too violently doth haſte.

10

Which giuing out his brother yet to liue,
(Long now ſuppoſed the deceaſed King)
Vnto his nephew might that ſcandall giue,
As into queſtion might his title bring:
Ill this report beganne, and worſe it thriue,
Being ſo foule and dangerous a thing,
Which being the motiue of inteſtine ſtrife,
The time not long ere it bereft his life.

Whilſt

11

Whilſt *Edward* takes what late their power did giue,
Whoſe non-age craues their bountifull protection,
Which know to rule whilſt he muſt learne to liue,
From their experience taking his direction,
Which more and more their doubtfull hopes reuiue,
When borne to raigne, yet crownd by their election,
Th'allegiance duely dooth to him belong,
Now makes their faction abſolutely ſtrong.

12

Prouiding for protection of the king,
Men of moſt power, and nobleſt of the Peeres,
That no diſtaſte vnto the realme might bring,
For ripened iudgement, or well ſeaſoned yeeres,
With comelines all matters managing,
Yet whilſt they row, tis *Mortimer* that ſteeres,
wel might we think the man were worſe than blind,
That wanted ſea-roome, and could rule the wind.

13

To ſmoothe the path wherein this courſe was gone,
Which as a teſt might to their actions ſtand,
And giue more full poſſeſſion of their owne,
In being receiued from a ſoueraine hand,
Into their boſomes abſolutely throwne,
Both for the good, and ſafety of the land:
When their proceedings colourd with this care,
To the worlds eye ſo faire an out-ſide bare.

All

14

All complement that appertainde to ſtate,
By giuing greatnes eu'ry honored rite,
To feed thoſe eies that did their houres awaite;
And by all meanes to nouriſh their delight,
That entertaining loue, they welcome hate,
And vvith free bounty equally inuite,
A Princes wealth in ſpending ſtill doth ſpred,
Like to a brooke with many fountaines fed.

15

To *Nottingham* the Norths emperious eye,
Which as a *Pharus* guardes the goodly ſoile,
And armd by Nature danger to defie,
There to repoſe him ſafely after toile,
Where treaſon leaſt aduantage might eſpie,
Cloſely conuaies this great in-valued ſpoile:
That by reſiding from the publique ſight,
He might more freely reliſh his delight.

16

Nine ſcore in checke attending in their court,
Whom honored Knighthood knitts in mutuall bands,
Men moſt ſelect, of ſpeciall worth and ſort,
Much might they doe that haue ſo many hands,
Who payes not tribute to this lordly port?
This hie-rearde Caſtell eu'ry way commands;
Thus like thoſe Giants gainſt great heauen they riſe,
Which darted Rockes at the emperiall skies.

It

17

It ſeemes in him Fame meanes hir power to ſhow,
And twixt her wings to beare him through the skies,
He might more eaſly ſee the things below,
Hauing aboue them mounted him ſo hie,
Vnto whoſe will they meekely ſeeme to bow,
Vnder whoſe greatnes meaner powers doe lie:
All things concurre with faire ſucceſſefull chance,
To raiſe that man whom Fortune will aduance.

18

Heere all along the flower enameld vales,
The ſiluer-*Trent* on pearly ſands dooth ſlide,
And to the medowes telling wanton tales,
Her Criſtall limbs laſciuiouſly in pride,
(As rauiſhed with the enamored gales,)
with often turnings caſts from ſide to ſide,
As loath ſhe were the ſweete ſoyle to forſake,
And caſt her ſelfe into the German lake.

19

Neare whom, faire *Sherwood* wildely bent to roue,
Twines her looſe armes about the flattering towers,
By the milde ſhadowes of her ſcattered groue,
Lends winter ſhelter, and giues ſummer bowers,
As with the flood in curteſie it ſtroue,
And by repulſing the ſharpe Northerne ſhowers:
Courts the prowd Caſtell, who by turning to her,
Smiles to behold th'laſciuious wod-nymph wo hir.

20

Who being retirde ſo ſtrictly to this place,
To this faire ſted the Princes perſon drawes,
When Fortune ſeemes their greatnes to embrace,
That as a working and eſpeciall cauſe,
Effects each formall ceremonious grace,
As by her iuſt and neceſſary lawes,
That in the towne retaines his kingly ſeate,
With *Marches* Court the Caſtle is repleate.

21

Occaſiond where, in counſels to debate,
And by the king conueniently is met,
So ſoueraigne and magnificent in ſtate,
As might all eies vpon his greatneſſe ſet,
Prizing his honour at that coſtly rate,
As to the ſame due reuerence might beget,
which as the obiect ſundry paſſions wrought,
Stirring ſtrange forms in many a wandring thoght.

22

Could blind ambition find the meaneſt ſtay
His diſproportiond and vaine courſe to guide,
T'aſſure ſome ſafety in that ſlippery way,
Where the moſt worldly prouident doe ſlide,
Feeling the ſteep fall threatning ſure decay,
Beſotted in the wantonneſſe of pride,
The minde aſſuming abſoluter powres,
Might checke the fraile mortality of ours.

23

But still in pleasure sitting with excesse,
His sauory junkets tasted with delight,
Ne're can that glutton appetite suppresse,
Where eu'ry dish inuites a licorish sight,
Nor hauing much, is his desire the lesse,
Till tempted past the compasse of his might,
The pampered stomacke more than well suffizde,
Casts vp the surfet lately gurmundizde.

24

And when som brook from th'ouer moistned ground
By swelling waters prowdly ouer-flowd,
Stoppeth his current, shouldreth downe his mownd,
And from his course dooth quite himselfe vnloade,
The bordring meddowes eu'ry where surrownd,
Dispersing his owne riches all abroade,
Spending the store he was maintained by,
Leaues his first channell desolate and dry.

25

When now those few that many teares had spent,
And long had wept on murthered *Edwards* graue,
Muttring in corners, grieu'd, and discontent,
And finding some a willing eare that gaue,
Still as they durst, bewraying what they meant,
Tending his pride and greatnes to depraue,
Vrging withall, what some might iustly do,
If things thus borne, were rightly lookt into,

Some

26

Some giue it out, that *March* by blood to riſe,
Had cut off *Kent*, the man might next ſucceed,
And his late treaſons falſly did ſurmiſe,
As a meere colour to this lawleſſe deede,
That his ambition onely did deuiſe,
In time the royall family to weede,
When in account there was but only one,
That kept him off from ſtepping to the throne.

27

And thoſe much buſied in the former times,
Then credulous that honour was his end,
And by the hate they bare to others crimes,
Did not his faults ſo carefully attend,
Perceiuing how he deſolutely climes,
(Hauing thus brought his purpoſe to an end)
With a ſeuere eye now more ſtrictly looke
Into the courſe that his ambition tooke.

28

All fence the tree that ſerueth for a ſhade,
Whoſe large growne body doth repulſe the winde,
Vntill his waſtefull branches do inuade,
The ſtraighter plants, and them in priſon binde,
And as a tyrant to the weaker made;
When like a foule deuourer of his kinde,
Vnto his roote all put their hands to hew,
Whoſe romth but binders others that would grow.

29

Thus at his eaſe whilſt he ſecurely ſate,
And to his will theſe things aſſured were,
With a wel gouernd and contented fate,
Neuer ſo much freed from ſuſpitious feare,
Wel fortifide, and in ſo good eſtate,
As not admits of danger to be neare,
But ſtill we ſee before a ſodaine ſhower,
The ſunne ſhines hotſt, and hath the greateſt power.

30

Within the Caſtle hath the Queene deuiſde
A chamber with choice rarities ſo fraught,
As in the ſame ſhe had imparadizde
Almoſt what man by induſtrie hath ſought,
where, with the curious penſill was comprizde,
what could with colours by the Arte be wrought,
In the moſt ſure place of the Caſtle there,
which ſhe had namde the Tower of *Mortimer*.

31

An orball forme with pillers ſmall compoſde,
Which to the top like paralels doe beare,
Arching the compaſſe where they vvere incloſde,
Faſhioning the faire roofe like the hemiſphere,
In whoſe partitions by the lines diſpoſde,
All the cleere Northerne Aſteriſmes were
In their corporeall ſhapes with ſtarres inchaſed,
As by th'old Poets they in heauen were placed.

About

32

About which lodgings, towards the vpper face,
Ran a fine bordure circularly led,
As equall twixt the hi'ſt point and the baſe,
That as a Zone the waſte ingirdled,
That lends the ſight a breathing or a ſpace,
Twixt things neere view, and thoſe farre ouer head;
Vnder the which the Painters curious skill,
In liuely formes the goodly roome did fill.

33

Heere *Phœbus* clipping *Haycinthus* ſtood,
whoſe liues laſt drops his ſnowie breaſt imbrew,
The ones teares mixed with the others blood,
That ſhoul't be blood or teares, no ſight could view,
So mix'd together in a little flood,
Yet heere and there they ſeu'rally with-drew,
The pretty wood-nimphs chafing him with balme,
To bring the ſweete boy from his deadly qualme.

34

With the Gods Lire, his quiuer and his bow,
His golden mantle caſt vpon the ground,
T'expreſſe whoſe geiefe, Art euen her beſt did ſhow,
The ſledge ſo ſhadowed ſtill ſeem'd to rebound,
To counterfet the vigor of the blow,
As ſtill to giue new anguiſh to the wound,
The purple flowre ſprung from the blood that run,
That opneth ſince, and cloſeth with the Sun.

35

By which the heyfer *Io*, *Ioues* faire rape,
Gazing her new tane figure in a brooke,
The water shadow'd to obserue the shape,
In the same forme that she on it doth looke:
So cunningly to clowde the wanton scape,
That gazing eyes, the portrature mistooke,
By prospectiue deuisde beholding now,
This way a maiden, that way't seemde a Cow.

36

Swift *Mercury* like to a Sheepheards boy,
Sporting with *Hebe* by a fountaine brim,
with many a sweete glance, many an amorous toy,
He sprinckling drops at her, and she at him;
wherein the Painter so explainde their ioy,
As though his skill the perfect life could lim;
Vpon whose browes the water hung so cleere,
As throgh the drops the faire skin might appeare.

37

And Ciffy *Cynthus* with a thousand birds,
whose freckled plumes adorne his bushy crowne,
Vnder whose shadow graze the stragling heards,
Out of whose top the fresh springs trembling downe,
Dropping like fine pearle through his shaggy beards,
With mosse and climing Ivie ouer-growne,
The Rocke so liuely done in eu'ry part,
As Nature could be paterned by Art.

38

The naked Nimphs some vp and downe descending,
Small scattering flowers at one another flung,
With nimble turnes their limber bodies bending,
Cropping the blooming branches lately sprung,
(Vpon the briers their coloured mantles rending)
Which on the Rockes grew heere and there among;
Some combe their haire, some making garlands by,
As with delight might satisfie the eye.

39

There comes prowde *Phaeton* tumbling through the (clowdes,
Cast by his Palfraies that their raines had broke,
And setting fire vpon the welked shrowdes,
Now through the heauen run madding from the yoke,
The elements together thrust in crowdes,
Both Land and Sea hid in a reeking smoke,
Drawne with such life, as some did much desire,
To warme themselues, some frighted with the fire.

40

The riuer *Po*, that him receiuing burnde,
His seauen sisters standing in degrees,
Trees vnto women seeming to be turnde,
As the gods turnde the women into trees,
Both which at once so mutually that mournde,
Drops from their boughs, or tears fell from their eyes,
The fire seemde to be water, water flame,
Such excellence in shewing of the same.

41

And to this lodging did the light inuent,
That it ſhould firſt a naturall courſe reflect,
Through a ſhort roome into the window ſent,
Whence it ſhould come expreſſiuely direct,
Holding iuſt diſtance to the lineament,
And ſhould the beames proportionably proiect;
And being thereby condenſated and graue,
To eu'ry figure a ſure colour gaue.

42

In part of which, vnder a golden Vine,
Whoſe broad leau'd branches cou'ring ouer all,
Stood a rich bed, ſpred with this wanton twine,
Doubling themſelues in their laſciuious fall,
Whoſe rip'ned cluſters ſeeming to decline,
VVhereas among the naked *Cupids* ſprawle,
Some at the ſundry coloured birds do ſhute,
Some ſwaruing vp to plucke the purple fruite.

43

On which a Tiſſue counterpoint was caſt,
Arachnes web the ſame did not ſurpaſſe,
Wherein the ſtory of his fortunes paſt,
In liuely pictures neatly handled was;
How he eſcap'd the Tower, in France how grac'd,
with ſtones embroyd'red of a wondrous maſſe;
About the border in a curious fret,
Emblems, Empreſas, Hiroglifiques ſet.

This

44

This flattering calme, congeales that thickned ſhower,
Which the full clowdes of poiſnous enuy fed,
whoſe deſolution waits th'vnhappy hower,
To let the fury on his hatefull head,
which now was of that violence and power,
As his delights yet not imagined,
when men ſuppoſe in ſafety moſt to ſtand,
Then greateſt dangers are the neer'ſt at hand.

45

Yet finding the neceſſitie is ſuch,
To execute what he doth vndertake,
And that his crowne it did ſo neerely tuch,
If they too ſoone his ſleeping power awake;
Th'attempt was great, the danger was as much,
Muſt ſecretly prouide ſome courſe to take,
By which he might th'enterpriſe effect,
And moſt offend, where he might leaſt ſuſpect.

46

A deepe blacke caue low in the earth is found,
whoſe duskie entrance like pale *Morpheus* Cell,
with ſtrange Meanders windeth vnder ground,
where ſooty darkenes euermore doth dwell;
That with ſuch dread and horror doth abound,
As might be deemde an entrance into hell;
which Architects to ſerue the Caſtell made,
Whenas the *Dane* this Iland did inuade.

Now

47

Now on along this cranckling path doth keepe,
Then by a rocke turnes vp another way,
Now rising vp, now falling towards the deepe,
As the ground leuell, or vnlevell lay;
And now direct, now angular doth creepe,
Nor in the course keepes any certaine stay,
Till in the Castell in a secret place,
He casts the fowle maske from his clowdy face.

48

By which the King with a selected crew,
Of such as he with his intent acquainted,
And well affected to this action knew,
That in reuenge of *Edward* neuer fainted,
And to their vtmost zealously pursue,
Such, whose cleere blood no time had euer tainted;
Aduentures now this labirinth t'assay,
To rowze the beast which kept them all at bay.

49

What time the Sunne with this day-laboring teames,
Is driuing downe vnto the West apace,
T'refresh his cauples in the Ocean streames,
And coole the feruor glowing in his face,
Which now appeares by his hie-coloured beames,
To rest him from our Hemisphere a space,
Leauing fowle darkenesse to possesse the skies,
The fittest times for bloody-tragedies.

With

50

With torches now attempting the ſad caue,
Which at their entrance ſeemeth in a fright,
At the reflection that the brightneſſe gaue,
As till that time it neuer ſaw the light;
Where light and darkneſſe with the power they haue,
Strongly for the preheminence do fight,
And each confounding other, both appeare,
As to their owne ſelues they contrary were.

51

The craggy cleeues which croſſe them as they go,
Make as their paſſage they would haue denide,
And threatning them their iourney to forſlow,
As angry with the path that was their guide,
As they their griefe and diſcontent would ſhow,
Curſing the hand that did them firſt diuide;
The combrous falls and riſings ſeeme to ſay,
This wicked action could not brooke the day.

52

The gloomy lamps this troope ſtill forward led,
Forcing ſhadowes follow on their backe,
Are like the mourners waiting on the dead,
And as the deede, ſo are they vgly blacke;
Hate goes before, confuſion followed,
The ſad portents of blood-ſhed, and of wracke;
Theſe faint dim-burning lights as all amazed,
At thoſe deformed ſhades whereon they gazed.

The

53

The clattering armes their maiſters ſeeme to chide,
As they would reaſon wherefore they ſhould wound,
And ſtriking with the points from ſide to ſide,
As though euen angry with the hallow ground,
That it this vile and ruthleſſe act ſhould hide,
Whoſe ſtony roofe lock'd in their dolefull ſound,
And hanging in the creekes, draw backe againe,
As willing them from murther to refraine.

54

Now waxing late, and after all theſe things,
Vnto her chamber is the Queene withdrawne,
To whom a choice Muſitian plaies and ſings,
Repoſing her vpon a ſtate of Lawne,
In night attire diuinely glittering,
As th'approching of the cheerefull dawne,
Leaning vpon the breaſt of *Mortimer*,
Whoſe voice more then the muſick pleas'd her eare.

55

Where her faire breaſts at liberty are let,
where violent veines in curious branches flow,
where *Venus* Swans and milkie Doues are ſet,
Vpon the ſwelling mounts of driuen ſnow,
where Loue whilſt he to ſport himſelfe doth get,
Hath loſt his courſe nor findes which way to goe,
Incloſed in this Labyrinth about,
Where let him wander ſtill, yet ne're get out.

Her

56

Her looſe golde haire, O gold, thou arte too baſe,
were it not ſinne to name thoſe ſilke threeds haire,
Declining downe to kiſſe her fairer face,
But no word faire enough for thing ſo faire,
O what hie wondrous epethite can grace,
Or giue the due praiſe to a thing ſo rare!
But where the pen failes, penſill cannot ſhow it,
Nor can be knowne vnleſſe the mind do know it.

57

She laies thoſe fingers on his manly cheeke,
The gods pure Scepters, and the dartes of loue,
which with a touch might make a tygre meeke,
Or the maine *Atlas* from his place remoue,
So ſoft, ſo feeling, delicate, and ſleeke,
As Nature ware the lillies for a gloue,
As might beget life where was neuer none,
And put a ſpirite into the flinty ſtone.

58

The fire of precious wood the lights perfume,
vvhoſe perfect cleereneſſe on the painting ſhone,
As eu'ry thing to ſweetnes did conſume,
Or eu'ry thing had ſweetnes of it owne,
And to it ſelfe this portrayed did reſume,
The ſmell wherewith his naturall is growne,
That light gaue colour on each thing it fell,
And to the colour the perfume gaue ſmell.

Vpon

59

Vpon the ſundry pictures they deuiſe,
And from one thing they to another runne,
Now they commend that body, then thoſe eyes,
How well that bird, how well that flowre was done,
Now this part ſhadowed, and how that doth riſe,
This top is clouded, and that traile is ſpunne,
The landskip, mixtures, and delineatings,
And in that Arte a thouſand curious things.

60

Looking vpon prowde *Phaeton* wrapt in fire,
The gentle Queene doth much bewaile his fall,
But *Mortimer* more praiſing his deſire,
To looſe a poore life, or to gouerne all;
And though he did ambitiouſly aſpire,
And by his minde is made prowde Fortunes thrall,
Yet in deſpight when ſhe her worſt hath done,
He periſht in the chariot of the Sunne.

61

The Queene ſaith *Phœbus* is much forcde by Arte,
Nor can ſhe find how his embraces be,
But *Mortimer* now takes the Painters part,
Why thus great Empreſſe, thus, and thus, quoth he,
Thus holdes the boy, thus clips his fainting hart,
Thus twine their armes, and thus their lips you ſee:
You ſhalbe *Phœbus*, *Hyacinthus* I,
It were a life thus eu'ry houre to die.

By

62

By this time neere, into the vpper hall,
Is rudely entred this disordered rowt,
When they within suspecting least of all,
Dischargde the guard that should haue watcht without
O see how mischiefe sodainely doth fall,
And steales vpon vs, being freest from doubt,
How ere the life, the end is euer sure,
And oft in death fond man is most secure.

63

Whilst his lou'd *Neuill*, and deere *Turrington*,
Amongst the Ladies that attended there,
Relating things that antiently were done,
With such discourse as women loue to heare,
Staying delight, whilst time so fast doth runne,
Thus in the Lobby as they freely were,
Chargde on the sodaine by this armed traine,
Both in the entrance miserably slaine.

64

As from the snow-crownd Skidos lofty cleeues,
Som fleet-wingd haggard towards the euening houre,
Stooping amongst the More-bred Mallard driues,
And th'aire of all her featherd flockes doth skowre,
when backe vnto her former pitch she striues,
The seely fowle all prostrate to her powre:
Such a sharp shreek doth ring through all the vault,
Made by the Ladies at the first assault.

March

65

March now vnarmde (ſhe onely in his armes,
Too faire a ſhield, not made for fouler blowes)
That leaſt of all exſpected theſe alarmes,
And to be thus intrapped by his foes,
When he is moſt improuident of harmes,
O, had he had but weapons like his woes,
Either his valure had his breath redeemde,
Or in her ſight dide happily eſteemde.

66

Amongſt the others looking for the king,
In this blacke ſhew that (he aſſures him) is,
Though much diſguiſde, yet him imagining
By the moſt perfect lineaments of his,
Quoth he, the man thee to the Crowne did bring,
Might at thy hands the leaſt haue lookt for this,
And in this place, vnſeeming of the reſt,
Where onely ſacred ſolitude is bleſt.

67

Her preſence frees th'offender of his ill,
And as the eſſence makes the place diuine,
What ſtrong Decree can countermaund the will,
That gaue to thee the power that now is thine,
And in her armes preſeru'd in ſafety ſtill,
As the moſt pure inuiolable ſhrine,
Though thou thus irreligiouſly deſpiſe,
And dar'ſt profane theſe halowed liberties.

But

68

But as when *Illion* fatally surprisde
The Grecians issuing from the woodden horse,
Their rage and fury prowdly exercisde,
Opening the wide gates, letting in their force,
Putting in act what was before deuisde,
Without all sence of pitty or remorce,
With cries, shreekes, rumors in confused sound,
words are broken off, complaints abruptly drownd.

69

Dissolu'd to drops she followes him, O teares,
Elixar like turne all to pearle you touch,
To weepe with her the building scarce forbeares,
The sorrowes that she vttereth are such,
Able to wound th'impenitrabl'st eares,
Her plaints so piercing, and her woes so much,
when with th'abundance words wold hardly come,
Her eyes in silence spake when lips were dumbe.

70

Sweete sonne (quoth she) let not that blood be spilt,
Once prizd so deere as did redeeme thy Crowne,
Whose purity if tainted now with guilt,
The cause thereof efficiently thine owne,
That from the ruines of thy country built,
(Razde with dissentions) thy substantiall throne,
And broke those bounds thy kingdomes once con-
Into large *France*, to exercise thy minde. (finde,

71

For the deere portion of that naturall blood,
Which lends thee heate, and nutriment of life,
Be not a nigg'rd of ſo ſmall a good,
Where bounty ſhould be plentifully rife,
Begg'd on thoſe knees at which thou oft haſt ſtood,
In thoſe armes circles might conjure this ſtrife,
O God! that breath from ſuch a boſome ſent,
Should thus in vaine be prodigally ſpent.

72

When in this vproare with the ſodaine fright,
Whilſt eu'ry one for ſafety ſeekes about,
And none regarding to preſerue the light,
Which being waſted ſadly goeth out,
Now in the midſt and terrour of the night,
At the departure of this armed rowt,
The Queene alone (at leaſt if any neare)
Her wretched women, yet halfe dead with feare.

73

When horror, darkenes, and her preſent woe,
Begin to worke on her afflicted minde,
And eu'ry one his tyranny doth ſhow,
Euen in the fulnes of his proper kinde,
In ſuch exceſſe her accuſations flow,
This liberty vnto their power aſſignde,
Racking her conſcience by this torture due,
It ſelfe t'accuſe with whatſoere it knew.

O

74

O God to thinke (that not an houre yet paſt)
Her greatnes, freedome, and her hopes ſo hie,
The ſweet content wherein her thoughts were placde,
Her great reſpect in eu'ry humbled eye,
How now ſhe is abuſed how diſgracde,
Her preſent ſhame, her after miſery,
When eu'ry woe could by deſpaire be brought,
Preſents his forme to her diſtracted thought.

75

To *London* now a wretched priſner led,
London where oft he triumpht with the Queene;
And but for ſpite of no man followed,
Scarcely thought on, who had for many beene,
Of all regard and ſtate impou'riſhed,
Where in exceſſe he often had bin ſeene:
Which at his fall doth make them wonder more,
Who ſawe the pompe wherein he liu'd before.

76

O miſery! where ence thou dooſt infeſt,
How ſoone thy vile contagion alters kinde,
That like a *Circe* metamorphiſeſt
The former habite of the humane minde,
That euen from vs dooſt ſeeme our ſelues to wreſt,
Striking our fraile and fading glories blinde,
And with thy vicious preſence in a breath,
Chain'ſt vs as ſlaues vnto pale fainting Death.

77

At *Westminster* a Parliment decreed,
To th'establishing the safetie of the Crowne,
Where to his end they finally proceede,
All laying hand to dig this mountaine downe,
To which Time wills they haue especiall heede,
Now whilst the Fates thus angerly doe frowne,
The blood of *Edward*, and the *Spensers* fall,
For their iust vengeance hastily doe call.

78

The death of *Kent* that foule and loathsome blot,
Th'assuming of the Wardes and Liueries,
With *Ione* the Princesse married to the Scot,
The summes oft seized to his treasuries,
And that by this might well haue beene forgot,
The signe at *Stanhope* to the enemies,
Or what else ript from the records of Time,
That any way might aggrauate his crime.

79

O dire Reuenge, when thou in time arte rakde,
From the rude ashes which preseru'd thee long,
In the dry cindars where it seemde as slakde,
Matter to feed it, forcde with breath of wrong,
How soone his hideous fury is awakde,
From the small sparks what flames are quickly sprong,
And to that top dooth naturally aspire,
Whose weight and greatnes once represt his fire.

And

80

And what auailes his answer in this case,
Which now the time doth generally distast?
Where iudgement lookes with so seuere a face,
And all his actions vtterly disgrac'd,
What fainting bosome gues him any place,
From out the faire seate of opinion cast?
With pen and incke his sorrowes to deceiue,
Thus of the faire Queene takes his latest leaue.

81

Most mighty Empresse daine not to peruse,
The Swan-like dirges of a dying man,
Vnlike those raptures of the fluent Muse,
In that sweete season when our ioyes began,
That did my youth with glorious fire infuse,
When for thy gloue at Tilt I prowdly ran;
Whereas my starting Courser strongly set,
Made fire to flie from *Hartfords* Burgonet.

82

The King your sonne, which hastneth on my death,
(Madam) you know I tendred as mine owne,
And when I might haue grasped out his breath,
I set him gently on his fathers throne,
Which now his power too quickly witnesseth,
Which to this height and maiesty is growne;
But our desert forgot, and he forgiuen,
As after death we wish to liue in heauen.

83

And for the sole rule whereon thus he stands,
Came bastard *William* but himselfe on shore,
Or borrowed not our fathers conqu'ring hands,
Which in the field our ancient ensignes bore,
(Guarded about with our well-ordred bands)
Which his prowd Leopards for their safety wore,
Raging at *Hastings* like that ominous Lake,
From whose dread waues our glorious name we take

84

Had I beene chargde vpon mine armed horse,
As when I came vnto the walles of *Gaunt*,
Before the Belgike and Burgonian force,
There challenging, my Countries Combattant,
Borne from my seate in some robustious course,
That of my spoiles the enemy might vaunt,
Or had I falne vnder my battered shield,
And lent mine honour to some conquered field.

85

I haue not followed Fortune like a slaue,
To make her bounty any whit the lesse,
By my desert her iudgement to depraue,
Nor lent me aught I freely not confesse,
And haue returnd with intrest what she gaue,
A minde that suted with her mightinesse,
He twice offends which sinne in flattry beares,
Yet eu'ry houre he dies that euer feares.

86

I cannot feare what forceth others quake,
The times and I haue tugged together so,
Wonting my way through sword and fire to make,
So oft constraind against the streame to rowe,
To doubt with Death a couenant to make,
When I am growne familiar with my woe:
And nothing can th'afflicted conscience grieue,
But he can pardon, that doth all forgiue.

87

And thus thou most adored in my heart,
Whose thoghts in death my humbled sprite doth raise
Lady most faire, most deere, of most desart,
Worthy of more than any mortall praise,
Condemned *March*, thus lastly doth depart
From her, the greatest Empresse of her dayes:
Nor in the dust mine honor I interre,
Thus *Cæsar* dide, and thus dies *Mortimer*.

88

To *Nottingham* this Letter brought vnto her,
Which is subscribde with her Emperious stile,
Puts her in minde how once that hand did wooe her,
With this short thought to please herselfe a while,
Thus sorrow can so subtilly vndooe her,
That with such flattery doth her sence beguile:
To giue a sharper feeling to that paine,
Which her grieu'd heart was shortly to sustaine.

89

Putting her fingers to vnrip the ſeale,
Cleauing to keepe thoſe ſorrowes from her eyes,
As it were loth the tidings to reueale,
Whence griefe ſhould ſpring in ſuch varieties;
But ſtrongly vrg'd doth to her will appeale,
When the ſoft waxe vnto her touch implies,
Sticking vnto her fingers bloody red,
To ſhew the bad newes quickly followed.

90

Thus by degrees ſhe eaſly doth begin,
As the ſmall fiſh plaies with the baited booke,
Then more and more to ſwallow ſorrow in,
As threatning death at eu'ry little looke;
Where now ſhe reades th'expences of her ſin,
Sadly ſet downe in this blacke dreadfull booke,
And thoſe deere ſummes were like to be deſray'd,
Before the ſame were abſolutely pay'd.

91

An hoaſt of woes her ſuddainely aſſaile,
As eu'ry letter wounded like a dart,
As though contending which ſhould moſt preuaile,
Yet eu'ry one doth pierce her to the hart,
As eu'ry word did others caſe bewaile,
And with his neighbour ſeemde to beare a part,
Reaſon of griefe each ſentence is to her,
And eu'ry line a true remembrancer.

Greeſe

92

Greefe makes her reade, yet ſtraitwaies bids her leaue,
With which ore-charg'd ſhe neither ſees nor heares,
Her ſences now their Miſtris ſo deceiue,
The words do wound her eyes, the ſound her eares,
And eu'ry organe of the vſe bereaues,
When for a teſcue ſhe doth vſe her teares;
That when ſome line ſhe looſely ouer-paſt,
The drops do tell her where ſhe left the laſt.

93

O now ſhe ſees, was neuer ſuch a ſight,
And ſeeing, curs'd her ſorrow-ſeeing eye,
Yet thinkes ſhe is deluded by the light,
Or is abuſde by the orthography;
And by ſome other t'is deuiſde for ſpight,
Or pointed falſe, her ſchollerſhip to try;
Thus when we fondly ſooth our owne deſires,
Our beſt conceits oft proue the greateſt liers.

94

Her trembling hand as in a feauer ſhakes,
Wherewith the paper doth a little ſtirre,
Which ſhe imagines at her ſorrow ſhakes,
And pities it, who ſhe thinkes pities her,
Each ſmall thing ſomwhat to the greater makes,
And to the humor ſomething doth infer;
Which when ſo ſoone as ſhe her tongue could free,
O worthy Earle, deere-loued Lord quoth ſhee.

95

I will reſerue thy aſhes in ſome Vrne,
Which as a relique I will onely ſaue,
Mixt with the teares that I for thee ſhall mourne,
Which in my deere breaſt ſhall their buriall haue,
From whence againe they neuer ſhall returne,
Nor giue the honor to another graue,
But in that Temple euer be preſerued,
Where thou a Saint religiouſly art ſerued.

96

When ſhe breakes out to curſing of her ſonne,
But *March* ſo much ſtill runneth in her mind,
That ſhe abruptly ends what ſhe begunne,
Forgets her ſelfe, and leaues the reſt behind,
From this ſhe to another courſe doth runne,
To be reuengde in ſome notorious kind:
To which ſhe deepely doth ingage her troth,
Bound by a ſtrong vow and a ſolemne oth.

97

For pen and incke ſhe calles her maides without,
And the kings dealings will in griefe diſcouer,
But ſoone forgetting what ſhe went about,
She now begins to write vnto her louer,
Heere ſhe ſets downe, and there ſhe blotteth out,
Her griefe and paſſion doe ſo ſtrongly moue her:
When turning backe to reade what ſhe had writ,
She teares the paper, and condemnes her wit.

And

98

And thus with contrarieties araiſed,
As waters chilneſſe wakeneth from a ſwownd,
Comes to her ſelfe, the agony appeaſed,
When colder blood more ſharpely feeles the wound,
And griefe her ſo incurably hath ſeized,
That for the ſame no remedie is found,
As the poore refuge to her reſtleſſe woes,
This of her griefe ſhe laſtly doth diſpoſe.

99

That now vnkinde King as thou art my ſonne,
Leauing the world, ſome legacie muſt giue thee,
My harts true loue the dying *March* hath wonne,
Yet that of all I will not quite bereaue thee;
The wrong and miſchiefe to thy mother done,
I thee bequeathe, ſo bound that they out-liue thee,
That as my breaſt it hourely doth torment,
Thou maiſt enjoy it by my teſtament.

100

Henceforth within this ſolitary place,
Abandoning for euer generall ſight,
A priuate life I willingly embrace,
No more rejoycing in the obuious light,
To conſumate the weary lingering ſpace,
Till death incloſe me with continuall night:
Each ſmall remembrance of delight to flie,
A conuertite and penitently die.

Finis.

To the Reader.

SEing these Epistles are now to the world made publike, it is imagined that I ought to be accountable of my priuate meaning, chiefely for mine owne discharge, lest being mistaken, I fall in hazard of a iust and vniuersall reprehension, for:

Hæ nugæ seria ducent
In mala derisum semel exceptumque sinistre.

Three points are especially therefore to bee explained. First, why I entitle this worke Englands Heroicall Epistles; *then, why I obserue not the persons dignitie in the dedication; lastly, why I haue annexed notes to euery Epistles end. For the first, the title I hope carrieth reason in it selfe, for that the most and greatest persons heerein, were English, or else, that their loues were obtained in England. And though (heroicall) bee properly vnderstood of demigods, as of* Hercules *and* Æneas, *whose parents were said to be, the one celestiall, the other mortall, yet is it also transferred to them, who for the greatnesse of minde come neere to Gods. For to bee borne of a celestiall* Incubus, *is nothing else but to haue a great and mightie spirit, farre aboue the earthly weaknesse of men; in which sence,* Ouid (*whose imitator I partly professe to bee*) *doth also vse Heroicall. For the second, seeing none to whom I haue dedicated any two Epistles, but haue their states ouer-matched by them, who are made to speake in the Epistles, howeuer the order is in dedication, yet in respect of their degrees in my deuotion, and*

the

the cause before recited, I hope they suffer no disparagement, seeing euery one is the first in their particular interest, hauing in some sort, sorted the complexion of the Epistles to the character of their iudgements to whom I dedicate them, excepting onely the blamefulnes of the persons passion, in those poynts wherin the passion is blamefull. Lastly, such manifest diffrence being betwixt euery one of them, where, or howsoeuer they be marshalled, how can I be iustly appeached of vnadui sement. For the third, because the worke might in trueth be iudged brainish, if nothing but amorous humor were handled therein, I haue enter-wouen matters historicall, which vnexplaned, might defraude the minde of much content, as for example, in Queene Margarites *Epistle to* William de la Poole,

My Daizie flower, which once perfumde the aire,

Margarite *in French signifies a Daizie, which for the allusion to her name, this Queene did giue for her deuise; and thus as others more, haue seemed to me not worthy the explaning.*

Now, though no doubt I hadde neede to excuse other things beside, yet these most especially, the rest I ouerpasse to eschue tedious recitall, or to speake as malicious enuy may, for that in trueth I ouersee them. If they be as harmelesly taken, as I meant them, it shall suffice to haue only touched the cause of the title of the Dedications, and of the Notes, whereby emboldned to publish the residue, (these not being accounted in mens opinions relishlesse) I shall not lastly be afraide to beleeue and acknowledge thee a gentle Reader.

M. D.

To M. Michaell Drayton.

HOw can he write that broken hath his penne,
Hath rent his paper, throwne his incke away,
Deteſts the world, and company of men,
Becauſe they growe more hatefull day by day?
Yet with theſe broken reliques, mated mind,
And what a iuſtly-grieued thought can ſay:
I giue the world to know, I ne're could find,
A worke more like to liue a longer day.
Goe Verſe, an object for the p'owdeſt eye;
Diſdaine thoſe which diſdaine to reade thee ouer,
Tell them they know not how they ſhould deſcry,
The ſecret paſſions of a witty louer.
For they are ſuch, as none but thoſe ſhall know,
Whom Beauty ſchooles to hold the blind Boies bow.

Once I had vowd, (O who can all vowes keep?)
Henceforth to ſmother my vnlucky Muſe;
Yet for thy ſake ſhe ſtarted out of ſleepe,
Yet now ſhe dies: Then doe as kinsfolkes vſe;
Cloſe vp the eyes of my new-dying ſtile,
As I haue op'ned thy ſweeet babes ere-while.

E. St. Gent.
Duris decus omen.

To M. Michaell Drayton.

LOng haue I wiſht and hopde my weaker Muſe,
(In nothing ſtrong but my vnhappy loue)
Would giue me leaue my fortune to approue,
And view the world, as named, Poets vſe;
But ſtill her fruitleſſe boſome doth refuſe
To bleſſe me with indifferencie of praiſe,
Not daring (like to many) to abuſe
That title which true worth ſhould onely raiſe;
Thus bankerout, and deſpairing of mine owne,
I ſet my wiſh and hope (kind friend) on thee,
Whoſe fruite approu'd, and better fortune knowne,
Tells me thy Muſe, my loues ſole heire muſt be,
So barren wombs embrace their neighbors yong,
So dumbe men ſpeake by them that haue a tong.

Thomas Haſſall, Gent.

To M. Michaell Drayton.

NOw I perceiue *Pithagoras* diuinde,
When he that mocked *Maxim* did maintaine,
That ſpirits once ſpoilde, reueſted were againe,
Though changde in ſhape, remaining one in mind;
Theſe loue ſicke Princes paſſionate eſtates;
Who feeling reades, he cannot but allow,
That *Ouids* ſoule reuiues in *Drayton* now,
Still learnd in loue, ſtill rich in rare conceits,
This pregnant ſpirit affecting further skill,
Oft altring forme, from vulgar wits retirde,
In diuers Ideoms mightily admirde,
Did proſecute that ſacred ſtudy ſtill;
While to a full perfection now attainde,
He ſings ſo ſweetly that himſelfe is ſtainde.

William Alexander-Scotus.

¶ To the excellent Lady Lucie Counteſſe of Bedford.

(*.*)

MAdam, after all the admired wittes of this excellent age, which haue labored in the ſad complaints of faire and vnfortunate Rosamond, *and by the excellencie of inuention, haue ſounded the depth of her ſunary paſſions; I preſent to your Ladiſhip this Epiſtle of hers to King* Henry, *whome I may rather call her louer than beloued. Heere muſt your Ladiſhip behold variablenes in reſolution; woes conſtantly grounded; laments abruptly broken off; much confidence, no certainty, words begetting teares, teares confounding matter, large complaints in little papers; and many deformed cares, in one vniformed Epiſtle. I ſtriue not to effect ſingularitie, yet would faine flie imitation, & proſtrate mine owne wants to other mens perfections. Your iudiciall eye muſt model forth what my pen hath layd together, much would ſhee ſay to a King, much would I ſay to a Counteſſe, but that the method of my Epiſtle muſt conclude the modeſtie of hers, which I wiſh may recommend my euer vowed ſeruice to your Honour.*

Michaell Drayton.

The Epiſtle of Roſamond to King Henry the ſecond.

(***)

The Argument.

Henry the ſecond of that name, King of England, the ſon of Geffrey Plantaginet, *Earle of Aniow, and* Mawd *the Empreſſe, hauing by long ſute and Princely gifts, won (to his vnlawfull deſire) faire* Roſamond, *the daughter of the Lord* Walter Clyfford *and to auoyde the danger of* Ellinor *his iealous Queene, had cauſed a Labyrinth to be made within his Pallace at Woodſtocke, in the centre whereof he had lodged his beauteous paramour. Whileſt the king is abſent in his warres in Normandie, this poore diſtreſſed Lady, incloſed in this ſolitary place, touch with remorce of conſcience, writes to the king of her diſtreſſe and miſerable eſtate, vrging him by all meanes and perſwaſions, to cleere himſelfe of this infamie, and her of the griefe of minde, by taking away her wretched life.*

IF yet thine eies (great *Henry*) may endure
Theſe tainted lines, drawne with a hand impure,
Which fain would bluſh, but feare keeps bluſhes back,
And therefore ſuted in diſpairing black,
This in loues name, O that theſe lips might craue,
But that ſweete name (vile I) prophaned haue,

Puniſh my fault, or pittie mine eſtate,
Reade it for loue, if not for loue, for hate.
If with my ſhame thine eies thou faine wouldſt feed,
Heere let them ſurfeit, on my ſhame to reede;
This ſcribled paper which I ſend to thee,
If noted rightly, doth reſemble mee;
As this pure ground, whereon theſe letters ſtand,
So pure was I, ere ſtained by thy hand;
Ere I was blotted with this foule offence,
So cleere and ſpotleſſe was mine innocence,
Now like theſe marks which taint this hatefull ſcroule,
Such the blacke ſinnes which ſpot my leprous ſoule.
O *Henry*, why by loſſe thus ſhouldſt thou win?
To get by conqueſt? to enrich with ſinne?
Why on my name this ſlaunder dooſt thou bring,
To make my fault renowmed by a King?
Fame neuer ſtoopes to things but meane and poore,
The more our greatnes, makes our fault the more.
Lights on the ground, themſelues doe leſſe in farre,
But in the ayre, each ſmall ſparke ſeemes a ſtarre.
Why on a womans frailtie wouldſt thou lay
This ſubtile plot, mine honour to betray?
Or thy vnlawfull pleaſure ſhouldſt thou buy
With vile expence of kingly maieſtie?
T'was not my minde conſented to this ill,
Then had I beene tranſported by my will:
For what my body was inforcde to doe,
(Heauen knowes) my ſoule did not conſent vnto;
For through mine eyes had ſhe her liking ſeene,
Such as my loue, ſuch had my louer beene.
True loue is ſimple, like his mother truth,

Kindly

Kindly affection, youth to loue with youth;
No ſharper corſiue to our blooming yeeres,
Then the colde badge of winter-blaſted haires.
Thy kingly power makes to withſtand thy foes,
But canſt not keepe backe age, with time it growes,
Though honour our ambitious ſex doth pleaſe,
Yet in that honour, age a foule diſeaſe,
Nature hath her free courſe in all, and then,
Age is alike in Kings, and other men,
Which all the world will to my ſhame impute,
That I my ſelfe did baſely proſtitute;
And ſay that gold was fuell to the fire,
Gray haires in youth not kindling greene deſire.
O no; that wicked woman wrought by thee,
My tempter was to that forbidden tree,
That ſubtile Serpent, that ſeducing deuill,
Which bade me taſte the fruit of good and euill;
That *Circe*, by whoſe magicke I was charmd,
And to this monſtrous ſhape am thus transform'd,
That viperous hag, the foe to her owne kinde,
That wicked ſpirite vnto the weaker minde;
Our frailties plague, our natures only curſe,
Hels deepſt damnation, the worſt euills worſe.
But *Henry*, how canſt thou affect me thus,
T'whom thy remembrance now is odious?
My hapleſſe name, with *Henries* name I found,
Cut in the glaſſe with *Henries* Diamond,
That glaſſe from thence faine would I take away;
But then I feare the aire would me betray;
Then doe I ſtriue to waſh it out with teares,
But then the ſame more euident appeares.

Then doe I couer it with my guilty hand,
Which that names witnes doth againſt me ſtand;
Once did I ſinne, which memory doth cherriſh,
Once I offended, but I euer perriſh.
What griefe can be, but time doth make it leſſe?
But infamie time neuer can ſuppreſſe.
Sometimes to paſſe the tedious irkeſome houres,
I climbe the toppe of *Woodſtockes* mounting towres,
Where in a turret ſecretly I lie,
To view from farre ſuch as doe trauell by,
Whether (me thinkes) all caſt their eies at mee,
As through the ſtones my ſhame did make them ſee,
And with ſuch hate the harmeleſſe walls doe view,
As vnto death their eies would me purſue.
The married women curſe my hatefull life,
Which wrong a lawfull bed, a Queene, a wife;
The maidens wiſh I buried quicke may die,
The loathſome ſtaine to their virginitie.
Well knewſt thou what a monſter I vvould be
When thou didſt build this Labyrinth for me,
Whoſe ſtrange *Meanders* turning euery way,
Be like the courſe wherein my youth did ſtray;
Only a Clue to guide me out and in,
But yet ſtill walke I circular in ſin.
As in the Tarras heere this other day,
My maide and I did paſſe the time away,
Mongſt many pictures which we paſſed by,
The ſeely gerle at length hapt to eſpie
Chaſte *Lucrece* picture, and deſires to knowe,
What ſhe ſhould be herſelfe that murdred ſo?
Why gerle (quoth I) this is that Roman Dame,

Not

Not able then to tell the reſt for ſhame,
My tongue doth mine owne guiltineſſe betray;
With that *I* ſend the pratling guile away,
Leſt when my liſping guilty tongue ſhould hault,
My lookes ſhould be the index to my fault.
As that life blood which from the heart is ſent,
In beauties field pitching his crimſon Tent,
In louely ſanguine ſutes the Lillie cheeke,
Whilſt it but for a reſting place doth ſeeke;
And changing often-times with ſweete delight,
Conuerts the white to red, the red to white.
The louely bluſh the paleneſſe doth diſtaine,
The paleneſſe makes the bluſh more faire againe;
Thus in my breaſt a thouſand thoughts *I* carry,
Which in my paſſion diuerſly do vary.
Whenas the Sunne hales towards the Weſterne ſlade,
And the trees ſhadowes three times greater made,
Forth goe *I* to a little current neere,
Which like a wanton traile creepes heere and there,
Wherewith mine angle caſting in my baite,
The little fiſhes (dreading the deceit)
With fearefull nibbling flie th'inticing gin,
By nature taught what danger lies therein.
Things reaſonleſſe thus warnde by nature be,
Yet *I* deuour'd the baite was laid for me;
Thinking thereon, and breaking into grones,
The bubling ſpring which trips vpon the ſtones,
Chides me away, leſt ſitting but too nie,
I ſhould pollute that natiue puritie.
Roſe of the world, ſo doth import my name,
Shame of the world, my life hath made the ſame.

And to th'vnchaste this name shall giuen be,
Of *Rosamond*, deriu'd from sinne and me.
The *Cliffords* take from me that name of theirs,
Famous for vertue many hundred yeeres.
They blot my birth with hatefull bastardie,
That I sprang not from their nobilitie;
They my alliance vtterly refuse,
Nor will a strumpet shall their name abuse.
Heere in the garden wrought by curious hands,
Naked *Diana* in the fountaine stands,
With all her Nimphes got round about to hide her,
As when *Acteon* had by chance espide her;
This sacred Image I no sooner view'd,
But as that metamorphosde man pursu'd
By his owne hounds; so by my thoughts am I,
Which chase me still, which way so ere I flie.
Touching the grasse, the honny-dropping dew,
Which falls in teares before my limber shue,
Vpon my foote consumes in weeping shrill,
As it would say, why wentst thou vnto ill?
Thus to no place in safetie can I goe.
But euery thing doth giue me cause of woe.
In that faire Casket of such wondrous cost.
Thou sentst the night before mine honor lost
Amimone was wrought, a harmelesse maide,
By *Neptune* that adulterous God betraide;
She prostrate at his feete begging with praiers,
Wringing her hands, her eyes swolne vp with teares;
This was not the entrapping baite of men,
But by thy vertue gentle warning then;
To shew to me for what intent it came,

Lest

Lest *I* therein should euer keepe my shame.
And in this Casket(ill I see it now)
What *Iones* loue *I-o*, turnde into a Cow.
Yet was she kept with *Argus* hundred eyes,
So wakefull still be *Iunoes* iealousies:
By this *I* well might haue forewarned beene,
T'haue cleerde my selfe to thy suspecting Queene,
Who with more hundred eyes attendeth mee,
Then had poore *Argus* single eyes to see.
In this thou rightly imitatest *Ione*,
*I*nto a beast thou hast transformde thy loue.
Nay, worser farre, (degenerate from kinde)
A monster, both in body and in minde.
The waxen taper which *I* burne by night,
With his dull vapory dimnesse mocks my sight,
As though the dampe which hinders his cleere flame,
Came from my breath, in that night of my shame,
When it did burne as darknesse vgly eye,
When shot the starre of my virginitie.
And if a starre but by the glasse appeare,
I strait intreat it not to looke in heere;
I am already hatefull to the light,
*I*t is enough betray me not to night.
Then sith my shame so much belongs to thee,
Rid me of that by onely murdering mee;
And let it iustly to my charge be laide,
Thy royall person *I* would haue betraide;
Thou shalt not neede by circumstance t'accuse me,
If I deny it, let the heauens refuse me.
My life's a blemish which doth clowd thy name,
Take it away, and cleere shall shine thy fame.

Yeelde to my sute, if euer pittie moou'd thee,
In this shew mercy, as I euer lou'd thee.

¶ *Notes of the Chronicle Historie.*

Well knewst thou what a monster I would bee,
When thou didst build this Labyrinth for mee.

IN the *Cretean* Labyrinth a monster was inclosed, called a *Minotaur*, the history whereof is well knowne, but the Labyrinth was framed by *Dædalus*, with so many intricate waies, that being entred, one could either hardly or neuer return, being in maner of a maze, saue that it was larger, the waies being walld in on euery side, out of the which *Theseus* by *Ariadnes* helpe (lending him a clue of thrid) escaped. Some report that it was a house, hauing one halfe beneath the ground, another aboue, the chamber doores therin so deceitfully enwrapped, and made to open so many wais, that it was held a matter almost impossible to return.

Some haue held it to haue beene an Allegory of mans life, true it is that the comparison wil hold, for what liker to a Labyrinth then the maze of life? But it is affirmed by antiquity, that there was indeede such a building, though *Dædalus* being a name applied to the workmans excellencie, make it suspected: for *Dædalus* is nothing else but engenious, or artificiall. Heereupon it is vsed among the axtient Poets, for any thing curiously wrought.

Rosamonds Labyrinth, whose ruins together with her well being paued with square stone in the bottome, & also her Tower from which the Labirinth did run, (are yet remaining) was altogether vnder ground, being vaults arched & walld with brick & stone, almost inextricably wound one within another, by which if at any time her lodging were laid about by the Queene, she might easly auoid perill imminent, & if need be, by secret issues take the aire abroad, many furlongs round about Woodstock in Oxfordshire, wherin it was situated. Thus much for *Rosamonds* labirinth.

Whose strange Meanders turned euery way.

Meander is a riuer in *Lycia*, a prouince of *Natolia*, or *Asia minor*, famous for the sinuosity & often turning thereof, rising from certaine

taine hills in *Mæonia*, heerevpon are intricate turnings by a transsumtiue & metonimicall kind of speech, called *Meanders*, for this Riuer did so strangely path it selfe, that the foote seemed to touch the head.

Rose of the world, so doth import my name,
Shame of the world, my life hath made the same.

It might be reported, how at *Godstow*, where this Rose of the world was sumptuously interred, a certaine Bishop in the visitation of his Diocesse, caused the monument which had bin erected to her honour, vtterly to be demolished, but be that seuere chastisement of *Rosamond* then dead, at this time also ouer-passed, lest she should seeme to be the *Shame of the world*.

Henry to *Rosamond*.

WHen first the Post arriued at my Tent,
And brought the letters *Rosamond* had sent,
Thinke from his lips but what sweete comfort came,
When in mine eare he softly breath'd thy name,
Straight I enioyne him of thy health to tell,
Longing to heare my *Rosamond* did well;
With new enquiries then I cut him short,
When of the same he gladly would report,
That with the earnest haste my tongue oft trips,
Catching the words halfe spoke out of his lips:
This told, yet more *I* vrge him to reueale,
To loose no time while *I* vnript the seale.
The more *I* reade, still do *I* erre the more,
As though mistaking somewhat said before.
Missing the point, the doubtfull sence is broken,
Speaking againe, what *I* before had spoken,
Still in a swound, my heart reuiues and faints, (plaints.
Twixt hopes, dispaires, twixt smiles and deepe com-

As

As theſe ſad accents ſort in my deſires,
Smoothe calmes, rough ſtorms, ſharp froſts, & raging fires,
Put on with boldnes, and put back with feares,
My tongue with curſes, when mine eyes with teares.
O how my hart at that blacke line did tremble!
That blotted paper ſhould thy ſelfe reſemble;
O were there paper but neere halfe ſo white!
The Gods thereon their ſacred lawes would write
With pens of Angells wings, and for their ſake,
That heauenly Nectar, their immortall drinke.
Maieſticke courage ſtriues to haue ſuppreſt
This fearefull paſſion ſtird vp in my breaſt;
But ſtill in vaine the ſame I go about,
My hart muſt breake within, or woe breakes out,
Am I at home purſu'd with priuate hate,
And war comes raging to my pallace gate?
Is meager Enuie ſtabbing at my throne,
Treaſon attending when *I* walke alone?
And am *I* branded with the curſe of Rome,
And ſtand condemn'd by dreadfull counſels dombe?
And by the pride of my rebellious ſonne,
Rich Normandie with Armies ouer-runne?
Fatall my birth, vnfortunate my life,
Vnkinde my children, moſt vnkind my wife.
Griefe, cares, old age, ſuſpition to torment me,
Nothing on earth to quiet or content me,
So many woes, ſo many plagues to finde,
Sicknes of body, diſcontent of minde;
Hopes left, helpes reft, life wrong'd, ioy interdicted,
Baniſh'd, diſtreſs'd, forſaken and afflicted,
Of all reliefe hath Fortune quite bereft me?

Onely

Onely my loue vnto my comfort left me,
And is one beautie thought so great a thing,
To mittigate the sorrowes of a King?
Barr'd of that choise the vulgar often proue,
Haue we(then they)lesse priuiledge in loue?
Is it a King,the wofull widdow heares?
Is it a King dries vp the Orphans teares?
Is it a King regards the Clyants cry?
Giues life to him by law condemnd to die?
Is it his care the Common-wealth that keepes,
As doth the Nurse her babie whilst it sleepes?
And that poore king,of all those hopes preuented,
Vnheard,vnhelp'd,vnpittied,vnlamented,
Yet let me be with pouertie oppresst,
Of earthly blessings rob'd,and dispossest,
Let me be scornde, reiected and reuilde,
From Kingdome,Country,and from Court exilde;
Let the worlds curse vpon me still remaine,
And let the last bring on the first againe:
All miseries that wretched man may wound,
Leaue for my comfort, onely *Rosamond*;
For thee swift Time her speedie course doth stay,
At thy command the Destinies obay;
Pittie is dead that comes not from thine eyes,
And at thy feete,euen mercy prostrate lies:
If I were feeble, rheumatike,or cold,
These were true signes that I were waxed old;
But I can march all day in massie steele,
Nor yet my armes vnweldy weight do feele,
Nor wak'd by night with bruise or bloody wound,
The tent my bed,no pillow but the ground:

For

For very age had I laine bedred long,
One smile of thine againe could make me yong.
Were there in Art a power but so diuine,
As is in that sweete Angel-tongue of thine,
That great Enchantresse which once tooke such pains,
To force young blood in *Æsons* witherd veines,
And from groues, mountaines, and the moorish Fen,
Vs'd all the hearbes ordainde to vse of men,
And in the powerfull potion that she makes,
Puts blood of men of birds, of beasts, of snakes,
Neuer had needed to haue gone so farre,
To seeke the soiles where all those simples are,
One accent from thy lips, the blood more warmes,
Then all her philters, exorcismes and charmes.
Thy presence hath repaired in one day,
What many yeeres and sorrowes did decay,
And made fresh beauties faireſt branches spring,
From wrinkled furrowes of times ruining.
Euen as the hungry winter-starued earth,
When she by nature labours towards her birth,
Still as the day vpon the darke world creepes,
One blossome forth after another peepes,
Till the small flower whose roote is now vnbound,
Gets from the frostie prison of the ground,
Spreading the leaues vnto the powerfull noone,
Deck'd in fresh colours, smiles vpon the sunne.
Neuer vnquiet care lodg'd in that breast,
Where but one thought of *Rosamond* did rest;
Nor thirst, nor trauaile, which on warre attend,
E're brought the long day to desired end;
Nor yet did pale Feare, or leane Famine liue,

Where

Where hope of thee did any comfort giue,
Ah what iniustice then is this of thee
That thus the guiltlesse dooſt condemne for me?
When onely ſhe (by meanes of my offence)
Redeemes thy pureneſſe, and thy innocence,
When to our wills perforce obey they muſt,
That iuſt in them, what e're in vs vniuſt,
Of what we doe, not them account we make,
The fault craues pardon for th'offenders ſake,
And what to worke a Princes will may merit,
Hath deepſt impreſſion in the gentleſt ſpirite;
Ift be my name that dooth thee ſo offend,
No more my ſelfe ſhall be mine owne names friend,
And ift be that which thou dooſt onely hate,
That name, in my name, laſtly hath his date.
Say tis accurſt, and fatall, and diſpraiſe it,
If written, blot it, if engrauen, raze it.
Say that of all names tis a name of woe,
Once a Kings name, but now tis not ſo.
And when all this is done, I know t'vvill grieue thee,
And therfore (ſvveet) whie ſhould I now believe thee?
Nor ſhouldſt thou thinke thoſe eies with enuie lower,
Which paſſing by thee, gaze vp to thy tower;
But rather praiſe thine owne which be ſo cleere,
Which from the Turret like tvvo ſtaires appeare;
Aboue the ſunne dooth ſhine, beneath thine eie,
Mocking the heauen to make another skie,
The little ſtreame which by thy tovver dooth glide,
Where oft thou ſpendſt the wearie euening tide,
To view thee vvell his courſe would gladly ſtay,
As loath from thee to part ſo ſoone away;

And

And with ſalutes thy ſelfe would gladly greete,
And offer vp thoſe ſmall drops at thy feete,
But finding that the enuious banks reſtraine it,
T'excuſe it ſelfe, doth in this ſort complaine it,
And therefore this ſad bubling murmure keepes,
And in this ſort within the channell weepes.
And as thou dooſt into the water looke,
The fiſh which ſee thy ſhadow in the brooke,
Forget to feede, and all amazed lie,
So daunted with the luſtre of thine eie.
And that ſweet name which thou ſo much doſt wrong
In time ſhalbe ſome famous Poets ſong;
And with the very ſweetnes of that name,
Lions and tygers men ſhall learne to tame.
The carefull mother from her penſiue breaſt,
With *Roſamond* ſhall bring her babe to reſt;
The little birds, (by mens continuall ſound)
Shall learne to ſpeake, and prattle *Roſamond.*
And when in Aprill they beginne to ſing,
With *Roſamond* ſhall welcome in the ſpring;
And ſhe in whom all rarities are found,
Shall ſtill be ſaid to be a *Roſamond.*
The little flowers which dropping honied dew,
Which (as thou writſt) doe weepe vpon thy ſhue,
Not for thy fault (ſweet *Roſamond*) doe moane,
But weepe for griefe that thou ſo ſoone art gone,
For if thy foote tuch Hemlocke as it goes,
That Hemlocke's made more ſweeter than the Roſe,
Of *Ioue* or *Neptune* how they did betray,
Nor ſpeake of *I-o*, or *Amimone*,
when ſhe for whome *Ioue* once became a Bull,

Com-

Comparde with thee, had beene a tawny trull;
He a white Bull, and ſhe a whiter Cow,
Yet he, nor ſhe, neere halfe ſo white as thou.
Long ſince (thou knowſt) my care prouided for
To lodge thee ſafe from iealous *Ellenor*,
The labyrinths conueyance guides thee ſo,
(Which only *Vaghan*, thou, and I doe know)
If ſhe doe guard thee with a hundred eies,
I haue an hundred ſubtile *Mercuries*,
To watch that *Argus* which my loue doth keepe,
Vntill eie, after eie, fall all to ſleepe.
Thoſe ſtarres looke in by night, looke in to ſee,
Wondring what ſtarre heere on the earth ſhould be.
As oft the Moone amidſt the ſilent night,
Hath come to ioy vs with her friendly light,
And by the curtaine helpt mine eie to ſee
What enuious night and darkenes hid from mee;
When I haue wiſht that ſhe might euer ſtay,
And other worlds might ſtill enioy the day:
What ſhould I ſay? words, teares, and ſighs be ſpent,
And want of time doth further helps preuent:
My campe reſounds with fearefull ſhockes of warre;
Yet in my breaſt the worſer conflicts are;
Yet is my ſignall to the battels ſound,
The bleſſed name of beauteous *Roſamond*.
Accurſed be that heart, that tongue, that breath,
Should thinke, ſhould ſpeake, or whiſper of thy death.
For in one ſmile, or lower from thy ſweete eie,
Conſiſts my life, my hope, my victorie.
Sweet *Woodſtocke*, where my *Roſamond* doth reſt,
Bleſſed in her, in whom thy King is bleſt;

For

For though in *France* a while my body be,
(Sweete Paradice) my heart remaines in thee.

Notes of the Chronicle Historie.

Am I at home pursued with priuate hate,
And warre comes raging to my Pallace gate?

RObert erle of Leicester, who took part with yong king *Henry*, entred into England with an armie of 3000. Flemmings, and spoild the countries of Norffolk and Suffolke, being succored by many of the Kings priuate enimies.

And am I branded with the curse of Rome?

King Henry the second, the first Plantaginet, accused for the death of Tho. Becket, archbishop of Canterbury, slaine in the cathedrall church, was accursed by Pope Alexander, although hee vrgde sufficient proofe of his innocencie in the same, and offered to take vpon him any penance, so he might escape the curse and interdiction of the Realme.

And by the pride of my rebellious sonne,
Rich Normandie with armies ouer-runne.

Henry the yong K. whom king Henry had caused to be crowned in his life (as he hoped) both for his owne good and the good of his Subiects, which indeed turned to his owne sorow, and the trouble of the Realme, for he rebelled against him, and raising a power, by the meanes of Lewes king of France, and William K: of Scots, who tooke part with him, inuaded Normandie.

Vnkinde my children, most vnkinde my wife:

Neuer king more vnfortunate then K: Henry, in the disobedience of his children: first Henry, then Geffrey, then Richard, then Iohn, all at one time or other, first or last, vnnaturally rebelled against him; then the iealousie of Elinor his Qu. who suspected his loue to Rosamond, which grieuous troubles the deuout of those times attributed to happen to him iustly, for refusing to take on him the gouernment of Ierusalem, offred to him by the patriarke there; which country was mightily afflicted by the Souldane.

Which

Which onely Vaghan, *thou, and I doe know.*

This *Vaghan* was a Knight whom the King exceedingly loued, who kept the Pallace at *Woodstocke*, and much of the Kings iewels and treasure, to whom the King committed many of his secretes, and in whom he reposed such trust, that he durst commit his loue vnto his charge.

King Iohn to Matilda.

The Argument.

After that King Iohn *had assayed by all meanes possible, to win the faire and chaste* Matilda, *to his vnchaste and vnlawful bed and by vniust courses & false accusation had banished the Lord* Robert Fitzwater *her noble Father, and many other of his alies, who iustly withstood the desire of this wanton King, seeking the dishonour of his faire and vertuous daughter; this chaste Lady, still solicited by this lasciuious King, flies vnto* Dunmow *in Essex, where in a Nunnery she becomes a Nunne, whether the King (still persisting in his suite) solicites her by his Epistle; her reply confirmes her vowed and inuincible chastitie, making knowne to the King her pure vnspotted thoughts.*

WHen these my Letters come vnto thy view,
Think them not forcde, or faind, or strange, or new,
Thou knowst no way, no means, no course exempted,
Left now vnsought, vnproou'd, or vnattempted,
All rules, regardes, all secret helps of Art,
What knowledge, wit, experience can impart;
And in the olde worlds Ceremonies doted,
Good daies for loue, times, houres and minutes noted;

And where Arte left, loue teacheth more to finde,
By ſignes in preſence to expreſſe the minde.
Oft hath mine eie tolde thine eie, beauty grieu'd it,
And begd but for one looke to haue relieu'd it,
And ſtill with thine eies motion, mine eie mou'd,
Labouring for mercy, telling how it lou'd.
If bluſht, I bluſht; thy cheeke pale, pale was mine,
My red, thy red, my whiteneſſe anſwered thine;
If ſigh'd, I ſigh'd, alike both paſſion proue,
But thy ſigh is for griefe, my ſigh for loue;
If a word paſt, that inſufficient were.
To help that word, mine eies let forth a teare,
And if that teare did dull or ſenſleſſe proue,
My heart would fetch a ſigh, to make it moue.
Oft in thy face, one fauour from the reſt
I ſingled forth, that likes my fancie beſt;
This likes me moſt, another likes me more,
A third exceeding both thoſe likde before;
Then one that doth deriue all wonder thence,
Then one whoſe rarenes paſſeth excellence.
Whilſt I behold thy Globe-like rowling eie,
Thy louely cheeke (me thinks) ſtands ſmiling by
And tells me, thoſe but ſhadowes and ſuppoſes,
And bids me thether come and gather Roſes;
Looking on that, thy brow dooth call to mee
To come to it, if wonders I will ſee:
Now haue I done, and now thy dimpled chinne
Againe doth tell me I but new beginne,
And bids me yet to looke vpon thy lip,
Leſt wondring leaſt, the greatſt I ouerſlip;
My gazing eie, on this and this doth ſeaſe,

Which

Which surffets, yet cannot desire appease.
Then like I browne, (O louely browne thy haire)
Onely in browneneſſe, beauty dwelleth there.
Then loue I blacke, thine eye-ball blacke as jet,
Then cleere, that ball is there in criſtall ſet,
Then white, but ſnow, nor ſwan, nor yuorie pleaſe,
Then are thy teeth more whiter then all theſe;
In browne, in blacke, in purenes, and in white,
All loue, all ſweetes, all rarenes, all delight;
Thus thou vile thiefe, my ſtolne hart hence dooſt carry,
And now thou flieſt into a Sanctuary;
Fie peeuiſh gerle, ingratefull vnto Nature,
Did ſhe to this end frame thee ſuch a creature,
That thou her glory ſhouldſt increaſe thereby,
And thou alone dooſt ſcorne ſocietie?
Why, heauen made beauty like herſelfe to view,
Not to be lockt vp in a ſmoaky mew,
A roſie-tainted feature is heauens gold,
Which all men ioy to touch, all to behold.
It was enacted when the world begunne,
That ſo rare beauty ſhould not liue a Nunne.
But if this vow thou needes wilt vndertake,
O were mine armes a Cloiſter for thy ſake,
Still may his paines for euer be augmented,
This ſuperſtition that at firſt inuented,
Ill might he thriue, that brought this cuſtome hether,
That holy people might not liue together.
A happy time, a good world was it then,
When holy women liu'd with holy men;
But kings in this yet priuiledgde may be,
Ile be a Monke, ſo I may liue with thee.

Who would not riſe to ring the mornings knell,
When thy ſweet lips might be the ſacring bell?
Or what is he not willingly would faſt,
That on thoſe lips might feaſt his lips at laſt?
Who vnto Mattens early would not riſe,
That might reade by the light of thy faire eies?
On worldly pleaſures who would euer looke,
That had thy curles his beades, thy browes his booke?
Wert thou the croſſe, to thee who would not creepe?
And wiſh the croſſe, ſtill in his armes to keepe.
Sweet gerle, Ile take this holy habite on mee,
Of meere deuotion that is come vpon me,
Holy *Matilda*, thou the Saint of mine,
Ile be thy ſeruant, and my bed thy ſhrine.
When I doe offer, be thy breaſt the Altare,
And when I pray, thy mouth ſhall be my Pſalter.
The beades that we will bid, ſhalbe ſweet kiſſes,
Which we will number, if one pleaſure miſſes,
And when an *Aue* comes to ſay Amen,
We will beginne, and tell them o're againe,
Now all good fortune giue me happy thrift,
As I ſhould ioy t'abſolue thee after ſhrift.
But ſee how much I doe my ſelfe beguile,
And doe miſtake thy meaning all this while,
Thou tookſt this vow to equall my deſire
Becauſe thou wouldſt haue me to be a Frier,
And that we two ſhould comfort one another,
A holy ſiſter, and a holy brother,
Thou as a Votreſſe vnto me alone,
Shee is moſt chaſte thats but enioyd of one,
Yea, now thy true deuotion doe I finde,

And

And sure in this I much commend thy minde,
Else heere thou doost but ill ensample giue,
And in a Nunry thus thou shouldst not liue.
Ist possible the house that thou art in
Should not be tucht,(though with a veniall sin)
When such a she-priest comes her masse to say,
Twenty to one they all forget to pray?
Well may we wish they would their hearts amend,
When we be witnesse that their eyes offend,
All creatures haue desires,or else some lie,
Let them thinke so that will, so will not I.
Doost thou not thinke our ancestors were wise,
That these religious Cels did first deuise?
As Hospitalls were for the sore and sicke,
These for the crook'd,the hault, the stigmaticke,
Lest that their seede mark'd with deformitie,
Should be a blemish to posteritie.
Would heau'n her beautie should be hid from sight,
Nere would she thus her selfe adorne with light,
With sparkling lamps;nor would she paint her throne,
But she delighteth to be gaz'd vpon:
And when the golden glorious Sunne goes downe,
Would she put on her star-bestudded crowne,
And in her masking sute the spangled skie,
Come forth to bride it in her reuelrie,
And gaue this gift to all things in creation,
That they in this should imitate her fashion.
All things that faire, that pure,that glorious beene,
Offer themselues of purpose to be seene;
In sinks and vaults, the vgly toades do dwell,
The diuels since most vgly, they in hell:

Our mother Earth, nere glorious in her fruite,
Till by the Sunne clad in her Tinſell ſute.
Nor doth ſhe euer ſmile him in the face,
Till in his glorious armes he her embrace;
Which proues ſhe hath a ſoule, ſence, and delight
Of generations feeling appetite.
Well hypocrite (in faith) wouldſt thou confeſſe,
What ere thy tongue ſay, thy hart ſaith no leſſe.
Note but this one thing, (if naught elſe perſwade)
Nature, of all things male, and female made,
Shewing her ſelfe in our proportion plaine,
For neuer made ſhe any thing in vaine;
For as thou art, ſhould any haue beene thus,
She would haue left enſample vnto vs.
The Turtle that's ſo true and chaſte in loue,
Shewes by her mate ſomething the ſpirit doth moue;
Th'arabian bird that neuer is but one,
Is onely chaſte, becauſe ſhe is alone:
But had our mother Nature made them two,
They would haue done as Doues & Sparrowes doe;
But therefore made a Martire in deſire,
And doth her pennance laſtly in the fire;
So may they all be roſted quicke that bee
Apoſtataes to Nature, as is ſhe.
Finde me but one ſo young, ſo faire, ſo free,
(Woode, ſude & ſought, by him that now ſeekes thee)
But of thy minde, and heere I vndertake,
Strait to erect a Nunry for her ſake;
O hadſt thou taſted of theſe rare delights,
Ordainde each where to pleaſe great Princes ſights,
To haue their beauties and their wits admirde,

(Which

(Which is by nature of your sexe desirde)
Attended by our traines, our pompe, our port,
Like Gods adorde abroad, kneeld to in Court,
To bé saluted with the cheerefull cry,
Of highnes, grace, and soueraigne maiestie;
But vnto them that know not pleasures price,
Al's one, a prison, and a Paradice.
If in a dungeon, closde vp from the light,
There is no difference twixt the day and night,
Whose pallate neuer tasted daintie cates,
Thinkes homely dishes princely delicates.
Alas poore girle, I pitty thine estate,
That now thus long hast liu'd disconsolate;
Why now at length let yet thy hart relent,
And call thy father backe from banishment;
And with those princely honours heere inuest him,
That aukward loue, not hate hath dispossest him.
Call from exile, thy deere alies and friends,
To whom the fury of my griefe extends;
And if thou take my counsaile in this case,
I make no doubt thou shalt haue better grace,
And leaue the *Dunmow*, that accursed Cell,
There let blacke night and melancholie dwell;
Come to the Court, where all ioyes shall receiue thee,
And till that howre, yet with my griefe I leaue thee.

¶ *Notes of the Chronicle Historie.*

THis Epistle of King *Iohn* to *Matilda*, is much more poeticall then historicall, making no mention at al of the occurrents of the time, or state, touching onely his loue to her, and the extreamitie of his passions forced by his desires, rightly fashioning the humor of this king, as hath bin truely noted by the

most authnticall Writers; whose nature and disposition is truliest discerned in the course of his loue; first iesting at the ceremonies of the seruices of those times, then going about by all strong and probable arguments, to reduce her to pleasures and delights; next with promises of honour, which he thinketh to be last and greatest meane, and to haue greatest power in her sexe, with promise of calling home of her friends, which he thought might be a great inducement to his desires.

Matilda to King *John*.

NO sooner I receiu'd thy letters here,
Before I knew from whom, or whence they were
But suddaine feare my bloodlesse veines doth fill,
As though diuining of some future ill:
And in a shiuering extasie I stood,
A chilly coldnesse runnes through all my blood;
Opening thy letters, I shut vp my rest,
And let strange cares into my quiet breast,
As though thy hard vnpittying hand had sent me,
Some new deuised torture to torment me;
Well had I hop'd, I had beene now forgot,
Cast out with those things thou remembrest not:
And that prowd beautie which enforst me hether,
Had with my name now perished together:
But O (I see) our hoped good deceiues vs,
But what we would forgoe, that seldome leaues vs;
Thy blamefull lines bespotted so with sin,
Mine eyes would clense, ere they to reade begin.
But I to wash an Indian go about,
For ill so hard set on, is hard got out.

I once determinde still to haue beene mute,
Onely by silence to refell thy sute,
But this againe did alter mine intent,
For some will say, that silence doth consent:
Desire, with small encouraging growes bold,
And Hope, of euery little thing takes hold.
I set me downe at large to write my minde,
But now, nor pen, nor paper can I finde;
For dread and passion, are so powerfull o're me,
That I discerne not things that stand before me:
Finding the pen, the paper, and the waxe,
This at command, and now inuention lacks;
This sentence serues, and that my hand out-strikes,
That pleaseth well, and this as much mislikes,
I write, indite, I point, I raze, I quote,
I enterline, I blot, correct, I note;
I hope, dispaire, take courage, faint, disdaine,
I make, alleadge, I imitate, I faine:
Now thus it must be, and now thus, and thus,
Bold, shame-fac'd, feareless, doubtfull, timorous;
My faint hand writing, when my full eye reedes,
From euery word strange passion still proceedes.
O! when the soule is fettered once in wo,
T'is strange what humors it doth force vs to;
A teare doth drowne a teare, sigh, sigh doth smother,
This hinders that, that interrupts the other:
Th'ouer-watched weakenesse of a sicke conceit,
Is that which makes small beautie seeme so great,
Like things which hid in troubled waters lie,
Which crook'd, seem straight, if straight, seem contrary:
And thus our vaine imagination shewes it,

As

As it conceiues it, not as iudgement knowes it,
(As in a Mirrhor, if the ſame be true)
Such as your likenes, iuſtly ſuch are you:
But as you change your ſelfe, it changeth there,
And ſhewes you as you are, not as you were;
And with your motion doth your ſhadow moue,
It frowne or ſmile; ſuch the conceit of loue.
Why tell me, is it poſſible the minde
A forme in all deformitie ſhould finde?
Within the compaſſe of mans face we ſee,
How many ſorts of ſeuerall fauours be;
And that the chin, the noſe, the brow, the eye,
If great, if ſmall, flat, ſharpe, or if awry,
Alters proportion, altereth the grace,
And makes a mighty difference in the face;
And in the world, ſcarce two ſo likely are,
One with the other which if you compare,
But being ſet before you both together,
A iudging ſight doth ſoone diſtinguiſh either.
How woman-like a weakneſſe is it then?
O what ſtrange madneſſe ſo poſſeſſeth men!
Bereft of ſence; ſuch ſenceleſſe wonders ſeeing,
Without forme, faſhion, certaintie, or being?
For which ſo many die to liue in anguiſh,
Yet cannot liue, if thus they ſhould not languiſh;
That comfort yeeldes not, and yet hope denies not,
A life that liues not, and a death that dies not;
That hates vs moſt, when moſt it ſpeakes vs faire,
Doth promiſe all things, alwaies paies with aire,
Yet ſometime doth our greateſt griefe appeaſe,
To double ſorrow after little eaſe.

Like

Like that which thy laſciuious will doth craue,
Which if once had, thou neuer more canſt haue;
Which if thou get, in getting thou dooſt waſte it,
Taken, is loſt, and perriſh'd if thou haſt it;
Which if thou gain'ſt, thou ne're the more haſt wonne,
I looſing nothing, yet am quite vndone;
And yet of that, if that a King depraue me,
No King reſtores, though he a kingdome gaue me.
Dooſt thou of father and of friends depriue me?
And tak'ſt thou from me all that heauen did giue me?
What Nature claimes by blood, alies or neereneſſe,
Or friendſhip challenge, by regard or deereneſſe.
Mak'ſt me an Orphan ere my father die,
A wofull widdow in virginitie?
Is thy vnbrideled luſt the cauſe of all?
And now thy flattering tongue bewailes my fall.
The dead mans graue with fained teares to fill,
So the deuouring Crocodile doth kill,
To harbor hate in ſhew of ſweeteſt things,
So in the Roſe the poiſned ſerpent ſtings.
To lurke farre off, yet lodge deſtruction by,
The Baſiliske doth poiſon with the eye;
To call for aide, and then to lie in wait,
So the Hiena murthers by deceit;
By ſweete inticements, ſuddaine death to bring,
So from the rockes th'alluring Mir-maides ſing;
In greateſt wants, t'inflict the greateſt woe,
This is the vtmoſt tyranny can doe.
But where (I ſee) the tempeſt thus preuailes,
What vſe of ankors, or what neede of ſailes?
Aboue vs bluſtring windes and dreadfull thunder,

The

The waters gape for our deſtruction vnder;
Heere on this ſide the furious billowes flie,
There rocks, there ſands, & dang'rous whirl-poole lie.
Is this the meane that mightineſſe approues?
And in this ſort do Princes woo their loues?
Mildeneſſe would better ſute with maieſtie,
Then raſh reuenge and rough ſeueritie.
O in what ſafety Temperance doth reſt,
Obtaining harbor in a ſoueraigne breaſt.
Which if ſo praiſefull in the meaneſt men,
In powerfull Kings, how glorious is it then?
Alas, and fled *I* hether from my ſo,
That innocence ſhould be betraied ſo?
Is Court and Country both her enemy,
And no place found to ſhrowd in chaſtitie?
Each houſe for luſt a harbour, and an *Inne*,
And euery Cittie a receite for ſinne;
And all do pittie beautie in diſtreſſe,
If beautie chaſte, then onely pittileſſe.
Thus is ſhe made a tempting ſtale to luſt,
Or vnreleeued, nedſly perriſh muſt.
Laſciuious Poets which abuſe the truth,
Which oft teach age to ſinne, infecting youth,
For the vnchaſte make trees & ſtones to mourne,
Or as they pleaſe, to other ſhapes do turne:
Cinyras daughter, whoſe inceſtuous minde,
Made her wrong Nature and diſhonour Kinde;
Long ſince by them is turnde into a Mir,
Whoſe dropping liquor euer weepes for her;
And in a fountaine, *Biblis* doth deplore
Her fault ſo vile and monſterous before:

Silla,

Silla, which once her father did betray,
Is now a bird, (if all be true they ſay.)
Shee that with *Phœbus* did the foule offence,
Now metamorphoſde into frankencenſe.
Other, to flowers, to odors, and to gumme,
At leaſt *Ioues* leman is a ſtarre become;
And more; they faine a thouſand fond excuſes,
To hide their ſcapes, and couer their abuſes,
The virgine onelie they obſcure and hide
Whilſt the vnchaſte, by them are deifide;
Yet if a Veſtals name be once expreſt,
She muſt be ſet together with the reſt.
I am not now, as when thou ſawſt me laſt,
That fauour ſoone is vaniſhed and paſt;
That Roſie-bluſh, lapt in a Lilly-vale,
Now with the morphew ouer-growne and pale,
And down my cheeks with ſhowres of ſwelling tears,
Remaine the furrowes that continuance weares,
And in the circles of my withered eies,
In aged wrinckles Beautie buried lies;
And in my grace, my preſence, geſture, cheere,
Ruine, diſtreſſe, woe, anguiſh, doth appeere.
That breaſt, that hand, that cheeke, that eie, that brow,
Faded, decayed, fallen, darkned, wrinckled now;
Such was my beautie once, now is it ſuch,
Once thought moſt rare, now altred more than much,
Nor I regarde all that thou canſt proteſt,
My vovv is taken, I a Nunne profeſt.
This veſtall habite doth content me more,
Then all the robes that yet I euer wore.
Had *Roſamond*, (a recluſe of our ſort)

Taken

Taken our Cloiſter, left the wanton Court,
Shadowing that beauty with a holy vale,
Which ſhe (alas) too looſely ſet to ſale,
She neede not like an vgly Minotaur,
Haue beene lockt vp from jealious *Ellenor*,
But bin as famous by thy mothers wrongs,
As by thy father ſubiect to all tongues.
To ſhadow ſinne, might can the moſt pretend,
Kings, but the conſcience, all things can defend.
A ſtronger hand reſtraines our wilfull powres,
A will muſt rule aboue this will of ours,
Not following what our vaine deſires doe wooe
For vertues ſake, but what we (only) doe.
And hath my father choſe to liue exilde,
Before his eyes ſhould ſee my youth defilde?
And to withſtand a tyrants lewd deſire,
Beheld his towers and caſtles razde with fire:
Yet neuer tucht with griefe, ſo only I,
Exempt from ſhame might with true honor die.
And ſhall this jewell which ſo deerly coſt,
Now after all, by my diſhonour loſt?
No, no, his reuerend words, his holy teares,
Yet in my ſoule too deepe impreſſion beares
His lateſt farewell at his laſt depart,
More deepely is ingraued in my hart,
Nor ſhall that blot, by me his name ſhall haue,
Bring his gray haires with ſorrow to his graue,
Better his teares to fall vpon my tombe,
Then for my birth to curſe my mothers wombe.
Though *Dunmow* giue no refuge heere at all.
Dunmow can giue my body buriall.

If

If all remorceleſſe, no teare-ſhedding eie,
My ſelfe will moane my ſelfe; ſo liue, ſo die.

Notes of the Chronicle hiſtory.

THis Epiſtle containeth no particular points of Hiſtorie, more than the generality of the argument layeth open; for after the baniſhment of the Lord *Robert Fitzwater*, and that *Matilda* was become a Recluſe at Dunmow, (from whence this reply is imagined to be written.) the King ſtill earneſtly perſiſting in his ſute. *Matilda* with this chaſte and conſtant deniall, hopes yet at length to find ſome comfortable remedy, and to rid her ſelfe of doubts, by taking vpon her this monaſticke habite, and to ſhew that ſhee ſtill beareth in minde his former cruelty, bred by the impatience of his luſt, ſhee remembreth him of her fathers baniſhment, and the lawleſſe exile of her allies and friends.

Dooſt thou of father and of friends depriue me?

Then complaining of hir diſtreſſe, that flying thether, thinking there to find reliefe, ſhe ſees her ſelfe moſt aſſaild where ſhe hoped to haue found moſt ſafety.

Alas, and fled I thether from my foe,
That, &c.

After againe, ſtanding vpon the preciſe poynts of conſcience, not to caſt off this habite ſhe had taken.

My vow is taken, I a Nunne profeſt.

And at laſt laying open more particularly the miſeries ſuſtaind by her father in England, the burning of his Caſtles and houſes, which ſhe prooueth to be for her ſake: as reſpecting only her honour, more then his natiue Country and his owne fortunes.

And to withſtand a tyrants lewd deſire,
Beheld his Towers and Caſtles ſet on fire.

Knitting vp her Epiſtle with a great and conſtant reſolution.

Though Dunmow *giue no refuge heere at all,*
Dunmow *can giue my body buriall.*

Finis.

To

¶ To the vertuous Lady, the Lady Anne Harrington, wife to the honorable Gentleman, sir Iohn Harrington Knight.

MY singuler good Lady, your many vertues knowne in generall to all, and your gracious fauors to my vnworthy selfe, haue confirmed that in me, which before I knew you, I onlie saw by the light of other mens iudgements. Honour seated in your breast, findes her selfe adorned as in a rich Pallace, making that excellent which makes her admirable; which like the Sunne (from thence) begetteth most pretious things of this earthly world, onely by the vertue of his rayes, not the nature of the mould. Worth is best discerned by the worthy, dejected minds want that pure fire which should giue vigor to vertue. I referre to your great thoughts (the vnpartiall Iudges of true affection) the vnfained zeale I haue euer borne to your honourable seruice; and so rest your Ladiships humbly to commaund.

Mich: Drayton.

Queene

Queene Ffsabell to Mortimer.

The Argument.

Queene Isabel, (*the wife of* Edward *the second, called* Edward Carnaruan,) *beeing the daughter of* Philip de Beau, *King of France, forsaken by the King her husband, who delighted onely in the company of* Piers Gaueston, *his minion and fauorite, and after his death seduced by the euil counsel of the* Spencers. *This Queene thus left by her husband, euen in the glory of her youth, drew into her especiall fauour* Roger Mortimer, *Lord of Wigmore, a man of a mightie and inuincible spirit. This Lord* Mortimer *rising in armes against the King with* Thomas *Earle of Lancaster, and the Barons, was taken ere he could gather his power, & by the King committed to the tower of London. During his imprisonment, he ordained a feast in honor of his birth-day, to which he inuited Sir* Stephen Segraue, *Lieutenant of the Tower, and the rest of the officers, where, by meanes of a drinke prepared by the Queene, he cast them all into a heauie sleepe, and with Ladders of coards being ready prepared for the purpose, he escapeth and flieth into Fraunce, whither she sendeth this Epistle, complaining her owne misfortunes, and greatly reioycing at his safe escape.*

THough such sweet comfort comes not now from
As Englands Queene hath sent to *Mortimer*. (her
Yet what that wants, which might my power approue
If lines can bring, this shall supply with loue,

O Mee

Me thinks affliction ſhould not fright me ſo,
Nor ſhould reſume theſe ſundry ſhapes of woe;
But when I faine would finde the cauſe of this,
Thy abſence ſhewes me where the errour is.
Oft when I thinke of thy departing hence,
Sad ſorrow then poſſeſſeth eu'ry ſence:
But finding thy deere blood preſeru'd thereby,
And in thy life, my long-wiſht liberty,
With that ſweet thought my ſelfe I only pleaſe
Amidſt my griefe, which ſometimes giues me eaſe,
Thus doe extreameſt ills a ioy poſſeſſe,
And one woe makes another woe ſeeme leſſe.
That bleſsed night, that milde-aſpected howre,
Wherein thou madſt eſcape out of the Tower,
Shall conſecrated euermore remaine;
What gentle Planet in that houre did raigne;
And ſhall be happy in the birth of men,
Which was chiefe lord of the Aſcendant then.
O how I feard that ſleepy iuyce I ſent,
Might yet want power to further thine intent!
Or that ſome vnſeene myſterie might lurke,
Which wanting order, kindly ſhould not worke;
Oft did I wiſh thoſe dreadfull poyſned lees,
That cloſde the euer-waking Dragons eies,
Or I had had thoſe ſence-bereauing ſtalkes,
That grow in ſhady *Proſerpines* darke walkes;
Or thoſe blacke weedes on *Lethe* bankes below,
Or *Lunary* that doth on *Latmus* flow;
Oft did I feare this moiſt and foggy clime,
Or that the earth, waxt barren now with time,
Should not haue hearbes to help me in this caſe,

Such

Such as do thriue on *Indiaes* parched face,
That morrow, when the bleſsed Sunne did riſe,
And ſhut the liddes of all heauens leſser eies,
Forth from my pallace by a ſecret ſtaire,
I ſteale to Thames, as though to take the ayre;
And aske the gentle flouid as it doth glide,
Or thou didſt paſſe or periſh by the tide?
If thou didſt periſh, I deſire the ſtreame
To lay thee ſoftly on her ſiluer teame,
And bring thee to me to the quiet ſhore,
That with hir tears thou might'ſt haue ſome tears more.
When ſodainely doth riſe a rougher gale,
With that (me thinkes) the troubled waues looke pale,
And ſighing with that little guſt that blowes,
With this remembrance ſeeme to knit their browes.
Euen as this ſodaine paſſion doth affright me,
The cheerfull Sunne breaks from a cloude to light me;
Then doth the bottome euident appeere,
As it would ſhew me, that thou waſt not there,
Whenas the water flowing where I ſtand,
Doth ſeeme to tell me, thou art ſafe on land.
Did *Bulloyne* once a feſtiuall prepare,
For *England*, *Almaine*, *Cicile*, and *Nauarre*?
When *France* enuied thoſe buildings (only bleſt)
Gracde with the *Orgies* of my Bridall feaſt,
That Engliſh *Edward* ſhould refuſe my bed,
For that inceſtuous ſhameleſse *Ganimed*?
And in my place, vpon his regall throne,
To ſet that gerle-boy, wanton *Gaueſton*.
Betwixt the feature of my face and his,
My glaſse aſſures me no ſuch difference is,

That a foule witches bastard should thereby
Be thought more worthy of his loue than I.
What doth auailevs to be Princes heires,
When we can boast our birth is onely theirs?
When base dissembling flatterers shall deceiue vs,
Of all our famous aunce stors did leaue vs;
And of our princely iewels and our dowres,
We but enioy the least of what is ours;
when minions heads must weare our monarks crowns
To raise vp dunghills with our famous townes;
When beggars-brats are wrapt in rich perfumes,
Their buzzard wings impt with our Eagles plumes;
And matcht with the braue issue of our blood,
Alie the kingdome to their crauand brood.
Did *Longshankes* purchase with his conquering hand,
Albania, *Gascoyne*, *Cambria*, *Ireland*?
That yoong *Carnaruan* (his vnhappy sonne)
Should giue away all that his father wonne?
To backe a stranger, prowdly bearing downe
The braue alies and branches of the crowne?
And did great *Edward* on his death-bed giue
This charge to them which afterwards should liue,
That that prowde Gascoyne banished the land,
No more should treade vpon the English sand?
And haue these great Lords in the quarrell stood,
And sealde his last will with their deerest blood,
That after all this fearefull massacre,
The fall of *Beauchamp*, *Lacy*, *Lancaster*,
Another faithlesse fauòrite should arise,
To cloude the sunne of our Nobilities?
And gloried I in *Gaueston* great fall,

That

That now a *Spenſer* ſhould ſucceede in all?
And that his aſhes ſhould another breed,
Which in his place and Empire ſhould ſucceede;
That wanting one a kingdomes wealth to ſpend,
Of what that left, this now ſhall make an end;
To waſte all that our father won before,
Nor leaue our ſonne a ſword to conquer more.
Thus but in vaine we fondly do reſiſt,
Where power can doe (euen) all things as it liſt,
And with vniuſt men to debate of lawes,
Is to giue power to hurt a rightfull cauſe;
Whilſt Parlements muſt ſtill redreſſe their wrongs,
And we muſt ſtarue for what to vs belongs;
Our wealth but fuell to their fond exceſſe,
And we muſt faſt to feaſt their wantonneſſe.
Think'ſt thou our wrongs then inſufficient are,
To moue our brother to religious warre?
And if they were, yet *Edward* doth detaine
Homage for Pontiu, Guyne, and Aquytaine;
And if not that, yet hath he broke the truce,
Thus all accurre, to put backe all excuſe.
The ſiſters wrong, ioynde with the brothers right,
Me thinks might vrge him in this cauſe to fight.
Be all thoſe people ſenceleſſe of our harmes,
Which for our Country ought haue manag'd armes?
Is the braue Normans courage now forgot?
Or the bold Brittaines loſt the vſe of ſhot?
The big-bonde Almaines, and ſtowt Brabanders,
Their warlike Pikes, and ſharpe-edg'd Semiters?
Or do the Pickards let their Croſſe-bowes lie,
Once like the Centaurs of old Theſſalie?

Or if a valiant Leader be their lacke,
Where thou art present, who should driue them backe?
I doe coniure thee by what is most deere,
By that great name of famous *Mortimer*,
By antient *Wigmors* honourable creſt,
The tombes where all thy famous grand-ſires reſt;
Or if than theſe, what more may thee approue,
Euen by thoſe vowes of thy vnfained loue,
That thy great hopes may moue the Chriſtian King,
By forraigne armes ſome comfort yet to bring,
To curbe the power of traitors that rebell,
Againſt the right of princely *Iſabell*.
Vaine witleſſe woman, why ſhould I deſire,
To adde more heate to thy immortall fire?
To vrge thee by the violence of hate,
To ſhake the pillars of thine owne eſtate,
When whatſoeuer we intend to doe,
To our misfortune euer ſorts vnto;
And nothing elſe remaines for vs beſide,
But teares and coffins (onely) to prouide,
When ſtill ſo long as *Burrough* beares that name,
Time ſhall not blot out our deſerued ſhame;
And whilſt cleere Trent her wonted courſe ſhall keep,
For our ſad fall, her chriſtall drops ſhall weepe.
All ſee our ruine on our backes is throwne,
And to our ſelues our ſorrowes are our owne.
And *Torlton* now whoſe counſell ſhould direct,
The firſt of all is ſlaundred with ſuſpect;
For dang'rous things diſſembled ſeldome are,
Which many eyes attend with buſie care.
What ſhould I ſay? My griefes do ſtill renew,

And but begin when I should bid adiew,
Few be my words, but manifold my woe,
And still I stay, the more I striue to goe.
As accents issue forth, griefes enter in,
And where I end, me thinks I but begin;
Till then faire time some greater good affords,
Take my loues paiment in these ayrie words.

¶ *Notes of the Chronicle Historie.*

O how I feard that sleepie drinke I sent,
Might yet want power to further thine intent.

Mortimer being in the Tower, and ordaining a feast in honor of his birth-day, as he pretended, and inuiting there-vnto Sir *Stephen Segraue*, Constable of the Tower, with the rest of the officers belonging to the same, he gaue them a sleepie drinke, prouided him by the Queene, by which meanes he got libertie for his escape.

I steale to Thames, as though to take the aire,
And aske the gentle streame as it doth glide,

Mortimer being got out of the Tower, swamme the riuer of Thames into Kent, whereof she hauing intelligence, doubteth of his strength to escape, by reason of his long imprisonment, being almost the space of three yeares.

Did Bulloyne once a festiuall prepare,
For England, Almaine, Cicile and Nauarre?

Edward Carmarnan, the first Prince of Wales of the English blood, married *Isabell*, daughter of *Philip* the Faire at Bulloine, in the presence of the Kings of Almaine, Nauarre, and Cicile, with the chiefe Nobilitie of France and England: which marriage was there solemnized with exceeding pompe and magnificence.

And in my place, vpon his regall throne,
To set that girle-boy, wanton Gauestone.

Noting the effeminacie and luxurious wantonnesse of *Gauestone*, the Kings Minion, his behauiour and attire euer so womanlike, to please the eye of his lasciuious Prince.

That a fowle Witches bastard should thereby.

It was vrged by the Queene & the Nobiliy, in the disgrace of *Piers Gaueſtone* that his mother was conuicted of witchcraft, and burned for the same, and that *Piers* had bewitched the King.

Albania, Gascoine, Cambria, Ireland.

Albania, Scotland, so called of *Albanact*, the second son of *Brutus*, and Cambria; Wales, so called of *Camber* the third sonne, the foure Realmes and Countries, brought in subiection by *Edward Longshanks*.

When of our princely Iewells and our dowers.
We but enioy the least of what is ours.

A complaint of the prodigalitie of King *Edward*, giuing vnto *Gaueſtone* the jewels and treasure which was left him, by the ancient Kings of England; and enriching him with the goodly Manor of Wallingford, assigned as parcell of the dower, to the Queenes of this famous Ile.

And ioyn'd with the braue issue of our blood,
Alie our kingdome to their crauand brood.

Edward the second, gaue to *Piers Gaueſton* in marriage, the daughter of *Gilbert Clare*, Earle of Gloceſter, begot of the Kings sister, *Ione* of Acres, married to the said Earle of Gloceſter.

Should giue away all that his father won,
To backe a stranger.

King *Edward* offered his right in France, to *Charles* his brother in law, and his right in Scotland to *Robert Bruse*, to be aided against the Barrons, in the quarrell of *Piers Gaueſton*.

And did great Edward *on his death-bed giue.*

Edward Longshankes, on his death-bed at Carlile, commanded yong *Edward* his sonne on his blessing, not to call backe *Gaueſton*, which (for the mis-guiding of the Princes youth) was before banished by the whole counsell of the Land.

That after all this fearefull massaker,
The fall of Beuchamp, Lasy, Lancaster.

Thomas, Earle of Lancaster, *Guy*, Earle of Warwicke, and *Henry* Earle of Lincolne, who had taken their oaths before the deceased King at his death, to withstand his sonne *Edward* if he should call *Gaueſton* frō exile, being a thing which he much feared: now seeing *Edward* to violate his fathers commandement, rise in armes

against

againſt the King, which was the cauſe of the ciuill warre, and the ruine of ſo many Princes.

And gloried I in Gaueſtons *great fall,*
That now a Spenſer *ſhould ſucceede in all.*

The two *Hugh Spenſers*, the father & the ſon, after the death of *Gaueſton*, became the great fauorites of the king, the ſon being created by him lord Chamberlain, & the father Earl of Wincheſter.

And if they were, yet Edward *doth detaine*
Homage for Pontiu, Guyne, and Aquitaine.

Edward Longſhankes, did homage for thoſe Cities and Territories to the French King, which *Edward* the ſecond neglecting, moued the French King, by the ſubornation of *Mortimer*, to ſeaſe thoſe Countries into his hands.

By antient Wigmors *honourable Creſt.*

Wigmore in the marches of Wales, was the antient houſe of the *Mortimers*, that noble and couragious familie.

That ſtill ſo long as Borrough *beares that name.*

The Queene remembreth the great ouerthrow giuen to the Barrons, by *Andrew Herckley*, Earle of Carlil, at Borrough bridge, after the battaile at Burton.

And Torlton *now whoſe counſells ſhould direct.*

This was *Adam Torlton*, Biſhop of Herford, that great Polititã, who ſo highly fauored the faction of the Queene & *Mortimer*, whoſe euil counſel afterward wroght the deſtruction of the king.

Mortimer to Queene *Iſabell.*

AS thy ſalutes my ſorrowes do adiourne
So backe to thee their intereſt I turne;
Though not in ſo great bounty (I confeſſe)
As thy heroicke princely lines expreſſe:
For how ſhould comfort iſſue from the breath,
Of one condemn'd, and long lodg'd vp in death?
From murthers rage thou didſt me once reprieue,

Now

Now in exile, my hopes thou dooſt reuiue;
Twice all was taken, twice thou all didſt giue,
And thus twice dead, thou mak'ſt me twice to liue.
This double life of mine, your onely due,
You gaue to me; I gaue it backe to you;
Ne're my eſcape had, I aduentur'd thus,
As did the sky-attempting *Dædalus*;
And yet to giue more ſafetie to my flight,
Haue made a night of day, a day of night.
Nor had I backt the prowd aſpiring wall,
Which held without, my hopes, within, my fall,
Leauing the cords to tell where I had gone,
For gazing eyes with feare to looke vpon;
But that thy beautie (by a power diuine)
Breath'd a new life into this ſpirit of mine.
Drawne by the Sunne of thy celeſtiall eyes,
With fiery wings made paſſage through the skies.
The heauens did ſeeme the charge of me to take,
And ſea and land befriend me for thy ſake;
Thames ſtopt her tide, to make me way to go,
As thou hadſt charg'd her that it ſhould be ſo;
The hollow murmuring windes their due time kept,
As they had rock'd the world, while all things ſlept;
One billow bore me, and another draue me,
This ſtroue to helpe me, and that ſtroue to ſaue me;
The briſling reedes mou'd with the aire did chide me,
As they would tell me that they meant to hide me;
The pale-fac'd night beheld thy heauy cheere,
And would not let one little ſtarre appeare,
But ouer all her ſmokie mantle hurl'd,
And in thicke vapors muffled vp the world;

And

And the pure ayre became so calme and still,
As it had beene obedient to my will;
And euery thing disposde vnto my rest,
As when on Seas the *Alcion* buildes her nest.
When those rough waues which late with furie rusht,
Slide smoothely on, and suddainely are husht;
Nor *Neptune* lets his surges out so long,
As Nature is in bringing forth her yong;
Nor let the *Spencers* glory in my chance,
That I should liue an exile heere in France:
That I from England banished should be,
But England rather banished from me:
More were her want, France our great blood should beare,
Then Englands losse should be to *Mortimer*.
My grandsire was the first since *Arthurs* raigne,
That the Round-table rectifide againe;
To whose great Court at Kenelworth did come,
The peereles knighthood of all Christendome:
Whose princely order, honoured England more,
Then all the Conquests she atchiu'd before.
Neuer durst Scot set foote in English ground,
Nor on his backe did English beare a wound,
Whilst *Wigmore* flourisht in our princely hopes,
And whilst our Ensigne march'd with *Edwards* troups:
Whilst famous *Longshankes* bones (in Fortunes scorne)
As sacred reliques to the field were borne;
Nor euer did the valiant English doubt,
Whilst our braue battailes guarded them about.
Nor did our wiues and wofull mothers mourne,
The English blood that stained *Banocksburne*,
Whilst with his Minions sporting in his Tent,

Whole

Whole daies and nights in banquetting were ſpent,
Vntill the Scots (which vnder ſafegard ſtood)
Made lauiſh hauocke of the Engliſh blood?
And battered helmes lay ſcattered on the ſhore,
Where they in conqueſt had beene borne before.
A thouſand kingdomes will we ſeeke from far,
As many Nations waſte with ciuill war,
Where the diſheuel'd gaſtly Sea-nimph ſings,
Or well-rigd ſhips ſhall ſtretch their ſwelling wings,
And drag their ankors through the ſandy ſome,
About the world in euery clime to rome,
And thoſe vnchriſtned Countries call our owne,
Where ſcarce the name of England hath bin knowne;
And in the dead-ſea ſinke our houſes fame,
From whoſe ſterne waues we firſt deriu'd our name,
Before fowle blacke-mouth'd infamy ſhall ſing,
That *Mortimer* e're ſtoop'd vnto a King.
And we will turne ſterne-viſag'd furie backe,
To ſeeke his ſpoile, who ſought our vtter ſacke:
And come to beard him in our natiue Ile,
Ere he march forth to follow our exile.
And after all theſe boiſtrous ſtormie ſhockes,
Yet will we grapple with the chaulkie rockes:
Nor will we come like Pirates, or like theeues,
From mountaines, forreſts, or ſea-bordering Cleeues,
But fright the ayre with terror (when we come)
Of the ſterne trumpet, and the bellowing drum:
And in the field aduance our plumy Creſt,
And march vpon faire Englands flowrie breaſt;
And Thames which once we for our life did ſwim,
Shaking our dewy treſſes on her brim,

Shall

Shall beare my nauie; vaunting in her pride,
Falling from *Tanet* with the powerfull tide;
Which fertile *Essex*, and faire *Kent* shall see,
Spreading her flags along the pleasant lee,
When on her stemming poope she prowdly beares
The famous Ensignes of the Belgicke Peeres,
And for the hatefull sacrilegious sinne,
Which by the Pope he stands accursed in,
The Canon text shall haue a common glosse,
Receits in parcels, shall be paide in grosse.
This doctrine preachde, *who from the Church doth take,*
At least shall trebble restitution make:
For which *Rome* sends her curses out from farre,
Through the sterne throte of terror-breathing warre,
Till to th'vnpeopled shores she brings supplies
Of those industrious Roman Colonies.
And for his homage, by the which of olde
Prowd *Edward Guyne* and *Aquitaine* doth hold.
Charles by inuasiue armes againe shall take,
And send the English forces o're the lake;
When *Edwards* fortune stands vpon this chance,
To loose in England, or expulsde from France;
And all those townes great *Longshankes* left his sonne,
Now lost againe, which once his father wonne.
Within their strong percullizde Ports shall lie,
And from their walls his sieges shall defie.
And by that firme and vndissolued knot,
Betwixt their neighboring French, and bordring *Scot*,
Bruse now shall bring his Red-shanks from the seas,
From th'Iled Orcads, and the Hebrydes,
And to his westerne hauens giue free passe,

To

To land the warlike *Iriſh Galiglaſſe*,
Marching from *Tweede* to ſwelling *Humber* ſands,
Waſting along the Northerne netherlands.
And wanting thoſe which ſhould his power ſuſtaine,
Conſumde with ſlaughter in his bloody raigne,
Our warlike ſword ſhall driue him from his throne,
Where he ſhall lie for vs to treade vpon;
And thoſe great lords now after their attaints,
Canonized amongſt the Engliſh Saints;
And by the ſuperſtitious people thought,
That by their Reliques, miracles are wrought,
And thinke that flood much vertue doth retaine,
Which tooke the blood of famous *Bohun* ſlaine;
Continuing the remembrance of the thing,
To make the people more abhorre their King.
Nor ſhall a *Spenſer* (be he ne're ſo great)
Poſſeſſe our *Wigmore*, our renowned ſeate.
To raze the antient trophies of our race,
With our deſerts their monuments to grace;
Nor ſhall he leade our valiant marchers forth,
To make the *Spenſers* famous in the North;
Nor be the Gardants of the Brittiſh pales,
Defending England, and preſeruing Wales.
At firſt our troubles eaſily reculde;
But now growne head-ſtrong hardly to be rulde;
With graueſt counſell all muſt be directed,
Where plaineſt ſhewes are openly ſuſpected;
For where miſ-hap our errour dooth aſſault,
There doth it eaſieſt make vs ſee our fault,
Then (ſweet) repreſſe all fond and wilfull ſpleene,
Two things to be a woman, and a Queene;

Keepe

Keepe cloſe the cindars, leſt the fire ſhould burne,
It is not this which yet muſt ſerue our turne.
And if I doe not much miſtake the thing,
The next ſupply ſhall greater comfort bring;
Till when I leaue my Princeſſe for a while,
Liue thou in reſt, though I liue in exile.

Notes of the Chronicle Hiſtorie.

Of one condemnd, and long lodgde vp in death.

ROger *Mortimer* Lord of *Wigmore*, had ſtoode publikely condemned, for his inſurrection with *Thomas* erle of *Lancaſter*, and *Bohune* earle of Herford, by the ſpace of three months: and as the report went, the day of his execution was determined to haue bin ſhortly after, which he preuented by his eſcape.

Twice all was taken, twice thou all didſt giue.

At what time the two *Mortimers*, this *Roger* lord of *Wigmore* and his vncle *Roger Mortimer* the elder, were apprehended in the weſt, the Queene by meanes of *Torlton* Biſhop of Hereford, and *Berke* Biſhop of Dureſme, and Patriarke of Ieruſalem, being then both mighty in the ſtate, vpon the ſubmiſſion of the *Mortimers*, ſomewhat pacified the king, and now ſecondly ſhee wrought meanes for his eſcape.

Leauing the cordes to tell where I had gone,

With ſtrong ladders made of cords prouided him for the purpoſe, he eſcaped out of the Tower, which when the ſame were found faſtned to the walles, in ſuch a deſperate attempt they bred aſtoniſhment to the beholders.

Nor let the Spenſers *glory in my clan e.*

The two *Hugh Spenſers*, the father, and the ſonne, then being ſo highly fauored of the King, knew that their greateſt ſafety came by his exile, whoſe high and turbulent ſpirit could neuer brooke any corriuall in greatnes.

My grandſire was the firſt ſince Arthurs raigne,
That the Round-table rectifide againe.

Roger Mortimer, called the great Lord *Mortimer*, Grandfather

to

to this *Roger*, which was afterward the first Earle of March, reerected againe the Round-table at Kenelworth, after the ancient order of king *Arthurs* table, with the retinue of a hundred knights, and a hundred ladies in his house, for the entertaining of such aduentures as came thither from all parts of Christendome.

Whilest famous Longshanks *bones in Fortunes scorne.*

Edward Longshanks willed at his death, that his body should be boyled, the flesh from the bones, and that the bones should bee borne to the wars in Scotland, which he was perswaded vnto by a prophetie, which told that the English should still be fortunate in conquest, so long as his bones were caried in the field.

The English blood that stained Banocksburne.

In the great voyage *Edward* the second made against the Scots, at the battell at Striueling neere vnto the riuer of Banocksburne in Scotland, where there was in the English campe such banketting and excesse, such riot and misorder, that the Scots, (who in the meane time laboured for aduauntage) gaue to the English a great ouerthrow.

And in the Dead-sea sincke our horses fame,
From whose, &c.

Mortimer, so called of *Mare mortuum*, and in French *Mort mer*, in English the *Dead-sea*, which is said to be where Sodom and Gomorra once were, before they were destroyed by fire frō heauen.

And for that hatefull sacrilegious sin
Which by the Pope he stands accursed in.

Gaustelinus and *Lucas*, two Cardinals, sent into England from Pope *Clement*, to appease the auncient hate betweene the King and *Thomas* Earle of Lancaster, to whose Embassie the king seemed to yeeld, but after their departure hee went backe from his promises, for which he was accursed at Rome.

Of those industrious Roman Colonies.

A Colony is a sort or number of people, that come to inhabite a place before not inhabited, whereby he seemes here to propheeie of the subuertion of the land; the Pope ioyning with the power of other Princes against *Edward* for the breach of his promise.

Charles *by inuasiue Armes againe shall take.*

Charles

Charles the French King, mooued by the wrong done vnto his ſiſter, ſeiſeth the Prouinces which belonged to the King of England into his hands, ſtirred the rather thereto by Mortimer, who ſolicited her cauſe in France, as is expreſſed before in the other Epiſtle, in the gloſſe vpon this poynt.

And thoſe great Lords now after their attaints,
Canonized among the Engliſh Saints.

After the death of Thomas Earle of Lancaſter at Pomfret, the people imagined great myracles to be done by his reliques: as they did of the body of Bohune earle of Hereford, ſlaine at Borough bridge.

Finis.

To my worthy and honored *friend, Sir Walter Aston* Knight of the Bath.

SIR, though without suspition of flatterie I might in more ample and free tearmes, intimate my affection vnto you, yet hauing so sensible a taste of your generous and noble disposition, which without this habite of ceremony can estimate my loue: I will rather affect breuitie, though it should seeme my fault, than by my tedious complement, to trouble mine owne opinion setted in your iudgement and discretion. I make you the Patron of this Epistle of the Blacke-Prince, *which I pray you accept, till more easie houres may offer vppe from mee some thing more worthy of your view, and my trauell.*

Yours truely deuoted,

Mich: Drayton.

Ed-

¶ Edward the Blacke-Prince to *Alice Counteſſe of* Salisbury.

The Argument.

Alice *Counteſſe of Saliſbury, remaining at Roxborough caſtle in the North, in the abſence of the earle her huſband, who was by the Kings commaund ſent ouer into Flaunders, and there deceaſed ere his returne. This Lady being beſieged in her caſtle by the Scots*, Edward *the Blacke-Prince being ſent by the King his father to reliene the north parts with an Armie, and to remooue the ſiege of Roxborough, there fell in loue with the Counteſſe; when after ſhe returned to London, hee ſought by diuers and ſundry meanes to winne her to his youthfull pleaſures, as by forcing the Earle of Kent her father, and her mother, vnnaturally to become his Agents in his vaine deſire; where after a long and aſſured triall of her inuincible conſtancie, hee taketh her to his wife, to which end he only frameth this Epiſtle.*

REceiue theſe papers from thy wofull Lord,
With farre more woes than they with wordes are ſtorde,
Which if thine eie with raſhnes do reproue,
Thei'le ſay they came from that imperious loue.
In euery letter thou maiſt vnderſtand,
Which loue hath ſignde and ſealed with his hand;
And where no farther proceſſe he refers,
In blots ſet downe, for others Characters,
This cannot bluſh, although you doe refuſe it,

Nor will reply how euer you ſhall vſe it;
All's one to this, though you ſhould bid diſpaire,
This ſtill intreates you, this ſtill ſpeakes you faire;
Hait thou a liuing ſoule? a humane ſence?
To like, diſlike, proue, order and diſpence,
The depth of reaſon, ſoundly to aduiſe,
To loue things good things hurtfull to deſpiſe;
The rich of iudgement, which ſhould all things proue,
And haſt thou toucht, yet not allowſt my loue?
Sound moues his ſound, voyce doth beget his voyce,
One Echo makes another to reioyce,
One well-tunde ſtring ſet truely to his like,
Strooke neere at hand doth make another ſtrike.
How comes it then that our affections jarre?
What oppoſition doth beget this warre?
I know that Nature franckly to thee gaue,
That meaſure of her bounty that I haue,
And with that ſence ſhe likewiſe to vs lent
Each one his organ, each his inſtrument,
But euery one, becauſe it is thine owne,
Doth priſe it ſelfe, vnto it ſelfe alone.
Thy dainty hand, when it it ſelfe doth tuch,
That feeling tells it there was neuer ſuch;
When in thy glaſſe thine eie it ſelfe doth ſee,
That thinkes theres none, like to it ſelfe can be,
And euery one doth iudge it ſelfe diuine.
Becauſe that thou dooſt challenge it for thine;
And each it ſelfe, *Narciſſus*-like dooth ſmother,
And loues it ſelfe, not like to any other;
Fie be not burnd thus in thine owne deſire,
Tis needleſſe beauty ſhould it ſelfe admire,

The Sunne, by which all creatures lightned bee,
And seeth all, it selfe yet cannot see;
And his owne brightnesse his owne foile is made,
And is to vs the cause of his owne shade.
When first thy beautie by mine eye was prou'd,
It saw not then so much to be belou'd;
But when it came a perfect view to take,
Each looke of one, doth many beauties make:
In little circlets first it doth arise,
Then somewhat larger seeming in mine eyes,
And in this giuing compasse as it goes,
So more and more, the same in greatnes growes,
And as it yet at libertie is set,
The motion still doth other formes beget;
Vntill at length, looke any way I could,
Nothing there was but beautie to behold.
Art thou offended that thou art belou'd?
Remoue the cause, th'effect is soone remou'd;
Indent with Beautie how farre to extend,
Set downe desire, a limmit where to end;
Then charme thine eies, their glances shal not wound,
And teach the sence, the depth of loue to sound:
If thou do this, nay then thou shalt do more,
And bring to passe what neuer was before;
Make anguish sportiue, crauing all delight,
Mirth solemne, sullen, and inclinde to night;
Ambition lowly, enuie speaking well,
Loue, his reliefe of nigardize to sell;
Our warlike father did these forts deuise,
As surest holds against our enemies,
The safest places for our sexe to rest,

Feare ſoone is ſetled in a womans breaſt,
Thy breaſt is of another temper farre,
And then thy Caſtell fitter for the warre,
Thou dooſt not ſafely in thy Caſtell reſt,
Thy Caſtell ſhould be ſafer in thy breaſt,
That keepes out foes, but doth thy friends incloſe,
But thy breaſt keepes out both thy friends and foes;
That may be batterd, or be vnderminde,
Or by ſtrait ſiege, for want of ſuccour pinde;
But thy heart is inuincible to all,
And more defenſiue then thy Caſtell wall;
Of all the ſhapes that euer *Ioue* did proue,
Wherewith he vſde to entertaine his loue;
That likes me beſt, when in a golden ſhower,
He rainde himſelfe on *Danae* in her Tower,
Nor did I euer enuie his command,
In that he beares the thunder in his hand;
But in that ſhowrie ſhape *I* cannot bee,
And as he came to her, *I* come to thee,
Thy Tower with foes, is not begirt about,
If thou within, they are beſieg'd without,
One haire of thine, more vigor doth retaine
To binde thy foe, then with an yron chaine:
Who might be gyu'd in ſuch a golden ſtring,
Would not be captiue, though he were a King;
Hadſt thou all India heap'd vp in thy fort,
And thou thy ſelfe beſieged in that ſort,
Get thou but out, where they can thee eſpie,
They'le follow thee, and let the treaſure lie.
I cannot thinke what force thy Tower ſhould win,
If thou thy ſelfe dooſt guard the ſame within;

Thine

Thine eye retaines artillary at will,
To kill who euer thou desirst to kill;
For that alone more deepely wounds their hearts,
Then they can thee, though with a thousand darts;
For there entrenched little *Cupid* lies,
And from those turrets all the world defies:
And when thou letst downe that transparant lid,
Of entrance, there an Armie doth forbid.
And as for Famine, thou needes neuer feare,
Who thinkes of want when thou art present there?
Thy onely sight giues spirit vnto the blood,
And comforts life, though neuer tasting foode.
And as thy souldiers keepe their watch and ward,
So chastitie thy inward breast doth guard;
Thy modest pulse serues as a larum bell,
Which watched by a wakefull Sentinell,
Is stirring still with euery little feare,
Warning, if any enemy be neare.
Thy vertuous thoughts, when all the others rest,
Like carefull Skowts passe vp and downe thy breast,
And still they round about that place doe keepe,
Whilst all the blessed garrison do sleepe.
But yet I feare, if that the truth were told,
That thou hast robbde, and flist vnto this bolde
I thought as much, and didst this Fort deuise,
That thou in safety heere mightst tyrannize.
Yes, thou hast robbde the heauen and earth of all,
And they against thy lawlesse theft doe call;
Thine eies with mine, that wage continuall warres,
Borrow their brightnesse of the twinckling starres;
Thy breath, for which mine still in sighes consumes,

Hath rob'd ſweete flowres, rich odors and perfumes,
Thy cheeke, for which mine all this penance proues,
Steales the pure whitenes both from Swans & doues.
Thy lips from mine, that in thy maske be pent,
Haue filch'd the bluſhing from the orient;
O mighty Loue! bring hether all thy power,
And fetch this heauenly theefe out of her Tower,
For if ſhe may be ſuffred in this ſort,
Heauens ſtore will ſoone be hoarded in this fort.
When I arriu'd before that ſtate of loue,
And ſaw thee on the battlement aboue,
I thought there was no other heauen but there,
And thou an Angel didſt from thence appeare.
But when my reaſon did reproue mine eye,
That thou wert ſubiect to mortalitie,
I then excuſde the Scot before had done,
No maruaile though he would the fort haue wonne;
Perceiuing well thoſe enuious walls did hide,
More wealth then was in all the world beſide;
Againſt thy foe, I came to lend thee aide,
And thus to thee my ſelfe, my ſelfe betraide;
He is beſieg'd, the ſiege that came to raiſe,
There's no aſſault that not my breaſt aſſaies,
Loue growne extreame, doth finde vnlawfull ſhifts,
The Gods take ſhapes, and do allure with gifts,
Commanding *Ione*, that by great *Stix* doth ſweare,
Forſworne in loue, with louers oathes doth beare,
Loue cauſeleſſe ſtill, doth aggrauate his cauſe,
It is his law to violate all lawes;
His reaſon is, in onely wanting reaſon,
And were vntrue, not deepely tuch'd with treaſon;

Th'un-

Th'vnlawfull meanes, doth make his lawfull gaine,
Hee speakes most true, when he the most doth faine;
Pardon the faults that haue escapde by mee,
Against faire vertue, chastitie and thee;
If Gods can their owne excellence excell,
Is it in pardoning mortalls that rebell?
When all thy trialls are enrol'd by fame,
And all thy sexe made glorious by thy name,
Then I a captiue shall be brought heereby,
To adorne the triumph of thy chastitie;
I sue not now thy Paramore to bee,
But as a husband to be linck'd to thee.
I am Englands heire, I thinke thou wilt confesse,
Wert thou a Prince, I hope *I* am no lesse;
But that thy birth doth make thy stocke diuine,
Else durst *I* boast, my blood as good as thine;
Disdaine me not, nor take my loue in scorne,
Whose brow a crowne heereafter may adorne.
But what I am, I call mine owne no more,
Take what thou wilt, and what thou wilt, restore;
Onely I craue, what e're I did intend,
In faithfull loue, now happily may end.
Farewell sweete Lady, so well maist thou fare,
To equall ioy with measure of my care;
Thy vertues more then mortall tongue can tell,
A thousand, thousand times, farewell, farewell.

Notes of the Chronicle history.

Receiue these papers from thy wofull Lord.

BAndello, by whō this history was made famous, being an Italiā as it is the peoples custom in that clime, rather to faile somtime in

in the truth of circumstance, then to forgoe the grace of their conceit; in like manner as the Grecians, of whom the Satyrist.

Et quicquid Græcia mendax,
Audet in historia.

Thinking it to be a greater triall, that a Countesse should be sude vnto by a King, then by the sonne of a King, and consequently, that the honour of her chastitie should be the more, hath caused it to be generally taken so; but as by *Polidore*, *Fabian*, and *Froisard*, appeares the contrarie is true. Yet may *Bandello* be very well excused, as being a stranger, whose errors in the truth of our historie, are not so materiall, that they should neede an inuectiue, least his wit should bee defrauded of any part of his due, which were not lesse, were euery part a fiction. Howbeit, least a common error should preuaile against a truth; these Epistles are conceiued in those persons, who were indeede the actors: to wit, *Edward*, surnamed the *Blacke Prince*, not so much of his complexion, as of the dismall battells which he fought in France, (in like sence as we may say, a blacke day) for some tragicall euent, though the Sunne shine neuer so bright therein. And *Alice*, the Countesse of Salsburie, who as it is certaine, was beloued of Prince *Edward*; so it is as certaine, that many points now current in the receiued story, can neuer hold together with likelihoode of such enforcement, had it not beene shewed vnder the title of a King.

And when thou let'st downe that transparent lid.

Not that the lid is transparent, for no part of the skin is transparent, but for the gemme which at that closure is said to containe, is transparent, for otherwise how could the minde vnderstand by the eye? should not the images slide through the same, and replenish the stage of the phantasie? But this belongs to *Opticks*. The Latines call the eye lid *cilium*, (I will not say of *celando*) as the eye brow *supercilium*, and the haire on the eye lids *palpebræ*, perhaps *quod palpitet*, all which haue their distinct and necessary vses.

Alice

Alice Counteſſe of Salsbury, to the Blacke Prince.

AS one would grant; yet gladly would deny,
Twixt hope and feare, I doubtfully reply;
A womans weakeneſſe, leſt I ſhould diſcouer,
Anſwering a Prince, and writing to a louer;
And ſome ſay, Loue with Reaſon doth diſpence,
And wreſt our plaine words to another ſence:
Thinke you not then, poore women had not neede
Be well aduiſde to write, what men ſhould reade,
When being ſilent mooving but awry,
Giues cauſe of ſcandall and of obloquy;
Whilſt in our hearts, our ſecret thoughts abide,
Th'inuenom'd tongue of ſlander yet is tide;
But if once ſpoke, deliuered vp to Fame,
Hers the report, but ours returnes the ſhame.
About to write, yet newly entring in,
Me thinkes I end, ere I can well begin;
When I would end, then ſomething makes me ſtay,
And then me thinkes I ſhould haue more to ſay;
And ſome one thing remaineth in my breaſt,
For want of words that cannot be expreſt;
What *I* would ſay; as ſaid to thee I faine,
Then in thy perſon *I* reply againe,
Then in thy cauſe, vrge all I can obiect,
Then what againe mine honour muſt reſpect.
O Lord! what ſundry paſſions do I trie?
Striuing to hate, you forcing contrarie;

Being

Being a Prince, *I* blame you not to proue,
The greater reason to obtaine your loue.
That greatnesse which doth challenge no deniall,
The onely rest that doth allow my triall:
Edward so great, the greater were his fall,
And my offence in this were capitall.
To men is granted priuiledge to tempt,
But in that charter women be exempt:
Men win vs not, except we giue consent;
Against our selues, except our selues are bent.
Who doth impute it is a fault to you?
You proue not false, except we be vntrue;
It is your vertue, being men, to try,
And it is ours, by vertue to deny.
Your fault it selfe, serues for the faults excuse,
And makes it ours, though yours be the abuse.
Beautie a beggar, fie it is too bad,
When in it selfe sufficiencie is had,
Not made a Lure t'entice the wanding eye,
But an attire t'adorne sweete modestie,
If modestie and women once do seuer,
We may bid farewell to our fame for euer
Let *Iohn* and *Henry*, *Edwards* instance be,
Matilda and faire *Rosamond* for me:
A like both woo'd, alike su'd to be wonne,
Th'one by the father, th'other by the sonne;
Henry obtaining, did our weakenesse wound,
And laies the fault on wanton *Rosamond*;
Matilda chaste, in life and death all one,
By her deniall, laies the fault on *Iohn*;
By these we proue, men accessary still,

But

But women only principalls of ill.
What praise is ours, but what our vertues get?
If they be lent, so much we be in debt,
Whilst our owne honours vertue doth defend,
All force too weake, what euer men pretend;
If all the world else, should suborne our fame,
Tis we our selues that ouerthrow the same;
And howsoe're, although by force you win,
Yet on our weakenes still returnes the sin.
A vertuous Prince who doth not *Edward* call?
And shall I then be guiltie of your fall?
Now God forbid; yet rather let me die,
Then such a sin vpon my soule should lie.
Where is great *Eaward?* whither is he led?
At whose victorious name whole armies fled.
Is that braue spirit that conquerd so in France,
Thus ouercome and vanquisht with a glance?
Is that great hart that did aspire so hie,
So soone transperced with a womans eie?
He that a king at Poictiers battell tooke,
Himselfe led captiue with a wanton looke?
Twice as a Bride to church I haue bin led,
Twice haue two Lords enjoyd my Bridale bed;
How can that beauty yet be vndestroyd,
That yeeres haue wasted, and two men enioyd,
Or should be thought fit for a Princes store,
Of which two subiects were possest before?
Let *Spaine*, let *France*, or *Scotland* so preferre
Their infant Queenes; for *Englands* dowager,
That bloud should be much more than halfe diuine,
That should be equall euery way with thine:

Yet

Yet princely *Edward*, though I thus reproue you,
As mine owne life, ſo deerely doe I loue you.
My noble husband, which ſo loued you,
That gentle Lord, that reuerend *Mountague*,
Nere mothers voyce did pleaſe her babe ſo well,
As his did mine, of you to heare him tell;
I haue made ſhort the houres that time made long,
And chaind mine eares vnto his pleaſing tong,
My lips haue waited on your praiſes worth,
And ſnatcht his words ere he could get them forth:
When he hath ſpoke, and ſomething by the way
Hath broke off that he was about to ſay;
I kept in minde where from his tale he fell,
Calling on him the reſidue to tell;
Oft he would ſay, how ſweet a Prince is he!
When I haue praiſde him but for praiſing thee,
And to proceede, I would intreate and wooe,
And yet to eaſe him, help to praiſe thee too:
Muſt ſhe be forcde, t'exclaime th'iniurious wrong,
Offred by him, whom ſhe hath lou'd ſo long?
Nay, I will tell, and I durſt almoſt ſweare,
Edward will bluſh, when he his fault ſhall heare.
Iudge now that time doth youths deſire aſſwage,
And reaſon mildely quencht the fire of rage.
By vpright iuſtice let my cauſe be tride,
And be thou iudge if I not iuſtly chide.
That not my fathers graue and reuerend yeeres,
When on his knee he beggd me with his teares,
By no perſwaſions poſſibly could winne,
To free himſelfe as guiltleſſe of my ſinne.
The woe for me my mother did abide,

Whoſe

Whoſe ſute (but you) theres none would haue denide.
Your luſtfull rage your tyranny could ſtay;
Mine honours ruine further to delay;
Haue I not lou'd you? let the truth be ſhowne,
That ſtill preſeru'd your honour with mine owne.
Had your fond will your foule deſires preuailde,
When you by them my chaſtitie aſſailde:
Though this no way could haue excuſde my fault,
True vertue neuer yeelded to aſſault:
Yet what a thing were this it ſhould be ſaid,
My parents ſin ſhould to your charge be laide:
And I haue gainde my libertie with ſhame,
To ſaue my life, made ſhipwracke of my name.
Did *Roxborough* once vaile her towring fane,
To thy braue enſigne, on the Northerne plaine?
And to thy trumpet ſounding from thy tent,
Often replide (as to my ſuccor ſent)
And did receiue thee as my ſouraigne liege
Comming to ayde, thou ſhouldſt againe beſiege,
To raiſe a foe, but for my treaſure came
To plant a foe, to take my honeſt name;
Vnder pretence to haue remou'd the Scot,
And wouluſt haue won more than he could haue got;
That did ingirt me ready ſtill to flie,
But thou laidſt batt'ry to my chaſtitie:
O modeſtie, didſt thou me not reſtraine,
How I could chide you in this angry vaine!
A Princes name (heauen knowes) I doe not craue,
To haue thoſe honours *Edward*s ſpouſe ſhould haue;
Nor by ambitious lures will I be brought,
In my chaſte breaſt to harbour ſuch a thought,

As to be worthy to be made a Bride,
An Empresse place by mighty *Edwards* side,
Of all the most vnworthy of that grace,
To waite on her that should enioy that place.
But if that loue Prince *Edward* doth require,
Equall his vertues, and my chaste desire:
If it be such as we may iustly vaunt,
A Prince may sue for, and a Lady graunt:
If it be such as may suppresse my wrong,
That from your vaine vnbridled youth hath sprong,
That faith I send, that I from you receaue,
The rest vnto your Princely thoughts I leaue.

¶ *Notes of the Chronicle Historie.*

Twice as a Bride I haue to Church beene led.

THe two husbands of which she makes mention, obiecting bigamy against herselfe, as being therfore not meet to be married with a batcheller-Prince, were sir *Thomas Holland* knight, & sir *William Montague*, afterward made Earle of Salisbury.

That not my fathers graue and reuerend yeeres.

A thing incredible, that any Prince should be so vniust to vse the fathers meanes for the corruption of the daughters chastitie, though so the historie importeth, her father being so honourable, and a man of so singular desert, though *Polidore* would haue her thought to be *Iane*, the daughter to *Edmund* earle of *Kent*, vncle to *Edward* the third, beheaded in the Protectorship of *Mortimer*, that dangerous aspirer.

And I haue gainde my libertie with shame.

Roxborough is a castle in the North, mis-termed by *Bandello* Salisbury castle, because the king had giuen it to the Earle of Salisbury, in which her Lorde being absent, the Countesse by the Scots was besieged, who by the comming of the English Armie were remoued. Here first the Prince saw her, whose libertie had

bin

bin gained by her shame, had shee bin drawne by dishoneſt loue to satisfie his appetite, but by her moſt praiſe-worthy conſtancie ſhe conuerted that humor in him to an honourable purpoſe, and obtained the true reward of her admired vertues.

The reſt vnto your princely thoughts I leaue.

Left any thing be left out which were woorth the relation, it ſhall not be impertinent to annex the opinions that are vttered, concerning her, whoſe name is ſaid to haue bin *Aelips*, but that being reiected as a name vnknowne among vs, *Froiſard* is rather beleeued, who calleth her *Alice*. *Polidore* contrariwiſe as before is declared, names her *Iane*, who by Prince *Edward* had iſſue, *Edward* dying yong, and *Richard* the ſecond king of England, thogh (as he ſaith) ſhe was diuorced afterwards, becauſe within the degrees of conſanguinitie prohibiting to many, the trueth whereof I omit to diſcuſſe, her husband the Lord *Montague*, being ſent ouer into Flaunders by king *Edward*, was taken priſoner by the French, and not returning, left his Counteſſe a widow, in whoſe bed ſucceeded Prince *Edward*, to whoſe laſt and lawfull requeſt the reioyceſull Lady ſends this louing anſwere.

Finis.

¶ To the right Honourable and my very good Lord, Edward Earle of Bedford.

THrice noble and my gratious Lord, the loue I haue euer borne to the illustrious house of Bedford, *and to the honourable familie of the* Harringtons, *to the which by marriage your Lordship is happily vnited, hath long since deuoted my true and zealous affection to your honourable seruice, and my Poems to the protection of my noble Ladie, your Countesse; to whose seruice I was first bequeathed, by that learnd & accomplisht gentleman sir* Henry Goodere, *(not long since deceased,) whose I was whilst hee was, whose patience pleased to beare with the imperfections of my heedles and vnstaied youth. That excellent and matchlesse Gentleman, was the first cherisher of my Muse, which had beene by his death left a poore Orphan to the world, had he not before bequeathed it to that Lady whom he so deerely loued. Vouchsafe then, my deere Lord, to accept this Epistle, which I dedicate as zealously, as (I hope) you will patronize willingly, vntill some more acceptable seruice may be witnesse of my loue to your honour,*

Your Lordships euer

Michaell Drayton.

Queene Iſabell to Richard *the ſecond.*

The Argument.

Queene Iſabel *the daughter of* Charles *king of France*) *being the ſecond wife of* Richard *the ſecond, the ſon of* Edward *the Blacke Prince, the eldeſt ſonne of King* Edward *the third; After the ſaide* Richard *her huſband was depoſed from his crowne and kingly dignitie, by* Henry *duke of Herford, the eldeſt ſon of* Iohn *of* Gaunt *duke of Lancaſter, the fourth ſonne of* Edward *the third, this Ladie being then very yong, was ſent backe againe into Fraunce, without dowre, at what time the depoſed King her huſband was ſent from the Tower of London (as a priſoner) vnto Pomfret Caſtle. Whether this poore Lady bewailing her huſbands misfortunes writeth this Epiſtle from France.*

AS dooth the yeerely *Auger* of the ſpring
In deapth of woe, thus I my ſorrow ſing;
Words tunde with ſighes, teares falling oft among,
A doiefull burthen to a heauy ſong:
Words iſſue forth to finde my griefe ſome way,
Teares ouertake them, and doe bid them ſtay;
Thus whilſt one ſtriues to keepe the other backe,
Both once too forward, now are both too ſlacke.
If fatall *Pomfret* hath in former time.
Nurriſht the griefe of that vnnaturall clime.

Thether I ſend my ſorrowes to be fed,
But, where firſt borne, where fitter to be bred?
They vnto *France* be aliens and vnknowne,
England from her doth challenge theſe her owne.
They ſay all miſchiefe commeth from the North,
It is too true, my fall doth ſet it forth;
But why ſhould I thus limite Griefe a place,
When all the world is filld with our diſgrace?
And we in bounds thus ſtriuing to containe it,
The more reſiſts, the more we doe reſtraine it.
Oh how euen yet I hate theſe wretched eies,
And in my glaſſe oft call them faithleſſe ſpies
(Preparde for *Richard*) that vnwares did looke
Vpon that traitor *Henry Bulingbrooke*,
But that exceſſe of ioy my ſence bereau'd
So much, my ſight had neuer bin deceau'd.
Oh how vnlike to my lou'd Lord was hee,
Whom raſhly I, ſweet *Richard* tooke for thee,
I might haue ſeene the Courſers ſelfe did lacke,
That Princely rider ſhould beſtride his backe,
He that (ſince Nature her great worke began)
Shee made to be the mirrour of a man,
That when ſhe meant to forme ſome matchleſſe lim,
Still for a patterne, tooke ſome part of him,
And iealous of her cunning, brake the mould,
In his proportion done the beſt ſhe could.
Oh let that day be guiltie of all ſinne,
That is to come, or heeretofore hath bin,
Wherein great *Norffolkes* forward courſe was ſtaide,
To prooue the treaſons he to *Herford* laide,
When (with ſterne furie) both theſe Dukes enragde,

Their

Their warlike gloues at Couentry engag'd,
When first thou didst repeale thy former grant,
Seal'd to braue *Mowbray*, as thy Combatant,
From his vnnumbred howres let time deuide it,
Lest in his minutes he should hap to hide it;
Yet on his brow continually to beare it,
That when it comes, all other daies may feare it,
And all ill-boding Planets by consent,
That day may hold their dreadfull parlement,
Be it in heauens decrees enroled thus,
Blacke, dismall, fatall, inauspitious:
Prowd *Herford* then, in height of all his pride,
Vnder great *Mowbraies* valiant hand had dide;
Nor should not thus from banishment retire,
The fatall brand to set our Troy on fire.
O why did *Charles* relieue his needy state?
A vagabond and straggling runnagate;
And in this Court, with grace did entertaine
This vagrant exile, this abiected *Caine*,
Who with a thousand mothers curses went,
Mark'd with the brand of ten yeeres banishment.
When thou to Ireland took'st thy last farewell,
Millions of knees vpon the pauements fell,
And euery where th'applauding ecchoes ring,
The ioyfull showts that did salute a King;
Thy parting hence, what pompe did not adorne?
At thy returne, who laugh'd thee not to scorne?
Who to my Lord a looke vouchsafde to lend,
Then all too few on *Herford* to attend.
Princes (like sunnes) be euermore in sight,
All see the clowdes betwixt them and their light;

Yet they which lighten all downe from the skies,
See not the clowdes offending others eyes,
And deeme their noone-tide is desir'd of all,
When all expect cleere changes by their fall.
What colour seemes to shadow *Herfords* claime,
When law and right his fathers hopes doth maime?
Affirm'd by church-men (which should beare no hate)
That *Iohn* of *Gaunt* was illegitimate;
Whom his reputed mothers tongue did spot,
By a base Flemish Boore to be begot,
Whom *Edwards* Eglets mortally did shun,
Daring with them to gaze against the Sun.
Where lawfull right and conquest doth allow,
A triple crowne on *Richards* princely brow,
Three kingly Lions beares his bloody field,
No bastards marke doth blot his conquering shield,
Neuer durst he attempt our hapless shore,
Nor set his foote on fatall Rauenspore;
Nor durst his slugging Hulkes approch the strand,
Nor stoope a top as signall to the land,
Had not the *Percyes* promisde aide to bring,
Against their oath vnto their lawfull King,
Against their faith vnto our crownes true heire,
Their valiant kinsman, *Edmond Mortimer*;
When *I* to England came, a world of eyes
Like starres attended on my faire arise,
At my decline, like angry Planets frowne,
And all are set before my going downe;
The smooth-fac'd ayre did on my comming smile,
But with rough stormes are driuen to exile;
But *Bullingbrooke* deuisde we thus should part,

Fearing

Fearing two sorrowes should possesse one heart;
To make affliction stronger, doth denie,
That one poore comfort left our miserie,
He had before diuorc'd thy crowne and thee,
Which might suffice, and not to widdow mee,
But that to proue the vtmost of his hate,
To make our fall the greater by our state.
Oh would *Aumerle* had suncke when he betraid
The complot, which that holy Abbot laid.
When he infring'd the oth which he first tooke,
For thy reuenge on periurde *Bullingbrooke*.
And beene the ransome of our friends deere blood
Vntimely lost, and for the earth too good;
And we vntimely mourne our hard estate,
They gone too soone, and we remaine too late.
And though with teares *I* from my Lord depart,
This curse on *Herford* fall, to ease my heart:
If the fowle breach of a chaste nuptiall bed,
May bring a curse, my curse light on his head;
If murthers guilt with blood may deepely staine,
Greene, *Scroope*, and *Bushie*, die his fault in graine;
If periury may heauens pure gates debar,
Damn'd be the oth he made at Dancasters;
If the deposing of a lawfull King,
The curse condemne him, if no other thing;
If these disioynde, for vengeance cannot call,
Let them vnited strongly curse him all.
And for the *Percyes*, heauen may heare my prayre,
That *Bullingbrooke* now placde in *Richards* chaire;
Such cause of woe vnto their wiues may be,
As those rebellious Lords haue beene to me.

And that prowd Dame, which now controlleth all,
And in her pompe triumpheth in my fall,
For her great Lord may water her ſad eyne,
With as ſalt teares as *I* haue done for mine,
And mourne for *Henry Hotſpur*, her deere ſonne,
As *I* for my ſweete *Mortimer* haue done;
And as *I* am, ſo ſuccourleſſe be ſent,
Laſtly, to taſte perpetuall baniſhment.
Then looſe thy care, where firſt thy crowne was loſt,
Sell it ſo deerely, for it deerely coſt;
And ſith they did of libertie depriue thee,
Burying thy hope, let not thy care out-liue thee.
But hard (God knowes) with ſorrow doth it goe,
When woe becomes a comforter to woe;
Yet much me thinkes of comfort *I* could ſay,
If from my hart pale feare were rid away:
Something there is which tells me ſtill of woe,
But what it is, that heauen aboue doth know;
Griefe to it ſelfe, moſt dreadfull doth appeare,
And neuer yet was ſorrow voide of feare;
But yet in death, doth ſorrow hope the beſt,
And with this farewell wiſh thee happy reſt.

Notes of the Chronicle Hiſtorie.

If fatall Pomfret hath in former time,

POmfret Caſtle, euer a fatall place to the Princes of England, and moſt ominous to the blood of *Plantaginet.*

Oh how euen yet I hate theſe wretched eyes,
And in my glaſſe, &c.

When

When *Bullingbrooke* returned to London from the West, bringing *Richard* a prisoner with him, the Queene, who little knew of her husbands hard successe, staid to behold his comming in, little thinking to haue seene her husband thus ledde in triumph by his foe, and now seeming to hate her eyes, that so much had graced her mortall enemie.

Wherein great Norfolks *forward course was staid.*

She remembreth the meeting of two Dukes of Herford and Norfolke at Couentry, vrging the iustnesse of *Mowbrayes* quarrell against the Duke of Herford, and the faithfull assurance of his victorie.

O why did Charles *relieue his needie state?*
A vagabond, &c.

Charles the French King her father, receiued the Duke of Herford in his Court, and releeued him in Fraunce, being so neerely alied, as Cosin german to king *Richard* his sonne in Law, which he did simply, little thinking that hee should after returne into England, and dispossesse King *Richard* of the Crowne.

When thou to Ireland took'st thy last farewell.

King *Richard* made a voyage with his Armie into Ireland, against *Onell* and *Mackemur*, which rebelled, at what time *Henry* entred here at home, and robd him of all kingly dignitie.

Affirmde by Church-men (which should beare no hate)
That Iohn *of* Gaunt *was illegitimate.*

William Wickham, in the great quarrell betwixt *Iohn* of *Gaunt* and the Clergy, of meere spight and malice (as it should seeme) reported, that the Queene confessed to him on her deathbed, being then her Confessor, that *Iohn* of *Gaunt*, was the son of a Flemming, and that shee was brought to bed of a woman childe at Gaunt, which was smothered in the cradle by mischance, & that she obtained this childe of a poore woman, making the king beleeue it was her owne, greatly fearing his displeasure. *Fox ex Chron. Alban.*

No bastards marke doth blot our conquering shield.

Shewing the true and indubitate birth of *Richard*, his right vnto the Crowne of England, as carrying the Armes without blot or difference.

Against their faith vnto the Crownes true heire,

Their

Their noble kinsman, &c.

Edmund Mortimer, Earle of March, sonne of Earle *Roger Mortimer*, which was sonne to Lady *Phillip*, daughter to *Lionell* Duke of Clarence, the third sonne to King *Edward* the third, which *Edmund* (King *Richard* going into Ireland) was proclaimed heire apparant to the Crowne, whose Aunt called *Ellinor*, this Lord *Piercie* had married.

O would Aumerle *had suncke when he betrayd*
The complot which that holy Abbot layd.

The Abbot of Westminster had plotted the death of King *Henry*, to haue beene done at a Tilt at Oxford: of which confederacie there was *Iohn Holland*, Duke of Exceter, *Thomas Holland*, Duke of Surrey, the Duke of Aumerle, *Mountacute*, Earle of Salisbury, *Spenser*, Earle of Gloster, the Bishop of Carlile, Sir *Thomas Blunt*, these all had bound themselues one to another by Indenture to performe it, but were all betrayd by the Duke of Aumerle.

Scroope, Greene, and *Bushie*, die his fault in graine,

Henry going towards the Castle of Flint, where King *Richard* was, caused *Scroope, Greene*, and *Bushie*, to be executed at Bristow, as vile persons, which had seduced this King to this lasciuious and wicked life.

Damn'd be the oth he made at Doncaster.

After *Henries* exile, at his returne into England, he tooke his oth at Doncaster vpon the Sacrament, not to claime the crowne or Kingdome of England, but onely the Dukedome of Lancaster, his owne proper right, and the right of his wife.

And mourne for Henry Hotspur, *her deere sonne,*
As I for my, &c.

This was the braue couragious *Henry Hotspur*, that obtained so many victories against the Scots, which after falling out right with the curse of Queene *Isabell*, was slaine by *Henry*, at the battaile at Shrewsbury.

Richard

Richard the ſecond to Queene *Iſabell.*

WHat may my Queeene, but hope for frō that hand,
Vnfit to write; vnskilfull to cōmand?
A Kingdomes greatneſſe, hardly can he ſway,
That wholeſome counſaile neuer did obay;
Ill this rude hand did guide a Scepter then,
Worſe now (I feare me) gouerneth a pen;
How ſhall I call my ſelfe, or by what name,
To make thee know from whence theſe letters came?
Not from thy husband, for my hatefull life
Hath made thee widdow, being yet a wife;
Nor from a King, that title I haue loſt,
Now of that name prowd *Bullingbroke* may boaſt:
What I haue beene, doth but this comfort bring,
That no woe is, to ſay, *I was a King.*
This lawleſſe life, which firſt procurde my hate,
This tongue, which then denounc'd my regall ſtate,
This abiect minde, that did conſent vnto it,
This hand, that was the inſtrument to doe it;
All theſe be witneſſe, that I doe denie
All paſſed hopes, all former ſoueraigntie.
Didſt thou for my ſake leaue thy fathers Court,
Thy famous Country and thy virgine port;
And vndertook'ſt to trauaile dangerous waies,
Driuen by aukward windes and boiſt'rous ſeas?

And

And left's great *Burbon* for thy loue to mee,
Who ſu'd in marriage to be linck'd to thee,
Offring for dower the Countries neighbouring nie.
Of fruitfull Almaine, and rich Burgundie:
Didſt thou all this, that England ſhould receiue thee,
To miſerable baniſhment to leaue thee?
And in my downefall, and my fortunes wracke,
Forſaken thus, to France to ſend thee backe.
When quiet ſleepe (the heauie hearts reliefe)
Hath reſted ſorrow, ſomwhat leſned griefe,
My paſſed greatnes vnto minde I call,
And thinke this while *I* dreamed of my fall:
With this conceit my ſorrowes *I* beguile,
That my faire Queene is but with-drawne a while,
And my attendants in ſome chamber by,
As in the height of my proſperitie.
Calling alowd, and asking who is there,
The Eccho anſwering, tells me Woe is there;
And when mine armes would gladly thee enfold,
I clip the pillow, and the place is cold,
Which when my waking eyes preciſely view,
Tis a true token, that it is too true.
As many minutes as in the howres there be,
So many howres each minute ſeemes to me,
Each howre a day, morne, noone-tide, and a ſet,
Each day a yeare, with miſeries complet.
A winter, ſpring-time, ſummer and a fall,
All ſeaſons varying, but vnſeaſoned all:
In endeleſſe woe my thrid of life thus weares,
By minutes, howres, daies, months & lingring yeares,
They praiſe the ſummer, that enioy the South,

Pomfret

Pomfret is cloſed in the Norths cold mouth:
There pleaſant ſummer dwelleth all the yeere,
Froſt-ſtarued-winter dooth inhabite heere;
A place wherein diſpaire may fitly dwell,
Sorrow beſt ſuting with a cloudy Cell:
When *Herford* had his iudgement of exile,
Saw I the peoples murmuring the while;
Th'vncertaine Commons toucht with inward care,
As though his ſorrowes mutually they bare:
Fond women, and ſcarſe ſpeaking children mourne,
Bewaile his parting, wiſhing his returne,
Then being forcde t'abridge his baniſht yeeres,
When they bedewd his footſteps with their teares:
Yet by example could not learne to know
To what his greatnes by this loue might grow,
Whilſt Henry boaſts of our atchiuements done,
Bearing the trophies our great fathers wonne;
And all the ſtorie of our famous warre
Now grace the Annales of great Lancaſter.
Seauen goodly ſiens in their ſpring did flouriſh,
Which one ſelfe root brought forth, one ſtock did no-
Edward the top-branch of that golden tree, (tiſh:
Nature in him her vtmoſt power did ſee,
Who from the bud ſtill bloſſomed ſo faire,
As all might iudge whar fruite it meant to beare:
But I his graft of enuy weede ore-growne,
And from the kind, as refuſe forth am throwne,
From our braue Grandſire, both in one degree,
Yet after *Edward*, *Iohn* the yongſt of three.
Might Princely *Wales* beget an impe ſo baſe,
(That to *Gaunts* iſſue ſhould giue ſoueraigne place)

That

That leading Kings from France returned home,
As thoſe great *Cæſars* brought their ſpoiles to Rome,
Whoſe name obtained by his fatall hand,
Was euer fearefull to that conquered land;
His fame increaſing, purchaſde in thoſe warres,
Can ſcarcely now be bounded with the ſtarres,
With him is valour quite to heauen fled,
(Or elſe in me is it extinguiſhed,)
Who for his vertue and his conqueſts ſake
Poſteritie a demy god ſhall make,
And iudge this vile abiect ſpirit of mine
Could not proceede from temper ſo diuine.
What earthly humor, or what vulgar eie
Can looke ſo lowe as on our miſery?
When *Bullingbrooke* is mounted to our throne,
And makes that his, which we but calld our owne:
Into our counſells he himſelfe intrudes,
And who but *Henry* with the multitudes?
His power diſgrades, his dreadfull frowne diſgraceth,
He throwes them downe, whome our aduauncement (placeth:
As my diſable, and vnworthy hand,
Neuer had power belonging to command.
He treades our ſacred tables in the duſt,
And proues our acts of Parlament vniuſt;
As though he hated that it ſhould be ſaide,
That ſuch a law by *Richard* once was made,
Whilſt I depreſt before his greatnes, lie
Vnder the weight of hate and infamie.
My backe a footſtoole *Butlingbrooke* to raiſe,
My looſenes mockt, and hatefull by his praiſe:
Out-liu'd mine honour, buried my eſtate,

And

And nothing left me but the peoples hate.
(Sweet Queene) ile take all counsell thou canst giue,
So that thou bidst me neither hope nor liue;
Succour that comes, when ill hath done his worst,
But sharpens griefe, to make vs more accurst.
Comfort is now vnpleasing to mine eare,
Past cure, past care, my Bed become my Beere.
Since now misfortune humbleth vs so long,
Till heauen be growne vnmindfull of our wrong,
Yet they forbid my wrongs shall euer die,
But still remembred to posterities;
And let the crowne be fatall that he weares,
And euer wet with woefull mothers teares.
Thy curse on *Percie* angry heauens preuent,
Who haue not one curse left, on him vnspent,
To scourge the world, now borrowing of my store,
As rich of woe, as I a King am poore.
Then cease (deere Queene) my sorrowes to bewaile,
My wounds too great for pittie now to heale,
Age stealeth on, whilst thou complainest thus,
My griefes be mortall and infectious;
Yet better fortunes thy faire youth may trie,
That follow thee, which still from me doth flie.

Notes of the Chronicle Historie.

Thi- tongue which first denounc'd my regall state.

Richard the second, at the resignation of the crowne to the duke of Herford, in the Tower of London, deliuering the same with his owne hand, there confessed his disabilitie to gouerne, vtterly denouncing all kingly authoritie.

And

And left'st great Burbon *for thy love to me.*

Before the Princesse *Isabell* was maried to the king, *Lewes* duke of Burbon sued to have had her in marriage, which was thought he had obtained, if this motion had not fallen out in the meane time; This Duke of Burbon sued againe to have received her at her comming into France, after the imprisonment of king *Richard* but King *Charles* her Father then crost him as before, and gave her to *Charles* sonne to the Duke of Orleans.

When Herford *had his judgement of exile.*

When the combate should have beene at Couentrie, betwixt *Henrie* Duke of Herford, and *Thomas* Duke of Norfolke; where *Herford*, was adiudged to banishment for ten yeares, the commons exceedingly lamented, so greatly was he ever favored of the people.

Then being forc'd t'abridge his banisht yeeres.

When the Duke came to take his leave of the King; beeing then at Eltham, the King to please the Commons, rather then for any love he bare to *Herford*, repleaded foure yeares of his banishment.

Whitest Henry *boasts of our atchieuements done,*

Henry the eldest Sonne to *Iohn* Duke of Lancaster, at the first Earle of Darby, then created Duke of Herford, after the death of the Duke *Iohn* his father, was Duke of Lancaster and Hereford, Earle of Darby, Leicester, and Lincolne; and after he had obtained the Crowne, was called by the name of *Bullingbrooke*, which is a towne in Lincolneshire, as vsually all the Kings of England bare the name of the places where they were borne.

Seauen goodly syens in their spring did flourish.

Edward the third had seuen sonnes, *Edward* Prince of Wales, after called *the blacke Prince*, *William* of Hatfield the second, *Lionell* Duke of Clarence the third, *Iohn* of Gaunt Duke of Lancaster the fourth, *Edmund* of Langley Duke of York the fifth, *Thomas* of Woodstocke Duke of Gloster the sixth, *William* of Winsore the seuenth.

Edward *the top-branch of that golden tree.*

Truly boasting himselfe to be the eldest Sonne of *Edward* the blacke Prince.

Yet after Edward, Iohn *the yongst of three.*

As disabling *Henry Bullingbrooke*, being but the son of the fourth brother: *William* and *Lionell* being both before *Iohn* of *Gaunt*.

That leading Kings from France, returned home,

Edward the blacke Prince, taking *Iohn* king of France prisoner, at the battel of Poicters, brought him into England, where at the Sauoy he died.

Whose name atchieued by his fatall hand,

Called the Blacke Prince, not so much of his complexion, as of the famous battell he fought, as is shewed before: in the glosse vpon the Epistle of *Edward* to the Countesse of Salisbury.

And proues our Actes of Parlement vniust.

In the next parlement, after *Richards* resignation of the crown, *Henry* caused to be annihilated all the lawes made in the Parliament, called the wicked Parliament, held in the twenty yeere of king *Richards* raigne.

Finis.

To ſir Iohn Swinerton Knight, *and one of the Aldermen of* the Citie of London.

* * *

VOrthy Sir, ſo much miſtruſt I my owne abilitie, to doe the leaſt right to your vertues, that I could gladly wiſh any thing that is truely mine, were woorthy to beare your name, ſo much (reuerend Sir) I eſteeme you, and ſo ample intereſt haue you in my loue; To ſome honourable friends haue I dedicated theſe Poemes (with whom I ranke you: may I eſcape preſumption) Like not this Britaine the worſe, though after ſome former Impreſſions he be laſtly to you conſecrated; in this like an honeſt man that would part-like approoue his owne woorth, before he would preſume his friends patronage, with whom you ſhall euer commaund my ſeruice, and haue my beſt wiſhes.

That loue you truely,

Mich: Drayton.

Queene Katharine to Owen *Tudor.*

The Argument.

After the death of that victorious Henry the fift, Queene Katharine, the Dowager of England and France, daughter to Charles the French King, holding her estate with Henry her sonne, (then the sixt of that name) falleth in loue with Owen Tuder a Welchman, a braue and gallant Gentleman of the Wardrobe to the yong King her son; yet greatly fearing if her loue shoulde be discouered, the Nobilitie woulde crosse her purposed marriage; or fearing, that if her faire and princely promises should not assure his good successe, this high and great attempt, might (perhappes) daunt the forwardnesse of his modest and shamefast youth; wherefore to breake the ice to her intent, she writeth vnto him this Epistle following.

IVdge not a Princesse worth impeacht hereby,
That loue thus triumphs ouer maiestie;
Nor thinke lesse vertue in this royall hand,
Which now intreates that wonted to command,
For in this sort, though humbly now it wooe,
The day hath beene, thou wouldst haue kneeld vnto.
Nor thinke that this submission of my state,
Proceedes from frailtie, (rather iudge it fate.)
Alcides ne're more fit for warres sterne shocke,
Then when for loue sate spinning at the rocke,
Neuer lesse cloudes did *Phœbus* glory dim,
Then in a downes shape when he couered him;

copy 1

Ioues great commaund was neuer more obeyd,
Than when a Satyres anticke parts he playd.
He was thy king that ſued for loue to mee,
Shee is thy Queene that ſues for loue to thee.
When *Henry* was, whats *Tuders* now, was his;
Whilſt yet thou arte, whats *Henries*, *Tuders* is;
My loue to *Owen*, him my *Henry* giueth,
My loue to *Henry*, in my *Owen* liueth;
Henry woode me whilſt warres did yet increaſe,
I wooe my *Tuder*, in ſweet calmes of peace,
To force affection he did conqueſt proue,
I fight with gentle arguments of loue.
Incampt at *Melans*, in warres hote alarmes,
Firſt ſaw I *Henry* clad in princely armes.
At pleaſant *Windſore* firſt theſe eies of mine,
My *Tuder* iudgde for wit and ſhape diuine.
Henry abroade, with puiſſance and with force,
Tuder at home, with courtſhip and diſcourſe,
He then, thou now, I hardly can iudge whether
Did like me beſt, *Plantaginet* or *Tether*.
A march, a meaſure, battell or a daunce,
A courtly rapier, or a conquering launce.
His princely bed hath ſtrengthned my renowne,
And on my temples ſet a double crowne;
Which glorious wreathe, (as *Henries* lawfull heire)
Henry the ſixt vpon his brow doth beare.
At *Troy* in *Champaine* he did firſt enioy
My Brydall rites, to *England* brought from *Troy*,
In *England* now that honour thou ſhalt haue,
Which once in *Champaine* famous *Henry* gaue.
I ſeeke not wealth, three kingdomes in my power,

If

If these suffice not, where shall be my dower?
Sad discontent may euer follow her,
Which doth base pelfe before true loue prefer;
If titles still could our affections tie,
What is so great but Maiestie might buy?
As I seeke thee, so Kings do me desire,
To what they would, thou easily mai'st aspire.
That sacred fire, once warmde my heart before,
The fuell fit, the flame is now the more,
And meanes to quench it, I in vaine do proue,
We may hide treasure, but not hide our loue;
And since it is thy fortune (thus) to gaine it,
It were too late, nor will I now restraine it.
Nor these great titles vainely will I bring,
Wife, daughter, mother, sister to a King,
Of grandsire, father, husband, sonne and brother,
More thou alone to me, then all the other,
Nor feare my *Tudor*, that this loue of mine, (line,
Should wrong the Gaunt-borne great Lancastrian
Nor stir the English blood, the Sunne and Moone,
T'repine at Loraine, Burbon, Alanson;
Nor do I thinke there is such different ods,
They should alone be numbred with the Gods.
Of *Cadmus* earthly issue reckoning vs.
And they from *Ione*, *Mars*, *Neptune*, *Eolus*,
Of great *Latonds* of-spring onely they,
And we the brats of wofull *Niobe*,
Our famous grandsires (as their owne) bestride,
That horse of fame, that God-begotten steede,
Whose bounding hoofe plow'd that Boetian spring,
Where those sweete maides of memory do sing,

Not onely *Henries* Queene, but boast as well,
To be the childe of *Charles* and *Isabell.*
Nor do I know from whence their grief should grow,
They by this match should be disparag'd so;
When *Iohn* and *Longshankes* issue both affied,
And to the Kings of Wales in wedlocke tied,
Shewing the greatnesse of your blood thereby,
Your race, and royall consanguinity.
And Wales as well as haughty England boasts,
Of Camilot, and all her Penticosts;
A nephewes roome in great *Pendragons* race,
At *Arthurs* Table held a princely place,
If by the often conquest of your land,
They boast the spoiles of their victorious hand,
If these our antient Chronicles be true,
They altogether are not free from you.
When bloodie *Rufus* sought your vtter sacke,
Twice entring Wales, yet twice was beaten backe,
When famous Cambria wash'd her in the flood,
Made by th'effusion of the English blood,
And oft returnde with glorious victory,
From *Worster, Herford, Chester, Shrowesbury,*
Whose power in every conquest so preuailes,
As once expulsde the English out of Wales.
Although my beautie made my Countries peace,
And at my Bridall former broyles did cease;
Yet more then power, had not his person beene,
I had not come to England as a Queene.
Nor tooke I *Henry* to supply my want,
Because in France, that time my choice was scant;
When he had robde all Christendome of men,

And Englands flower remainde amongst vs then;
Gloster, whose counsells (*Nestor*-like) assist,
Couragious *Bedford*, that great martiallist,
Clarence, for vertue honoured of his foes,
And *Yorke*, whose fame yet daily greater growes,
Warwicke, the pride of *Neuels* haughty race,
Great *Salebury*, so fearde in euery place.
That valiant *Poole*, whom no atchieuement dares,
And *Vere*, so famous in the Irish warres,
Who though my selfe so great a Prince were borne,
The worst of these my equall neede not scorne:
But *Henries* rare perfections and his parts,
As conquering Kingdomes, so he conquer'd hearts.
As chaste was I to him as Queene might bee,
But freed from him, my chaste loue vow'd to thee;
Beautie doth fetch all fauour from thy face,
All perfect courtship resteth in thy grace,
If thou discourse, thy lips such accents breake,
As loue a spirit forth of thee seem'd to speake.
The Brittish language, which our vowels wants,
And iarres so much vpon harsh consonants,
Comes with such grace from thy mellifluous tongue,
As do the sweete notes of a well set song,
And runnes as smoothly from those lips of thine,
As the pure Tuskan from the Florentine;
Leauing such seasoned sweetenes in the eare,
As the voyce past, yet still the sound is there:
In *Nisus* Tower, as when *Apollo* lay,
And on his golden viall vsde to play,
Where senceless stones were with such musicke
As many yeares they did retaine the sound, (drownd,

Let not the beames that greatnes doth reflect,
Amaze thy hopes with timerous respect;
Assure thee *Tudor*, maiesty can be
As kinde in loue, as can the mean'st degree;
And the embraces of a Queene as true,
As theirs (might iudge them) much aduanc'd by you,
When in our greatnes our affections craue
Those secret ioyes that other women haue:
So *I* (a Queene) be soueraigne in my choice,
Let others fawne vpon the publique voice;
Or what (by this) can euer hap to thee,
Light in respect to be belou'd of mee.
Let peeuish worldlings prate of right and wrong,
Leaue plaints and pleas, to whom they do belong;
Let old men speake of chances and euents,
And Lawyers talke of titles and discents,
Leaue fond reports to such as stories tell,
And couenants to those that buy and sell;
Loue my sweete *Tudor*, that becomes thee best,
And to our good successe referre the rest.

Notes of the Chronicle Historie.

Great Henry *sought to accomplish his desire, Armed, &c.*

H*Enry* the fift, making claime to the Crowne of France, first sought by Armes to subdue the French, and after sought by marriage to confirme what he got by conquest, the heate and furie of which inuasion, is alluded to the fixion of *Semele* in *Ouid*: which by the crafty perswasion of *Iuno*, requested *Iove* to come vnto her, as he was wont to come vnto his wife *Iuno*, who at her request hee yeelding vnto, destroyed her in a tempest.

In-

Incamp'd at Melans in warrs hote alarmes,
First, &c.

Neere vnto Melans, vpon the Riuer of Scyne, was the appoin ted place of parley, betweene the two Kings of England and France, to which place, *Isabell* the Queene of France, and the Duke of Burgoyne, brought the yong Princesse *Katherine*, where King *Henry* first saw her.

And on my temples set a double Crowne.

Henry the fift and Queene *Katherine*, were taken as King and Queene of France, and during the life of *Charles* the French king, *Henry* was called King of England, and heire of France, and after the death of *Henry* the fift, *Henry* the sixt his sonne, then being very yong, was crowned at Paris, as true and lawfull King of England and France.

At Troy in Champaine he did first enioy.

Troy in Champaine, was the place where that victorious king *Henry* the fift married the Princesse *Katherine*, in the presence of the chiefe nobilitie of the Realmes of England and France.

Nor these great titles vainely will I bring,
Wife, daughter, mother, &c.

Few Queenes of England or France, were euer more princely alied then this Queene, as it hath beene noted by Historiographers.

Nor thinke so Tudor *that this loue of mine,*
Should wrong the Gaunt-borne, &c. ----------

Noting the discent of *Henry* her husband, from *Iohn* Duke of Lancaster, the fourth sonne of *Edward* the third, which Duke *Iohn* was sirnamed Gaunt, of the Cittie of Gaunt in Flanders, where he was borne.

Nor stirre the English blood, the Sunne and Moone,
Trepine, &c.

Alluding the greatnes of the English line, to *Phœbus* and *Phœbe*, fained to be the children of *Latona*, whose heauenly kind might scorne to be ioyned with any earthly progenie: yet withall, boasting the blood of France, as not inferior to theirs. And with this allusion followeth on the historie of the strife betwixt *Iuno* and the race of *Cadmus*, whose issue was afflicted by the wrath of heauen. The children of *Niobe* slaine, for which the wofull mother,

ther became a rocke, gushing forth continually a fountaine of teares.

And Iohn *and* Longshanks *issue, both affied,*

Lhewellin or *Leolin ap Iorweth*, married *Ioane*, daughter to king *Iohn*, a most beautifull Lady. Some Authors affirme that she was base borne, *Lhewellin ap Gryffith*, married *Ellenor*, daughter to *Simon Montfort*, Earle of Leicester, and Cosin to *Edward Longshankes*, both which *Lhewellins* were Princes of Wales.

Of Camilot and all her Pentecosts,

A Nephewes roome, &c.

Camilot, the antient Pallace of King *Arthur*, to which place all the Knightes of that famous order yeerely repaired at Penticost, according to the law of the Table, and most of the famous home-borne Knights were of that Country, as to this day is perceiued by their antient monuments.

When bloody Rufus *sought your vtter sacke.*

Noting the ill successe which that *William Rufus* had in two voyages he made into Wales; in which a number of his chiefe Nobilitie were slaine.

And oft returnde with glorious victorie.

Noting the diuers sundry incursions that the Welchmen made into England, in the time of *Rufus*, *Iohn*, *Henry* the second, and *Longshankes*.

Owen Tudor to Queene *Katherine*

WHen first mine eyes beheld your princely (name,
And found from whence this friendly letter
As in excesse of ioy my selfe forgot, (came,
Whether *I* saw it, or *I* saw it not;
My panting heart doth bid mine eyes proceede,

My

My dazeled eye, inuites my tongue to reede;
Mine eye should guide my tongue, amazed mist it,
My lips which now should speak, are dombe, & kist it,
And leaues the paper in my trembling hand,
When all my sences so amazed stand;
Euen as a mother comming to her childe,
Which from her presence hath been long exilde,
With tender armes his gentle necke doth straine,
Now kissing him, now clipping him againe;
And yet excessiue ioy deludes her so,
As still she doubts if this be hers or no:
At length awak'ned from this pleasing dreame,
When passion somwhat leaues to be extreame,
My longing eyes, with their faire obiect meete,
Where euery letter's pleasing, each word sweete.
It was not *Henries* conquests nor his Court,
That had the power to win me by report,
Nor was his dreadfull terror-striking name,
The cause that I from Wales to England came;
For Christian Rhodes, and our religious truth,
To great atchieuements first had wonne my youth;
Before aduenture did my valour proue,
Before I yet knew what it was to loue:
Nor came I hether by some poore euent,
But by th'eternall Destinies consent,
Whose vncompriséd wisedomes did fore-see,
That you in marriage should be linck'd to mee.
By our great *Merlin*, was it not fore-told,
(Amongst his holy prophecies enrold)
When first he did of *Tudors* name diuine,
That Kings and Queenes should follow in our line,

And

And that the Helme, (the *Tudors* antient Creſt)
Should with the golden Flower-delice be dreſt;
And that the Leeke, (our Countries chiefe renowne)
Should grow with Roſes in the Engliſh Crowne:
As *Charles* faire daughter, you the Lilly weare,
As *Henries* Queene the bluſhing Roſe you beare;
By France's conqueſt, and by Englands oth,
You are the true made dowager of both;
Both in your crowne, both in your cheeke together,
Ioyne *Tethers* loue to yours, and yours to *Tether*.
Then make no future doubts, nor feare no hate,
When it ſo long hath beene fore-told by Fate;
And by the all-diſpoſing doome of heauen,
Before our births, vnto one bed were giuen.
No *Pallas* heere, nor *Iuno* is at all,
When *I* to *Venus* giue the golden ball;
Nor when the Græcians wonder *I* enioy,
None in reuenge to kindle fire in Troy.
And haue not ſtrange euents diuinde to vs,
That in our loue we ſhould be proſperous.
When in your preſence *I* was call'd to dance,
In lofty trickes whilſt *I* my ſelfe aduance;
And in my turne, my footing failde by hap;
Was't not my chance to light into your lap?
Who would not iudge it Fortunes greateſt grace,
Sith he muſt fall, to fall in ſuch a place?
His birth from heauen, your *Tudor* not deriues,
Nor ſtands on tip-toes in ſuperlatiues,
Although the enuious Engliſh do deuiſe,
A thouſand jeaſts of our hyperbolies;
Nor do *I* claime that plot by antient deedes,

Where

Where *Phœbus* pastures his firie-breathing steedes;
Nor do I boast my god-made Grandsires scarres,
Nor Giants trophies in the *Titans* warres;
Nor faine my birth (your princely eares to please)
By three nights getting as was *Hercules*,
Nor doe I forge my long descent to runne
From aged *Neptune*, or the glorious Sunne,
And yet in *Wales* with them most famous be,
Our learned *Bards* doe sing my pedigree,
And boast my birth from great *Cadwallader*,
From old *Cair-sepron*, in mount *Palador*,
And from *Eneons* line, the South-wales king
By *Theodor* the *Tuders* name do bring.
My royall mothers princely stocke began,
From her great grandam faire *Gwenellian*;
By true descent from *Leolin* the great,
As well from North-wales as faire *Powslands* seat;
Though for our princely genealogie,
I doe not stand to make apologie;
Yet who with iudgements true vnpartiall eyes,
Shall looke from whence our name at first did rise,
Shall finde that Fortune is to vs in debt;
And why not *Tuder* as *Plantaginet?*
Nor that terme *Croggen*, nicke-name of disgrace,
Vsde as a by-word now in euery place,
Shall blot our blood, or wrong a Welchmans name,
Which was at first begot with Englands shame.
Our valiant swords our right did still maintaine,
Against that cruell, prowde, vsurping *Dane*;
And buckIde in so many dangerous fights,
With *Norwayes*, *Swethens*, and with *Muscouits*,

And

And kept our native language now thus long,
And to this day yet neuer changde our tong,
When they which now our Nation faine would tame,
Subdude, haue lost their country, and their name:
Nor neuer could the *Saxons* swords prouoke
Our Brittaine neckes to beare their seruile yoke,
Where *Cambriaes* pleasant Countries bounded bee,
With swelling *Seuerne*, and the holy *Dee*;
And since great *Brutus* first arriu'd, haue stood,
The onely remnant of the *Trojan* blood.
To euery man is not allotted chaunce,
To boast with *Henry* to haue conque'd Fraunce;
Yet if my fortunes thus may raised be,
This may presage a farther good to me.
And our *S. Dauid*, in the *Brittaines* right,
May ioyne with *George*, the sainted English knight,
And old *Caer-marden*, *Merlins* famous towne,
Not scorn'd by *London*, though of such renowne.
Ah would to God, that houre my hopes attend,
Were with my wish brought to desired end,
Blame me not Madame, though I thus desire,
When eies with enuie doe my hap admire;
Till now your beauty in nights bosome slept,
What eie durst stirre, where awfull *Henry* kept?
Who durst attempt to saile but neere the bay,
Where that all-conquering great *Alcides* lay?
Thy beauty now is set a royall prize,
And Kings repaire to cheapen merchandize.
If thou but walke to take the breathing aire,
Orithia makes me that I *Boreas* feare,
If to the fire *Ione* once in lightning came,

And

And faire *Egina* make me feare the flame.
If in the Sunne, then sad suspition dreames
Phœbus should spread *Leucothoe* in his beames,
If in a fountaine thou doost coole thy blood,
Neptune I feare, which once came in a flood;
If with thy maides, I dread *Apolloes* rape,
Who coosned *Chion* in an old wiues shape;
If thou doost banquet, *Bacchus* makes me dread,
Who in a grape *Erigone* did feede;
And if my selfe the chamber doore should keepe,
Yet feare I *Hermes* comming in a sleepe.
Pardon (sweete Queene) if I offend in this,
In these delayes loue most impatient is;
And youth wants powre his hote splene to suppresse,
When Hope already banquets in excesse.
Though *Henries* fame in me you shall not finde,
Yet that which better shall content your minde;
But onely in the title of a King
Was his aduantage, in no other thing:
If in his loue more pleasure you did take,
Neuer let Queene trust Brittaine for my sake.
Yet iudge me not from modestie exempt,
That I another *Phaetons* charge attempt,
My minde that thus your fauours dare aspire,
Declare a temper of celestiall fire;
If loue a fault, the more is Beauties blame,
When she her selfe is author of the same.
All men to some one qualitie incline,
Onely to loue is naturally mine.
Thou arte by Beauty famous, as by birth;
Ordainde by heauen, to cheere the drowping earth,

Adde

copy 1

Adde faithfull loue vnto your greater state,
And then alike in all things fortunate.
A King might promise more, I not deny,
But yet (by heauen) he lou'd not more than I.
And thus I leaue, till time my faith approue,
I cease to write, but neuer cease to loue.

¶ *Notes of the Chronicle Historie.*

And that the helme, the Tudors *ancient Creſt,*

THe armes of *Tudor* was the helmes of mens heads, whereof he speaketh as a thing prophetically fore-told of *Merlin.*

When in thy preſence I was call'd to daunce.

Owin Tudor, being a courtly and actiue Gentleman, commaunded once to daunce before the Queen, in a turne (not being able to recouer himselfe) fell into her lappe, as shee sate vpon a little stoole, with many of her Ladies about her.

And yet with them in Wales moſt famous be,
Our learned Bards, &c.

This Berdh, as they call it in the Brittish tongue, or as we more properly say Bard, or *Bardus*, be their Poets, which keepe the records of Petigrees and discents, and sing in odes and measures to the Harps, after the old maner of the Lirick Poets.

And boaſt my blood from great Cadwallader.

Cadwallader, the last king of the Britaines, descended of the noble and aneient race of the Troyans, to whom an Angell appeared, commaunding him to goe to Rome to Pope *Sergius*, where he ended his life.

Since faire Caer-Septon in mount Palador.

Caer-Septon, now called Shaftsburie, at whose building it was said an Eagle prophecied (or rather one named *Aquila*) of the fame of that place, and of the recouerie of the Ile of the Brytaines, bringing backe with them the bones of *Cadwallader* from Rome.

And from Eneons *line, the South-wales King,*
From Theodor, *&c.*

This *Eneon* was slaine by the Rebels of Gwentsland, he was a noble and worthie Gentleman, who in his life did many noble acts, and was father to *Theodor*, or *Tudor Maur*, of whom discended the Princes of South-wales.

From her great Grandam faire Guenelliam.

Guenelliam, the daughter of *Rees ap Griffeth, ap Theodor*, Prince of South-wales, maried *Edniuet Vahan* aunceſtor to *Owen Tudor*.

By true deſcent from Liolin *the great,*

This is the *Lewhelin*, called *Liolinus Magnus*, Prince of North-wales.

Nor that word Croggen, *nick-name of diſgrace.*

In the voyage that *Henry* the ſecond made againſt the Welchmen, as his Souldiers paſſed Offas ditch at Croggen Caſtel, they were outerthrowne by the Welchmen: which word *Croggen*, hath ſince beene vſed to the Welchmens diſgrace, which was at firſt begun with their honour.

And old Caer-Merdin, Merlins *famous towne,*

Caer-Merdin, or *Merlins* Towne, ſo called of *Merlius* beeing found there. This was *Ambroſe Merlin*, whoſe prophecies wee haue. There was another of that name, called *Merlin Silueſtris*, borne in Scotland, ſurnamed *Calidonius*, of the Forreſt Calidon where he prophecied.

And kept our native language now thus long.

The Welchmen bee thoſe ancient Britaines, which when the Picts, Danes, and Saxons inuaded heere, were firſt driuen into thoſe parts, where they haue kept their language euer ſince the firſt, without commixtion with any other language.

Finis.

To my worthy and deerly eſteemed friend, Maiſter Iames Huiſh.

SIR your own naturall inclination to vertue, & your loue to the Muſes, aſſure me of your kinde acceptance of my dedication. It is ſeated by cuſtome (from which wee are now bolde to aſſume authoritie) to beare the names of our friends vpon the fronts of our bookes, as Gentlemen vſe to ſet their Armes ouer their gates. Some ſay this vſe began by the Heroes *& braue ſpirits of the old world, which were deſirous to be thought to patronize learning; and men in requitall honour the names of thoſe braue Princes. But I think ſome after, put the names of great men in their bookes, for that men ſhould ſay there was ſome thing good, only becauſe indeed their names ſtood there; But for mine owne part (not to diſſemble) I find no ſuch vertue in any of their great titles to do ſo much for any thing of mine, and ſo let them paſſe. Take knowledge by this, I loue you, and in good faith, worthie of all loue I thinke you, which I pray you may ſupply the place of further complement.*

Yours euer,

M. Drayton.

Elinor Cobham to Duke *Humfrey.*

The Argument.

Elinor Cobham, *daughter to the Lord Cobham of Sterborough, and wife to* Humfrey Plantaginet *duke of Glocester, the sonne of* Henry *the fourth, King of England, surnamed* Bullingbrooke. *This noble Duke for his great wisdome and iustice called the good, was by King* Henry *the fift (brother to this Duke) at his death appointed Protector of the land, during the nonage of* Henry *the sixt; this* Elinor *Duches of Glocester, a prowd and ambicious woman, knowing that if young* Henry *died without issue, the Duke her husband was the neereſt of the blond, conspired with one* Bullingbrooke, *(otherwise called* Onely *a great Magitian)* Hun *a priest, and* Iourdane *witch of Eye, by sorcerie to make away the King, and by coniuration to know who should succeed. Of this being iustly convicted, shee was adiudged to do penance three seuerall times openly in London, and then to perpetuall banishment in the Ile of Man, from whence she writeth this Epistle.*

ME thinks, not knowing who theſe lines ſhould ſend,
Thou ſtraight turn'ſt ouer to the latter end,
Where thou my name no ſooner haſt eſpi'd,
But in diſdaine my letters caſt aſide;
Why if thou wilt, I will my ſelfe denie,
Nay, I'le affirme and ſweare I am not I,

Or if in that thy ſhame thou dooſt perceiue,
Ile leaue that name, that name my ſelfe ſhall leaue,
And yet me thinkes amazd thou ſhouldſt not ſtand,
Nor ſeeme ſo much appauled at my hand,
For my misfortunes haue invrde thine eie
(Long before this) to ſights of miſery;
No, no, reade on tis I, the very ſame,
All thou canſt reade, is but to reade my ſhame.
Be not diſmaide, nor let my name affright,
The worſt it can, is but t'offend thy ſight;
It cannot wound, nor doe thee deadly harme,
It is no dreadfull ſpell, nor magique charme;
If ſhee that ſent it loue duke *Humfrey* ſo,
Is poſſible her name ſhould be his foe?
Yes, I am *Elnor*, I am verie ſhee,
Who brought for dower a virgins bed to thee,
Though enuious *Beuford* ſlaunderd me before,
To be duke *Humfreis* wanton Paramore,
And though indeede *I* can it not denie,
To Magique once *I* did my ſelfe apply,
I wonne thee not, as there be many thinke,
With poiſning Philters, and bewitching drinke,
Nor on thy perſon did *I* euer proue,
Thoſe wicked portions ſo procuring loue,
I cannot boaſt to be rich *Hollands* heire,
Nor of the bloud and greatnes of *Bauire*,
Yet *Elnor* brought no forraine armies in,
To fetch her backe, as did thy *Iaconim*;
Nor clamorous husbands followed me that fled,
Exclayming *Humfrey* to defile his bed,
Nor waſt thou forcde the ſlaunder to ſuppreſſe.

To send me backe as an adultereſſe;
Brabant nor Burgoyne, claimed me by force,
Nor ſu'd to Rome to haſten my deuorce;
Nor Belgias pompe defac'd with Belgias fire,
The iuſt reward of her vniuſt deſire;
Nor *Bedford* ſpouſe, your noble ſiſter *Anne*,
That princely-iſſued great Burgunnian,
Should ſtand with me, to moue a womans ſtrife,
To yeelde the place to the Protectors wife.
If *Cobhams* name my birth can dignifie,
Or Sterborough renowne my familie;
Where's *Greenewich* now, thy *Elnors* Court of late,
Where ſhe with *Humfrey* held a princely ſtate?
That pleaſant Kent, when I abroad ſhould ride,
That to my pleaſure laid forth all her pride;
The Thames by water when I tooke the ayre,
Danc'd with my Barge in lanching from the ſtaire;
The ankoring ſhips that when I paſs'd the road,
Were wont to hang their chequered tops abroad;
How could it be, thoſe that were wont to ſtand,
To ſee my pompe, ſo goddeſſe-like on land,
Should after ſee me mayld vp in a ſheete,
Doe ſhamefull penance three times in the ſtreete?
Rung with a bell, a Taper in my hand,
Bare-foote to trudge before a Beedles wand;
That little babes, not hauing vſe of tongue,
Stood pointing at me as I came along.
Where's *Humfreys* power, where was his great com-
Waſt thou not Lord-protector of the Land? (mand,
Or for thy iuſtice, who can thee deny,
The title of the good Duke *Humfrey*?

Hast thou not at thy life, and in thy looke,
The seale of *Gaunt*, the hand of *Bullingbrooke*?
What blood extract from famous *Edwards* line,
Can boast it selfe to be so pure as thine?
Who else next *Henry* should the Realme prefer,
If it allow of famous *Lancaster*?
But *Rayners* daughter must from France be fet,
And with a vengeance on our throne be set;
Maunes, Maine and Aniou, on that begger cast,
To bring her home to England in such haste,
And what for *Henry* thou hast laboured there,
To ioyne the King with *Armynacks* rich heire,
Must all be dash'd, as no such thing had beene,
Poole needes must haue his darling made a Queene;
How should he with our Princes else be plac'd,
To haue his Earleship with a Dukedome grac'd?
And raise the of-spring of his blood so hie,
As Lords of vs and our posteritie.
O that by sea when he to France was sent,
The ship had suncke wherein the traitor went;
Or that the sands had swallowed her before
She e're set foote vpon the English shore.
But all is well, nay we haue store to giue,
What needs we more, we by her lookes can liue:
All that great *Henry* by his conquests heapt,
And famous *Bedford* to his glory kept,
Be giuen backe to *Rayner* all in post,
And by this meanes, rich Normandy be lost;
Those which haue comen as Mistresses of ours,
Haue into England brought their goodly dowers,
Which to our Coffers yeerely tribute brings,

The

The life of subiects and the strength of Kings;
The meanes whereby faire England euer might
Raise power in France, to backe our antient right;
But she brings ruine heere to make aboad,
And cancells all our lawfull claime abroad,
And she must recapitulate my shame,
And giue a thousand by-words to my name,
And call me Beldam, Gib, Witch, Night-mare, Trot,
With all despight that may a woman spot:
O that I were a witch but for her sake!
Ifaith her Queeneship little rest should take;
I would scratch that face that may not feele the ayre,
And knit whole ropes of witch-knots in her haire,
O *I* would hag her nightly in her bed,
And on her breast sit like a lumpe of lead,
And like a Fayrie, pinch that dainty skin,
Her wanton blood is now so cockered in,
Or take me some such knowne familiar shape,
As she my vengeance neuer should escape;
Were I a garment, none should neede the more
To sprinckle me with *Nessus* poisned gore,
It were enough if she once put me on,
To teare both flesh and sinewes from the bone;
Were I a flower that might her smell delight,
Though I were not the poisning Aconite,
I would send such a fume into her brow,
Should make her mad, as mad as I am now.
They say, the *Druides* once liu'd in this Ile,
This fatall *Mam*, the place of my exile, (wroght,
Whose powerfull charmes, such dreadfull wonders
Which in the gotish Island tongue were taught;

copy 1

O that their ſpels to me they had reſignde,
Wherewith they raiſde and calmde both ſea & winde,
And made the Moone pawſe in her paled ſpheare,
Whilſt her grim Dragons drew them throgh the aire,
Their helliſh power to kill the Plow-mans feede,
Or to fore-ſpeake the flockes as they did feede,
To nurſe a damned ſpirit with humaine blood,
To carry them through earth, ayre, fire and flood;
Had *I* this skill that time hath almoſt loſt,
How like a Goblin *I* would haunt her ghoſt,
O pardon, pardon my miſ-gouernde tongue,
A womans ſtrength cannot endure my wrong.
Did not the heauens her comming in withſtand,
As though affrighted when ſhe came to land?
The earth did quake, her comming to abide,
The goodly Thames did twice keepe backe her tide;
Pauls ſhooke with tempeſts, and that mounting ſpire,
With lightning ſent from heauen was ſet on fire;
Our ſtately buildings to the ground were blowne,
Her pride by theſe prodigious ſignes were ſhowne;
More fearefull viſions on the Engliſh earth,
Than euer were at any dearth or birth.
Ah *Humfrey*, *Humfrey*, if *I* ſhould not ſpeake,
My breaſt would ſplit, my very heart would breake.
I that was wont ſo many to command,
Worſe now then with a clapdiſh in my hand;
A ſimple mantle couering me withall,
A very leaper of Cares hoſpitall,
That from my ſtate a preſence held in awe,
Glad heere to kennell in a pad of ſtraw;
And like an Owle by night to goe abroad,

Rooſted

Roosted all day within an Iuy tod,
Among the sea-cliffes, in the dampy caues,
In charnall houses, or among the graues;
Saw'st thou those eies, in whose sweet cheereful looke,
Duke *Humfrey* once such ioy and pleasure tooke;
Sorrow hath so dispoyl'd me of all grace,
Thou couldst not say, this was my *Elnors* face;
Like a fowle Gorgon, whose disheuel'd haire,
With euery blast flies glaring in the ayre;
Some standing vp like hornes vpon my head,
Euen like those women that in Coos are bred:
My lanke breasts hang like bladders left vnblowne,
My skin with lothsome launduze ouer-growne;
So pinde away, that if thou long'st to see
Ruines true picture, onely looke on mee;
Sometime in thinking of what I haue had,
Euen in a suddaine extasie am mad;
Then like a Bedlam, forth thy *Elnor* runnes,
Like one of *Bacchus* raging franticke Nunnes,
Or like a Tartar, when in strange disguise,
Preparde vnto a dismall sacrifice.
That Prelate *Beuford*, a fowle ill befall him,
Prelate said I? nay diuell I should call him,
Ah God forgiue me, if I thinke amisse,
His very name me thinks my poison is;
Ah that vile Iudas, our professed foe,
My curse pursue him where so e're he goe;
That to my iudgement when *I* did appeare,
Laid to my charge those things which neuer were.
I should pertake with *Bullingbrookes* intents,
The hallowing of his magique instruments;

That

That I procured *Southwell* to assist,
Which was by order consecrate a Priest,
That it was I should couer all they did,
That but for him, had to this day beene hid.
Ah that vile bastard, that himselfe dare vaunt
To be the sonne of thy braue grandsire *Gaunt*,
Whom he but fatherd of meere charity,
To rid his mother of that infamy,
Who if report of Elder times be true,
Vnto this day his father neuer knew.
He that by murthers blacke and odious crime,
To *Henries* throne attempted once to clime;
Hauing procurde by hope of golden gaine,
A fatall hand his soueraigne to haue slaine;
Who to his Chamber closely he conuaide,
And for that purpose fitly there had laide,
Vpon whose sword that famous Prince had died,
If by a dogge he had not beene discried.
But now the Queene, her Minion *Poole* and he,
As it please them, so now must all things be;
England's no place for any one beside,
All is too little to maintaine their pride:
What of a King hath *Henry* but the name,
And now scarce that, so publike his defame?
And *I* pray God *I* do not liue the day,
To see thy ruine, and thy Realmes decay;
And yet as sure as *Humfrey* seemes to stand,
He be preseru'd from that vile traytors hand;
From *Glosters* seate, *I* would thou wert estrang'd,
Or would to God that Dukedomes name were (chang'd;
For it portends no goodnes vnto vs,

Ah

Ah *Humfrey*, *Humfrey*, it is ominous,
Yet rather then thy hap so hard should be,
I would thou wert heere banished with me:
Humfrey adue, farewell true noble Lord,
My wish is all thy *Elnor* can afford.

Notes of the Chronicle Historie.

I sought that dreadfull Sorceresse of Eye.

Elinor Cobham was accused by some that sought to withstand, and misliked her marriage with Duke *Humfrey*, that she practised to giue him Philters, and such poisoning potions, to make him loue her, as she was slandered by Cardinall *Beuford*, to haue liued as the Dukes Lemman, against the which Cardinall she exclaimeth in this Epistle in the verse before.

Though enuious Beuford *slandered me before.*

Noting the extreame hate he euer bore her.

Nor Elnor *brought thee forraine Armies in,*
To fetch her backe as did thy Iacomin.

This was the chiefe and onely thing that euer tutched the reputation of this good Duke, that dotingly he married *Iacomin*, or as some call her *Iaquet*, daughter and heire to *William Bauier*, Duke of Holland, married before, and lawfull wife to *Iohn* Duke of Brabant, then liuing; which after as it is shewed in this verse following.

Brabant nor Burgoyne claimed me by force,
Nor su'd to Rome to hasten my deuorce.

Caused great warres, by reason that the Duke of Burgoyne tooke part with Brabant, against the Duke of Gloceſter; which being arbitrated by the Pope, the Lady was adiudged to be deliuered backe to her former husband.

Nor Bedfords *spouse, your noble sister* Anne,
That Princely issued braue Burgonian.

Iohn Duke of Bedfort, that scourge of France, and the glory of the

the Englishmen, married *Anne*, sister to the Duke of Burgundie, a vertuous and beautifull Lady; by which marriage, as also by his victories attained in France, he brought great strength to the English Nation.

Where's Greenewich now, thy Elnors *Court of late?*

That faire and goodly pallace of Greenewich, was first builded by that famous Duke, whose rich and pleasant situation might remaine an assured monument of his wisedome, if there were no other memory of the same.

They say the Druides once lived in this Ile.

It would seeme that there were two Ilands, both of them called *Mona*, though now distinguished the one by the name of Man, the other by the name of Anglesey, both which were full of many infernall ceremonies, as may appeare by *Agricolaes* voyage, made into the hithermost Man, described by his sonne in law *Cornelius Tacitus*. And as superstition, the daughter of barbarisme and ignorance; so amongst those Northerly nations, like as in America, Magicke was most esteemed. *Druidæ* were the publicke ministers of their religion, as throghly taught in all rites thereof; their doctrine concerned the immortalitie of the soule, the contempt of death, and all other points which may conduce to resolution, fortitude, and magnanimitie: their aboad was in groues and woods, whereupon they haue their name; their power extended it selfe to maister the soules of men deceased, and to conferre with ghosts and other spirits, about the successe of things. *Plutarch*, in his profound and learned discourse of the defect of Oracles, reporteth that the outmost Brittish Iles, were the prison of I wot not what Demi-gods; but it shall not neede to speake any farther of the *Druedæ*, then that which *Lucan* doth.

Et vos barbaricos ritus, moremq; sinistrum,
Sacrorum, Druidæ positis repetistis ab armis.

Did not the heauens her comming in withstand?

Noting the prodigious and fearefull signes that were seene in England, a little before her comming in: which *Elinor* expresseth in this Epistle, as fore-shewing the dangers which should ensue vpon this vnlucky marriage.

The

The hallowing of the magique inſtruments.

The inſtruments which *Bullenbrooke* vſed in his coniurations, according to the diuelliſh ceremonies and cuſtomes of theſe vnlawfull Artes, were dedicated at a Maſſe in the Lodge in *Harnſey* Parke, by *Southwell*, Prieſt of *Weſtminſter*.

Hauing procurde by hopes of golden gaine,

This was one of the Articles that Duke *Humfrey* vrgde againſt the Cardinall *Beuford*, that conſpired the death of *Henry* the fift, by conuaying a villaine into his chamber, which in the night ſhould haue murthered him: but what ground of trueth hee had for the ſame, I leaue to diſpute.

¶ Duke Humfrey to Elinor *Cobham*

ME thinks thou ſhuldſt not doubt I could forget
Her whom ſo many do remember yet;
No, no, our ioyes away like ſhadowes ſlide,
But ſorrowes firme, in memory abide;
Nay I durſt anſwere, thou dooſt nothing leſſe,
But moou'd with paſſion, vrgde by thy diſtreſſe;
No *Elnor* no, thy woes, thy griefe, thy wrong,
Haue in my breaſt beene reſident too long;
Oh when report in euery place had ſpred,
My *Elnor* was to ſanctuarie fled,
With curſed *Onley*, and the witch of Eye,
As guiltie of their vile conſpiracie;
The dreadfull ſpirits when they did inuocate,

For

For the succession, and the realmes estate;
When *Henries* Image they in waxe had wrought,
By which he should vnto his death be brought;
That as his picture did consume away,
His person so by sicknes should decay;
Griefe that before could ne're my thoughts controule,
That instant tooke possession of my soule.
Ah would to God I could forget thine ill,
As for mine owne, let that instruct me still;
But that before hath taken too sure hold,
Forget it said I; would to God I could.
Of any woe, if thou hast but one part,
I haue the whole remaining in my hart;
I haue no neede of others cares to borrow,
For all I haue is nothing else but sorrow.
No my sweete *Nell*, thou tookst not all away,
Though thou wentst hence, here stil thy woes do stay,
Though from thy husband thou wert forcde to go,
Those still remaine, they will not leaue me so;
No eie bewailes my ill, moanes my distresse,
Our griefe is more, but yet our debt is lesse;
we owe no teares, no mourning dayes are kept;
For those that yet for vs haue neuer wept;
we hold no obijts, no sad exequies
Vpon the death-daies of vnweeping eies.
Alas good *Nell*, what should thy patience moue,
T'vpbraid thy kind Lord with a forraine loue?
Thou mightst haue bid all former ills adue,
Forgot the olde, we haue such store of new.
Did I omit thy loue to entertaine
with mutuall griefe to answere griefe againe?

Or

Or thinkst thou I vnkindly did forbeare,
To bandie woe for woe, and teare for teare?
Did I omit, or carelesly neglect,
Those shewes of loue that Ladies so respect?
In mournefull blacke was I not seene to goe?
By outward shewes to tell my inward woe:
Nor drerie words were wasted in lament,
Nor cloudy brow bewraid my discontent,
Is this the cause? if this be it, know then,
One griefe concealde more grieuous is than ten:
If in my breast those sorrowes sometimes were,
And neuer vttered, still they must be there,
And if thou knowst, they many were before,
By time increasing they must needes be more;
England to me, can challenge nothing lent,
Let her cast vp, what is receiu'd, what spent,
If I her owne, can she from blame be free,
If she but proue a stepdame vnto mee?
That if I should with that prowd bastard striue,
To pleade my birth-right and prerogatiue;
If birth allow, I should not neede to feare it,
For then my true nobilitie should beare it;
If counsell ayde, that *Fraunce* will tell (I know)
Whose townes lie waste before the English foe;
When thrice we gaue the conquered French the foile,
At *Agincourt*, at *Cravant*, and *Vernoile*,
If faith auaile, these armes did *Henry* hold,
To claime his crowne, yet scarcely nine months old.
If countries care haue leaue to speake for me,
Gray haires in youth, my witnes then may be,
If peoples tongues giue splendor to my fame,

they

They adde a title to duke *Humfries* name;
If toyle at home, French treaſon, Engliſh hate,
Shall tell my skill in managing the ſtate,
If forraine trauell my ſucceſſe may try,
In *Flaunders*, *Almaine*, *Boheme*, *Burgundy*,
That robe of *Rome* prowd *Benford* now doth weare,
In euery place ſuch ſway ſhould neuer beare.
The Croſier ſtaffe in his imperious hand,
To be the Scepter that controules the land;
That home to *England*, deſpenſations drawes,
Which are of power to abrogate our lawes,
That for thoſe ſummes the wealthy church ſhould pay,
Vpon the needy Commontie to lay,
His ghoſtly counſells onely doe aduiſe,
The meanes how *Langlies* progenie may riſe,
Pathing young *Henries* vnaduiſed waies,
A Duke of *Yorke* from *Cambridge* houſe to raiſe,
which after may our title vndermine,
Grafted ſince *Edward* in *Gaunts* famous line:
Vs of ſucceſſion ſafely to deprive,
which they from Clarence fainedly deriue,
Knowing the will old Cambridge euer bore,
To earth the wreathe that famous *Henry* wore.
With *Gray* and *Scroope*, when firſt he laide the plot,
From vs, and ours, the garland to haue got.
As from the March-borne *Mortimer* to raigne,
Whoſe title *Glendour* ſtoutly did maintaine,
When the prowde *Percies* haughty *March*, and hee,
Had ſharde the Land by equall partes in three.
His Prieſthoode now ſterne *Mowbray* doth reſtore,
To ſturre the fire that kindled was before;

Againſt

Against the Yorkists shall their claime aduance,
To steele the poynt of *Norffolkes* sturdie lance,
Vpon the breast of *Herfords* issue bent,
In iust reuenge of antient banishment.
He dooth aduise to let our prisner goe,
And doth enlarge the faithlesse Scottish foe,
Giuing our heires in marriage, that their dowres
May bring inuasion vpon vs and ours.
Ambitious *Suffolke* so the helme doth guide,
With *Beufords* damned policies supplide;
He and the Queene in counsell still conferre,
How to raise him who hath aduanced her.
But my deere heart, how vainely do I dreame,
And flie from thee, whose sorrowes are my theame?
My loue to thee and England thus diuided,
With the most parte how hard to be decided,
Or thee, or that, to whether I am loath,
So neere are you, so deere vnto me both,
Twixt that and thee, for equall loue I finde
England ingratefull, and my *Elnor* kind.
But though my country iustly I reproue,
For countries sake vnkinde vnto my loue,
Yet is thy *Humfrey* to his *Elnor*, now,
As when fresh beauty triumpht on thy brow,
As when thy graces I admired most,
Or of thy fauours might the frankl'st boast,
Those beauties were so infinite before,
That in abundance I was onely poore,
Of which, though time hath taken some againe,
I aske no more but what doth yet remaine.
Be patient gentle heart in thy distresse,

Thou arte a Princesse, not a whit lesse.
Whilst in these breasts we beare about this life,
I am thy husband, and thou arte my wife;
Cast not thine eie on such as mounted be,
But looke on those cast downe as lowe as we;
For some of them which prowdly pearch so hie,
Ere long shall come as lowe as thou or I.
They weepe for ioy, and let vs laugh in woe,
We shall exchange when heauen will haue it so.
We mourne, and they in after time may mourne,
Woe past may once, laugh present woe to scorne,
And worse than hath beene we can neuer taste,
Worse cannot come than is already past.
In all extreames, the onely depth of ill,
Is that which comforts the afflicted still;
Ah would to God thou wouldst thy griefes denie,
And on my backe let all the burthen lie!
Or if thou canst resigne, make thine mine owne,
Both in one carrige to be vndergone,
Till we againe our former hopes recouer,
And prosp'rous times blow these misfortunes ouer,
For in the thought of those forepassed yeares,
Some new resemblance of old ioy appeares.
Mutuall our care, so mutuall be our loue,
That our affliction neuer can remoue,
So rest in peace, where peace hath hope to liue,
Wishing thee more than I my selfe can giue.

Notes

ℊ Notes of the Chronicle Historie.

At Agincourt, at Crauant, and Vernoyle,

THe three famous battels, fought by the Englishmen in France; Agincourt by *Henry* the fift, against the whole power of France, Crauant fought by *Montacute*, Earle of Salisburie, and the Duke of Burgoyne, against the Dolphine of France, & *William Stuart*, Constable of Scotland: Vernoile, fought by *Iohn* Duke of Bedford, against the Duke of Alanson, and with him most of the Nobilitie of France, Duke *Humfrey* an Especiall Councellour in all these expeditions.

In Flaunders, Almain, Boheme, Burgundie.

Here remembring the auncient amitie which in his ambassaes he concluded betwixt the King of England, and *Sigismund* Emperour of Almaine, drawing the Duke of Burgoyne into the same league, giuing himselfe as an hostage for the duke of saint Omers, while the Duke came to Calice to confirme the league. With his many other imployments to forraine Kingdoms.

That crosier staffe in his imperious hand.

Henry Beuford, Cardinall of Winchester, that proud & haughtie Prelate, receyued his Cardinals hat at Calice by the Popes Legate, which dignitie, *Henry* the fift his nephew, forbade him to take vpon him, knowing his haughtie and malicious spirit vnfit for that robe and calling.

The meanes how Langleis *progenie may rise.*

As willing to shew the house of Cambridge to bee descended of *Edmund Langley* Duke of Yorke, a yonger brother to *Iohn* of Gaunt his Grand-father (as much as in him lay) to smother the title that the Yorkists made to the crowne (from *Lionell* of Clarence, *Gaunts* elder brother) by the daughter of *Mortimer*.

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His priesthood now, sterne Mowbray *doth restore.*

Noting the ancient grudge betweene the house of Lancaster and Norffolke, euer since *Mowbray* duke of Norffolke was banished for the accusation of *Henry* duke of Herford, (after the king of England father to duke *Humfrey*,) which accusation hee came as a Combatant, to haue made good in the Lists at Couentry.

And giues our heires in marriage that their dowers.

James Stuart King of Scots, hauing bin long prisoner in England, was released, and tooke to wife the daughter of *Iohn* duke of Somerset, sister to *Iohn* duke of Somerset, neece to the Cardinall, and the duke of *Excester*, and coosin germain remooued to the King, this King broke the oath he had taken, and became after a great enemie to England.

FINIS.

To

¶ To my Honored Mistris, Mistris Elizabeth Tanfield, the sole daughter and heire of that famous and learned Lawyer, *Lawrence Tanfield* Esquire.

FAire and vertuous Mistres, since first it was my good fortune to bee a witnesse of the many rare perfections wherewith nature and education haue adorned you, I haue beene forced since that time, to attribute more admiration to your sexe, then euer Petrarch *could before perswade mee to by the praises of his* Laura. *Sweete is the French tongue more sweete the Italian; but most sweete are they both, if spoken by your admired selfe. If Poesie were praiseless, your vertues alone were a subiect sufficient to make it esteemed, though among the barbarous Getes: by how much the more your tender yeeres giue scarcely warrant for your more then womanlike wisedome, by so much is your iudgement and reading the more to be wondred at. The Graces shall haue one more sister by your selfe, and England to her selfe shall adde one Muse more to Muses. I rest the humble deuoted seruant, to my deare and modest Mistresse, to whom I wish the happiest fortunes I can deuise.*

Michaell Drayton.

William de la Pole Duke of Suffolke, to Queene Margaret.

The Argument.

William de la Pole, *first Marques, and after created Duke of Suffolke, being sent into France by King* Henry *the sixt, concluded a marriage betweene the King his Master, and* Margaret, *daughter to* Rayner, *Duke of Anion, who onely had the title of the King of Cicily and Ierusalem. This marriage being made, contrary to the liking of the Lords and Counsell of the Realme (by reason of the yeelding up of Anion and Maine into the Dukes hands, which shortly after proued the losse of all Aquitaine,) they euer after continually hated the Duke, and after, (by meanes of the Commons) banished him at the Parlement at Berry; where after he had the iudgement of his exile, being then ready to depart, hee writeth backe to the Queene this Epistle.*

IN my disgrace (deere Queene) rest thy content,
And *Margarets* health from *Suffolkes* banishment,
Not one day seemes fiue yeeres exile to mee,
But that so soone I must depart from thee;
Where thou not present, it is euer night,
All be exilde that liue not in thy sight.
Those Sauages which worship the Sunnes rise,
Would hate their God, if they beheld thine eyes;
The worlds great light, might'st thou be seene abroad,
Would at our noone-stead neuer make aboad;

And make the poore Antipodes to mourne;
Fearing lest he would neuer more returne,
Wert not for thee, it were my great'st exile,
To liue within this sea-inuirond Ile.
Poles courage brookes not limmitting in bands,
But that (great Queene) thy soueraignty commands:
Our Falcons kinde cannot the cage endure,
Nor buzzard-like dooth stoope to euery lure;
Their mounting broode in open ayre doth roue,
Nor will with Crowes be coop'd within a groue;
We all do breath vpon this earthly ball,
Likewise one heauen encompasseth vs all,
No banishment can be to him assignde,
Who doth retaine a true resolued minde.
Man in himselfe, a little world doth beare,
His soule the Monarch, euer ruling there,
Where euer then his body doth remaine,
He is a King that in himselfe doth raigne,
And neuer feareth Fortunes hot'st alarmes,
That beares against her *Patience* for his Armes.
This was the meane prowd *Warwicke* did inuent,
To my disgrace at Leister Parlement,
That onely I, by yeelding vp of Maine,
Should be the losse of fertile Aquitaine,
With the base vulgar sort to win him fame,
To be the heire of good Duke *Humfreys* name;
And so by treason spotting my pure blood,
Make this a meane to raise the *Neuels* brood.
With *Salsbury* his vile ambitions syre,
In *Yorkes* sterne breast, kindling long hidden fire,
By *Clarence* title working to supplant,

The Eagle ayrie of great *Iohn* of *Gaunt*.
And to this end did my exile conclude,
Thereby to pleaſe the raſcall multitude;
Vrg'd by theſe enuious Lords to ſpend their breath,
Calling reuenge on the Protectors death,
That ſince the old decrepit Duke is dead,
By me of force he muſt be murthered.
If they would know who rob'd him of his life,
Let him call home Dame *Ellinor* his wife,
Who with a taper walked in a ſheete,
To light her ſhame at noone through London ſtreet;
And let her bring her Negromanticke booke,
That fowle hag *Ioxdane*, *Hun*, and *Bullenbrooke*,
And let them call the ſpirits from hell againe,
To know how *Humfrey* died, and who ſhall raigne.
For twenty yeeres and haue I ſerude in France,
Againſt great *Charles* and baſtard *Orleance*?
And ſeene the ſlaughter of a World of men,
Victorious now, and conquered agen;
And haue I ſeene Vernoylas baſtu'll fields,
Strew'd with ten thouſand helms, ten thouſand ſhields,
Where famous *Bedford* did our fortune try,
Or France, or England for the victory?
The ſad inueſting of ſo many Townes,
Scorde on my breaſt in honorable wounds;
When *Mountacute* and *Talbot* of ſuch name,
Vnder my Enſigne both firſt won their fame,
In heate and cold all fortunes haue indurde,
To rowze the French within their walls immurde;
Through all my life, theſe perrills haue I paſt,
And now to feare a baniſhment at laſt?

Thou

Thou knowst how *I* (thy beauty to aduance)
For thee refusde the infant Queene of France,
Brake the contract Duke *Humfrey* first did make,
Twixt *Henry* and the Princesse *Armiracke*;
Onely (sweete Queene) thy presence *I* might gaine,
I giue Duke *Rayner*, Anjou, Mauns and Maine,
Thy peereless beutie for a dower to bring,
To counterpoize the wealth of Englands Kings,
And from Aumerle with-drew my warlike powers,
And came my selfe in person first to Towers,
Th'Ambassadors for truce to entertaine,
From Belgia, Denmarke, Hungary and Spaine,
And telling *Henry* of thy beauties story,
I taught my tongue a louers Oratory,
As the report it selfe did so indite,
And make it ravish teares with such delight;
And when my speech did cease (as telling all)
My lookes shewde more that was Angelicall,
And when *I* breathde againe and pawsed next,
I left mine eyes dilating on the text;
Then comming of thy modesty to tell,
*I*n musicke numbers my voyce rose and fell
And when *I* came to paint thy glorious stile,
My speech in greater cadences to file,
By true descent to weare the Diadem,
Of Naples, Cicils and Jerusalem,
And from the Gods thou didst derive thy birth,
*I*t heauenly kinde could ioyne with broode of earth,
Gracing each title that *I* did recite,
With some mellifluous pleasing Epethite,
Nor left him not, till he for loue was sicke,

Behol-

Beholding thee in my ſweete Rhetoricke.
A fifteenes taxe in France I freely ſpent
In triumphs, at thy nuptiall tournament;
And ſolemnizde thy marriage in a gowne,
Valude at more then was thy fathers Crowne;
And onely ſtriuing how to honour thee,
Gaue to my King, what thy loue gaue to mee.
Iudge if his kindeneſſe haue not power to moue,
Who for his loues ſake gaue away his loue.
Had he which once the prize to Greece did bring,
(Of whom old Poets long agoe did ſing)
Seene thee for England but imbarqu'd at Deepe,
Would ouer-boord haue caſt his golden ſheepe,
As too vnworthy ballace to be thought,
To peſter roome, with ſuch perfection fraught.
The briny ſeas which ſaw the ſhip enfold thee,
Would vault vp to the hatches to behold thee,
And falling backe, themſelues in thronging ſmother,
Breaking for griefe, enuying one another;
When the prowd Barke, for ioy thy ſteps to feele,
Scornd the ſalt waues ſhuld kiſſe her furrowing keele,
And trick'd in all her flags, her ſelfe ſhe braues,
Capring for ioy vpon the ſiluer waues;
When like a Bull from the Phenician ſtrand,
Ioue with *Europa*, tripping from the land,
Vpon the boſome of the maine doth ſcud,
And with his ſwannish breaſt cleauing the floud,
Tow'rd the faire fields, vpon the other ſide,
Beareth *Agenors* ioy, *Phœnicias* pride.
All heauenly beauties ioyne themſelues in one,
To ſhew their glory in thine eye alone;

Which

Which when it turneth that celestiall ball,
A thousand sweet starres rise, a thousand fall,
Who iustly saith, mine banishment to bee,
When onely France for my recourse is free?
To view the plaines where I haue seene so oft,
Englands victorious engines raisde aloft,
When this shall be my comfort in my way,
To see the place where I may boldly say,
Heere mighty *Bedford* forth the vaward led,
Heere *Talbot* charg'd, and heere the Frenchmen fled;
Heere with our Archers valiant *Scales* did lie,
Heere stood the Tents of famous *Willoughbie*;
Heere *Mountacute* rangde his conquering band,
Heere forth we march'd, and heere we made a stand.
What should we stand to mourne and grieue all day,
For that which time doth easily take away?
What fortune hurts, let patience onely heale,
No wisedome with extreamities to deale.
To know our selues to come of humane birth,
These sad afflictions crosse vs heere on earth.
A taxe imposde by heauens eternall law,
To keepe our rude rebellious will in awe.
In vaine we prize that at so deere a rate,
Whose best assurance is a fickle state,
And needelesse we examine our intent,
When with preuention, we cannot preuent;
When we our selues fore-seeing cannot shun,
That which before, with destinie doth run,
Henry hath power, and may my life depose,
Mine honour mine, that none hath power to lose;
Then be as cheerefull, (beauteous royall Queene)

As

As in the Court of France we erst haue beene;
As when attriu'd in Porchesters faire road,
(Where, for our comming *Henry* made aboad)
When in mine armes I brought thee safe to land,
And gaue my loue to *Henries* royall hand,
The happy howres we passed with the King,
At faire South-hampton long in banquetring,
With such content as lodg'd in *Henries* breast,
When he to London brought thee from the West;
Through golden Cheape, when he in pompe did ride,
To Westminster, to entertaine his Bride,

Notes of the Chronicle Historie.

Our Falcons kinde cannot the cage indure.

HE alludes in these verses to the Falcon, which was the antient deuice of the *Poles*, comparing the greatnesse and hawtinesse of his spirit, to the nature of this bird.

This was the meane prowd Warwicke *did inuent,*
To my disgrace, &c.

The Commons at this Parlement, through *Warwicks* meanes, accused *Suffolke* of treason, and vrged the accusation so vehemently, that the king was forced to exile him for fiue yeeres.

That onely I by yeelding vp of Maine,
Should be the losse of fertile Aquitaine.

The Duke of Suffolke being sent into France to conclude a peace, chose Duke *Reniers* daughter, the Lady *Margaret*, whom he espoused for *Henry* the sixt, delinering for her to her father, the Countries of Anjou and Maine, and the City of Mauns. Whereupon the Earle of Arminach (whose daughter was before promised to the King) seeing himselfe to bee deluded, caused all the Englishmen to be expulsed Aquitaine, Gascoyne and Guyen.

With the base vulgar sort to win him fame,
To be the heyre of good Duke Humfreys *name.*

This *Richard* that was called the great Earle of Warwicke, when Duke *Humfrey* was dead, grew into exceeding great fauour with the Commons.

With Salisburie, *his vile ambicious Sire,*
In Yorks *sterne breast, kindling long hidden fire,*
By Clarence *title, working to supplant,*
The Eagle Ayrie of great Iohn *of Gaunt.*

Richard Plantagenet, Duke of Yorke, in the time of *Henry* the sixt, claimed the Crowne (being assisted by this *Richard Neuill* Earle of Salisburie, and father to the great Earle of Warwicke, who fauoured exceedingly the house of Yorke) in open Parliament, as heir to *Lionell* Duke of Clarence, the third sonne of *Edward* the third, making his title by *Anne* his Mother, wife to *Richard* Earle of Cambridge, sonne to *Edmund* of Langley, Duke of Yorke; which *Anne* was daughter to *Roger Mortimer* Earle of March, which *Roger* was sonne & heire to *Edmund Mortimer* that married the Ladie *Philip*, daughter and heire to *Lionell* Duke of Clarence, the third sonne of King *Edward*, to whom the crowne after King *Richard* the seconds death, linealy descended, he dying without issue. And not to the heires of the Duke of Lancaster, that was yonger brother to the Duke of Clarence. *Hall. cap. 1. Tit. Yor. & Lanc.*

Prg'd by these enuious Lords to spend their breath,
Calling reuenge on the Protectors death.

Humfrey Duke of Gloceſter, & Lord Protector in the 25. yeare of *Henry* the sixt, by the meanes of the Queene, and the Duke of Suffolke was arrested by the Lord *Beumond*, at the Parliament holden at Berrie, and the same night after murthered in his bed.

If they would know who robd him, &c. To this verse,
To know how Humfrey *died, and who shall raigne.*

In these verses he iests at the Protectors wife, who (being accused & conuicted of treason, because with *Iohn Hun* a priest, *Roger Bullingbrooke* a Negromancer, & *Margery Iordan*, called the Witch of Eie, she had consulted by sorcery to kil the king) was adiudged to perpetuall

perpetuall prison in the Ile of Man, and to doe penance openly in three publique places in London.

For twentie yeares and haue I seru'd in Fraunce,

In the sixt yeare of *Henry* the sixt, the Duke of Bedford being deceased, then Lieutenant generall, and Regent of Fraunce; this Duke of Suffolke, was promoted to that dignity, hauing the Lord *Talbot*, Lord *Scales*, and the Lord *Mountacute* to assist him.

Against great Charles, *and bastard* Orleance.

This was *Charles* the seauenth, and after the death of *Henry* the fifth obtained the crowne of France, and recouered againe much of that his father had lost. Bastard *Orleance*, was sonne to the Duke of Orleance, begotten of the Lord *Cawnies* wife, preferred highly to many notable offices, because hee being a most valiant Captaine, was continuall enemie to the Englishmen, dayly infesting them with diuerse incursions.

And haue I seene Vernoyla's *batfull fields.*

Vernoyle is that noted place in Fraunce, where the great battell was fought in the beginning of *Henrie* the sixt his raigne, where the most of the French Chiualrie were ouercome by the Duke of Bedford.

And from Aumerle with-drew my warlike powers,

Aumerle is that strong defenced towne in France, which the Duke of Suffolke got after 24. great assaults giuen vnto it.

And came my selfe in person first to Towers
Th' Embassadours for truce to entertaine,
From Belgia, Denmarke, Hungary and Spaine.

Towers is a Cittie in France, built by *Brutus* as hee came into Britaine, where, in the twentie and one yeare of the raigne of *Henry* the sixt, was appoynted a great diet to bee kept, whither came the Embassadours of the Empire, Spaine, Hungary, & Denmarke, to entreate for a perpetuall peace, to bee made betweene the two Kings of England and Fraunce.

By true descent to weare the Diadem,
Of Naples, Cicilie, and Ierusalem.

Rainer

Rainer Duke of Anjou, father to Queene *Margaret*, called him selfe King of Naples, Cicily, and Ierusalem, hauing the title alone of King of those Countries.

A fifteene taxe in Fraunce I freely spent.

The Duke of Suffolke, after the marriage concluded twixt King *Henry* and *Margaret*, daughter to duke *Rayner*, asked in open Parliament a whole fifteenth to fetch her into England.

Seene thee for England but imbarqu'd at Deepe.

Deepe is a towne in Fraunce, bordering vpon the Sea, where the Duke of Suffolke with Queene *Margaret*, tooke shippe for England.

As when arriu'd in Porchester faire Roade.

Porchester, a hauen towne in the South-west part of England, where the King tarried, expecting the Queenes arriuall, whom from thence he conuayed to South-hamton.

Queene Margaret to VVilliam de-la-Poole Duke of Suffolke.

WHat newes (sweet *Pole*) look'st thou my lines should tell,
But like the tolling of the dolefull Bell?
Bidding the deaths-man to prepare the graue,
Expect from me no other newes to haue,
My breast, which once was mirths imperiall throne,
A vast and desart wilderneſse is growne:
Like that cold Region, from the world remote,

On

On whose breeme seas the icie mountaines flote
Where those poore creatures banisht from the light,
Do liue imprisond in continuall night.
No ioy presents my soules eternall eies,
But diuination of sad tragedies,
And Care takes vp her solitarie inne,
Where youth and ioy their court did once beginne.
As in September when our yeere resignes,
The glorious Sunne vnto the wattrie signes,
Which through the clouds looks on the earth in scorne;
The little bird, yet to salute the morne,
Vpon the naked branches sets her foote,
The leaues now lying on the mossie roote;
And there a seely chirripping dooth keepe,
As though she faine would sing, yet faine would weep,
Praising faire summer that too soone is gone,
Or sad for winter too fast comming on,
In this strange plight I mourne for thy depart,
Because that weeping cannot ease my hart.
Now to our aide, who stirs the neighbouring kings?
Or who from France a puissant armie brings?
Who moues the Norman to abet our warre?
Or stirs vp *Burgoyne*, to ayde *Lancaster*?
Who in the North our lawfull claime commends,
To win vs credite with our valiant friends?
To whom shall I my secret griefe impart?
Whose breast I made the closet of my hart.
The antient *Heroes* fame thou didst renuine,
And didst from them thy memorie deriue,
Nature by thee, both gaue and taketh all,
Alone in *Poole* she was too prodigall;

Of

Of so diuine and rich a temper wrought,
As heauen for him perfections deepe had sought;
VVell knew king *Henry* what he pleaded for,
when he chose thee to be his Orator;
VVhose Angell-eye by powrefull influence,
Doth vtter more than humane eloquence,
That when *Ioue* would his youthful sports haue tride,
But in thy shape himselfe would neuer hide;
which in his loue had bin of greater power,
Then was his Nymph, his flame, his swan, his shower,
To that allegiance *Yorke* was bound by oath,
To *Henries* heires and safety of vs both,
No longer now he meanes record shall beare it,
He will dispence with heauen, and will vnsweare it.
He that's in all the worlds blacke sinnes forlorne,
Is careless now how oft he be forsworne;
And now of late his title hath set downe,
By which he make-his claime vnto the Crowne.
And now I heare his hatefull duchesse chats,
And rips vp their descent vnto her brats,
And blesseth them as Englands lawfull heires,
And tells them that our diademe is theirs.
And if such hap her goddesse Fortune bring,
If three sonnes faile, sheele make the fourth a King.
He that's so like his Damme, her yongest *Dicke*,
That foule, il-fauored, crookebackt stigmaticke,
That like a carcas stolne out of a tombe;
Came the wrong way out of hir mothers wombe;
with teeth in's head, his passage to haue torne,
As though begot an age e're he was borne.
Who now will curbe prowde *Yorke* when he shal rise?

Or armes out right against his enterprize,
To crop that bastard weede which daily growes
To ouer-shadow our vermilian Rose?
Or who will muzzel that vnruly Beare,
Whose presence strikes our peoples harts with feare?
Whilst on his knees this wretched King is downe,
To saue them labour, reaching at his Crowne,
Where like a mounting Cedar he should beare
His plumed top aloft into the ayre;
And let these shrubs sit vnderneath his shrowdes,
Whilst in his armes he doth embrace the clowdes,
O that he should his fathers right inherite,
Yet be an alien to that mightie spirite.
How were those powers dispersde, or whether gone,
Should sympathize in generation,
Or what apposed influence had force,
So much t'abuse and alter natures course?
All other creatures follow after kinde,
But man alone doth not beget the minde.
My Daisie-flower, which erst perfumde the ayre,
Which for my fauours Princes once did weare,
Now in the dust lies troden on the ground.
And with *Yorkes* garlands euery one is crownd.
When now his rising waites on our decline,
And in our setting he beginnes to shine,
Now in the skies that dreadful Comet waues,
And who be starres but *Warwickes* bearded staues?
And all those knees which bended once so low,
Grow stiffe, as though they had forgot to bow;
And none like them pursue me with despite,
Which most haue cride, God saue Queene *Margarite*,

When

When fame shall brute thy banishment abroade,
The Yorkish faction then will lay on loade;
And when it comes once to our westerne coast,
O how that hag Dame *Elinor* will boast,
And labour strait by all the meanes she can,
To be calld home out of the Ile of Man,
To which I know great *Warwicke* will consent;
To haue it done by act of Parlement,
That to my teeth my birth she may defie,
Slaundring duke *Rayner* with base beggerie;
The onely way she could deuise to grieue me, (me,
wanting sweete *Suffolke*, which shouldst most relieue
And from that stocke doth sprowt another bloome,
A Kentish rebell, a base vpstart groome;
And this is he the white Rose must preferre,
By *Clarence* daughter, matcht with *Mortimer*,
Thus by *Yorkes* meanes, this rascall pesant *Cade*,
Must in all haste *Plantaginet* be made;
Thus that ambitious duke sets all on worke,
To sound what friends affect the claime of *Yorke*,
whilst he abroad doth practise to command,
And makes vs weake by strengthning *Ireland*;
More his owne power still seeking to increase,
Then for king *Henries* good, or Englands peace.
Great *Winchester* vntimely is deceasde,
That more and more my woes should be increasde.
Benford, whose shoulders prowdly bare vp all
The Churches prop, that famous Cardinall.
The Commons (bent to mischiefe) neuer let,
with Fraunce t'vpbraid that valiant *Sommerset*,
Rayling in tumults on his souldiers losse,

Thus all goes backeward, crosse comes after crosse,
And now of late duke *Humfries* old allies,
With banisht *Elnors* base complices,
Attending their reuenge, grow wondrous crouse,
And threaten death and vengeance to our house;
And I alone the wofull remnant am,
T'endure these stormes with wofull *Buckingham.*
I pray thee *Poole*, haue care how thou doost passe,
Neuer the Sea yet halfe so dangerous was;
And one foretolde by *Water* thou shouldst die,
(Ah! foule befall that foule tongues prophecie)
And euery night am troubled in my dreames,
That I doe see thee tosst in dangerous streames;
And oft-times shipwrackt, cast vpon the land,
And lying breathlesse on the queachy sand;
And oft in visions see thee in the night,
Where thou at Sea maintainst a dangerous fight;
And with thy proued target and thy sword,
Beatst backe the pyrate which would come aboord.
Yet be not angry that I warne thee thus,
The truest loue is most suspitious,
Sorrow doth vtter what vs still doth grieue,
But hope forbids vs sorrovve to belieue;
And in my counsell yet this comfort is,
It can not hurt, although I thinke amisse,
Then liue in hope in triumph to returne,
When cleerer dayes shall leaue in cloudes to mourne,
But so hath sorrow girt my soule about,
That that word *Hope* (me thinks) comes slowly out;
The reason is, I know it heere vvould rest,
Where it vvould still behold thee in my breast.

Fare-

Farewell sweete *Pole*, faine more *I* would indite,
But that my teares doe blot as *I* do write.

¶ Notes of the Chronicle Historie.

Or brings in Burgoyne to ayde Lancaster.

PHillip Duke of Burgoyne and his sonne, were alwaies great fauorites of the house of Lancaster, howbeit they often dissembled both with Lancaster and Yorke.

Who in the North our lawfull claime commends,
To win vs credite with our valiant friends.

The chiefe Lords of the North parts, in the time of *Henry* the sixt, withstood the Duke of Yorke at his rising, giuing him two great ouerthrowes.

To that allegeance Yorke was bound by oth
To Henries *heires, and safety of vs both,*
No longer now he meanes Records shall beare it,
He will dispence with heauen, and will vnsweare it.

The Duke of Yorke at the death of *Henry* the fift, and at this Kings coronation, tooke his oth to be true subiect to him and his heires for euer; but afterward dispensing therewith, claimed the crowne as his rightfull and proper inheritance.

If three sonnes faile, shee'le make the fourth a King.

The Duke of Yorke had foure sonnes, *Edward* Earle of March, that afterward was Duke of Yorke, and King of England, when he had deposed *Henry* the sixt, and *Edmund* Earle of Rutland, slaine by the Lord *Clifford* at the battel at Wakefield: and *George* Duke of Clarence, that was murthered in the Tower: and *Richard* Duke of Gloster, who was (after he had murthered his brothers sonnes) King by the name of *Richard* the third.

He that's so like his Dam, her yongest Dicke,
That fowle illfauored crookeback'd Stigmaticke, &c.
Till this verse, *As though begot an age, &c.*

This *Richard* (whom ironically she heere calls *Dicke*) that by

treason after his Nephewes murthered, obtained the crowne, was a man low of stature, crooke-back'd, the left shoulder much higher then the right, and of a very crabbed and sower countenance: his mother could not be deliuered of him, hee was borne toothd, & with his feet forward, contrary to the course of nature.

To ouershadow our vermilian Rose.

The red Rose was the badge of the house of *Lancaster*, and the white Rose of *Yorke*, which by the marriage of *Henry* the seauenth, with *Elizabeth* indubitate heire of the house of Yorke, was happily vnited.

Or who will muzzell that vnruly beare.

The Earle of Warwicke, the setter vp and puller downe of Kings, gaue for his Armes the white Beare rampant, and the ragged staffe.

My Daisie flower which erst perfumde the ayre,
Which for my fauour Princes once did weare, &c.

The Daisie in French is called *Margaret*, which was Queene *Margarets* badge, where-withall the Nobilitie and chiualrie of the Land, at the first arriuall were so delighted, that they wore it in their hats in token of honour.

And who be starres but Warwikes *bearded staues.*

The ragged or bearded staffe, was a part of the Armes belonging to the Earledome of Warwicke.

Slandring Duke Rayner *with base beggery.*

Rayner Duke of Aniou, called himselfe King of Naples, Cicile, and Ierusalem, hauing neither inheritance nor tribute from those parts, and was not able at the marriage of the Queene, of his owne charges, to send her into England, though he gaue no dower with her; which by the Dutchesse of Glocester, was often in disgrace cast in her teeth.

A Kentish rebell, a base vpstart groome.

This was *Iacke Cade*, which caused the Kentish-men to rebell in the 28. yeere of King *Henry* the sixth.

And this is he the white Rose must prefer,
By Clarence *daughter match'd to* Mortimer.

This *Iacke Cade* instructed by the Duke of Yorke, pretended to be descended from *Mortimer*, which married Lady *Phillip*, daughter to the Duke of Clarence.

And makes vs weake by strengthning Ireland.

The Duke of Yorke being made Deputy of Ireland, first there began to practise his long pretended purpose, strengthning himselfe by all meanes possible, that hee might at his returne into England by open warre, claime that which so long he had priuily gone about to obtaine.

Great Winchester *vntimely is deceasde.*

Henry Beuford, Bishop and Cardinall of Winchester, sonne to *Iohn* of *Gaunt*, begot in his age, was a prowd and ambitious Prelate, fauouring mightily the Queene and the Duke of Suffolke, continually heaping vp innumerable treasure, in hope to haue beene Pope, as himselfe on his death-bed confessed.

With France t'vpbraide the valiant Somerset.

Edmund Duke of Somerset, in the 24. of *Henry* the sixth, was made Regent of France, and sent into Normandie to defend the English territories against the French inuasions, but in short time he lost all that King *Henry* the fifth won, for which cause the Nobles and Commons euer after hated him.

T'endure these stormes with wofull Buckingham.

Humfrey Duke of Buckingham, was a great fauorite of the Queenes faction, in the time of *Henry* the sixt.

And one fore-told, by water thou shouldst die.

The Witch of Eye, receiued answer from her spirit, that the Duke of Suffolke should take heede of water: which the Queene forwarnes him of, as remembring the Witches prophecie, which afterwards came to passe.

Finis.

To the Right Worſhipfull Sir Thomas Munſon, Knight.

SIR, amongſt many which moſt deſeruedly loue you, though I the leaſt, yet am loth to be the laſt, whoſe endeuours may make knowne how highly they eſteeme of your noble and kinde diſpoſition; Let this Epiſtle Sir (I beſeech you) which vnworthily weares the badge of your worthy name, acknowledge my zeale with the reſt, (though much leſſe deſeruing) which for your ſake, doe honour the houſe of the Mounſons. *I know true generoſitie accepteth what is zealouſly offred, though not euer deſeruingly excellent; yet for loue of the Art from whence it receiueth reſemblance. The light Phrigian harmony ſtirreth delight, as well as the melancholy Doricke moueth paſſion; both haue their motion in the ſpirit, as the liking of the ſoule moueth the affection. Your kinde acceptance of my labour, ſhall giue ſome life to my Muſe, which yet houers in the vncertaintie of the generall cenſure.*

Mich: Drayton.

Edward the fourth to *Shores wife*.

The Argument.

This Mistris Shore, *King* Edward *the fourths beauteous Paramere, was so called of her husband a Gold-smith, dwelling in Lombard streete.* Edward *the fourth, sonne to* Richard *Duke of Yorke, after he had obtained the crowne by deposing* Henry *the sixth,* (*which* Henry *was after murthered in the Tower by* Richard Crookebacke) *and after the battell fought at Barnet, where the famous Earle of* Warwicke *was slaine, and that King* Edward *quietly possessed the Crowne, hearing* (*by report of many*) *the rare and wonderfull beautie of the aforesaid* Shores *wife, commeth himselfe disguised to London to see her, where after he had once beheld her, he was so surprised with her admirable beautie, as not long after he robbed her husband of his deerest iewell; but first by this Epistle he writeth vnto her.*

VNto the fair'st that euer breath'd this ayre,
From English *Edward* to that faireſt faire,
Ah would to God thy title were no more,
That no remembrance might remaine of *Shore*,
To countermand a Monarchs high desire,
And bar mine eyes of what they most admire.
O why should Fortune make the Citty prowd,
To giue that more then is the Court allow'd?

Where

Where they like (wretches) hoard it vp to spare,
And do engrosse it, as they do their ware.
When fame first blaz'd thy beautie heere in Court,
Mine eares repulsde it as a light report,
But when mine eyes sawe that mine eare had heard,
They thought report too nigardly had sparde;
And strooken dumbe with wonder, did but mutter,
Conceiuing more then she had words to vtter.
Then thinke of what thy husband is possest,
When *I* enuie that *Shore* should be so blest;
When much aboundance makes the needie mad,
And hauing all, yet knowes not what is had.
Into fooles bosomes thus good fortune creepes,
And wealth comes in the whilst the miser sleepes.
If now thy beautie be of such esteeme,
Which all of so rare excellencie deeme,
What would it be, and prized at what rate,
Where it adorned with a kingly state?
Which being now but in so meane a bed,
Is like an vncut Diamond in lead,
E're it be set in some high-prized ring,
Or garnished with rich enamiling;
We see the beauty of the stone is spilt,
Wanting the gratious ornament of guilt.
When first attracted by thy heauenly eyes,
I came to see thee, in a strange disguise,
Passing thy shop, thy husband calls me backe,
Demanding what rare jewell I did lacke:
I want (thought I) one that I dare not craue,
And (one I feare) thou wilt not let me haue;
He calls for Caskets forth, and shewes me store,

But

But yet *I* knew he had one jewell more;
And deadly curst him that he did denie it,
That *I* might not for loue or mony buy it.
O might *I* come a Diamond to buy,
That had but such a lustre as thine eye.
Would not my treasure serue, my Crowne should go,
If any jewell could be prized so;
An Agat, branched with thy blushing straines,
A Saphire, but so azurde as thy veines;
My kingly Scepter onely should redeeme it,
At such a price if iudgement could esteeme it.
How fond and senceless be those strangers then,
VVho bring in toyes to please the Englishmen?
I smile to thinke how fond th'*Italians* are,
To iudge their artificiall gardens rare,
VVhen London in thy cheeks can shew them heere,
Roses and Lillies growing all the yeere:
The Portugall, that onely hopes to win,
By bringing stones from farthest *India* in,
VVhen happy *Shore* can bring them forth a girle,
Whose lips be Rubies, and her teeth be Pearle.
How silly is the Polander and Dane,
To bring vs Christall from the frozen maine?
When thy cleere skins transparence doth surpasse
Their Christall, as the Diamond doth glasse.
The foolish French which brings in trash and toyes,
To turne our women, men, or girles to boyes,
When with what tire thou doost thy selfe adorne,
That for a fashion onely shall be worne;
Which though it were a garment but of haire,
More rich then robe that euer Empresse ware.

Me

Me thinks thy husband takes his marke awry,
To set his plate to sale when thou art by;
When they which do thy Angel-locks behold,
Like baseſt drosse do but respect his gold,
And wish one haire before that massie heape,
And but one locke before the wealth of Cheape;
And for no cause else, hold we gold so deare,
But that it is so like vnto thy haire,
And sure I thinke *Shore* cannot choose but flowt,
Such as would finde the great Elixar out,
And laugh to see the Alchimists, that choke
Themselues with fumes, & waste their wealth in smoke.
When if thy hand but touch the grosseſt mold,
It is conuerted to refined gold,
When theirs is chafferd at an easie rate,
Well knowne to all to be adulterate;
And is no more when it by thine is set,
Then paltry Beugle, or light-prized jeat.
Let others weare perfumes, for thee vnmeete,
If there were none, thou could'ſt make all things sweet.
Thou comfort'ſt sence, and yet all sence doſt waste,
To heare, to see, to smell, to feele, to taste;
Thou a rich ship, whose very refuse ware,
Aromatickes, and pretious odors are.
If thou but please to walke into the Pawne,
To buy thee Cambricke, Callico, or Lawne,
If thou the whitenes of the same wouldſt proue,
From thy more whiter hand plucke off thy gloue;
And those which buy, as the beholders stand,
Will take thy hand for Lawne, Lawne for thy hand;
A thousand eyes, closde vp by enuious night,

Doe

Do vviſh for day, but to enioy thy ſight;
And vvhen they once haue bleſt their eies vvith thee,
Scorne euery obiect elſe, vvhat ere they ſee,
So like a goddeſſe beauty ſtill controules,
And hath ſuch povverfull vvorking in our ſoules.
The Merchant vvhich in traffike ſpends his life,
Yet loues at home to haue a dainty vvife,
The blunt-ſpoke Cynicke poring on his booke,
Sometimes (aſide) at beauty loues to looke.
The church-man, by whoſe teaching wee are led,
Allovves what keepes loue in the marriage bed;
The bloudy Souldier ſpent in armes and broiles,
With beautie yet content to ſhare his ſpoiles;
The buſie Lavvyer wrangling in his pleas;
Findeth that Beauty giues his labour eaſe;
The toyling tradeſ-man, and the ſweating clowne,
Wold haue his wench faire, thogh his bread be brown;
So much is Beauty pleaſing vnto all,
To Prince and peaſant like in generall;
Nor neuer yet did any man deſpiſe it,
Except too deere, and that he could not prize it,
Vnlearn'd is learning, artleſſe be all Artes,
If not imployde to praiſe thy ſeuerall partes;
Poore plodding Schoolemen they are farre too lowe,
Which by probations, rules, and axiomes goe;
He muſt be ſtill familiar with the skies,
Which notes the reuolutions of thine eies:
And by that skill which meaſures ſea and land,
See beauties all, thy waſte, thy foote, thy hand,
vvhere he may find, the more that hee doth view,
Such rare delights as are both ſtrange and new;

And

And other worlds of beauty more and more,
Which neuer were discouered before;
And to thy rare proportion to apply,
The lines and circles in Geometry,
Vsing alone Arithmetickes strong ground,
Numbring the vertues that in thee are found.
And when these all haue done what they can doo,
For thy perfections all too little too.
When from the East the dawne hath broken out,
And gone to seeke thee all the world about,
Within thy Chamber hath she fixt her light,
Where but that place the world hath all beene night;
Then is it fit that euery vulgar eie,
Should see Loue banquet in her maiestie?
We deeme those things our sight doth most frequent,
To be but meane, although most excellent;
For strangers still the streetes are swept and strowd,
Few looke on such as daily come abroade;
Things much restraind, doth make vs much desire thē,
And beauties seldome seene, makes vs admire them.
Nor is it fit a cittie shop should hide,
The worlds delight and natures onely pride,
But in a Princes sumptuous gallery.
Hung all with tissue, floorde with tapestrie?
Where thou shalt sit, and from thy state shalt see,
The tiltes and triumphs that are done for thee.
Then know the diffrence (if thou list to proue)
Betwixt a vulgar, and a kingly loue;
And when thou findst, as now thou doubtst the troth,
Be thou thy selfe vnpartiall Iudge of both.
Where hearts be knit, what helps it not enioy?

Delayes

Delayes breedes doubts, no cunning to be coy.
Whilst lazie Time his turne by tariance serues,
Loue still growes sickly, and hope dayly sterues,
Meane while receiue that warrant by these lines,
which princely rule and soueraintie resignes:
Till when, these papers by their Lords commaund,
By me shall kisse thy sweete and daintie hand.

¶ *Notes of the Chronicle Historie.*

THis Epistle of *Edward* to *Shores* wife, and of hers to him, being of vnlawfull affection, ministreth small occasion of historicall notes, for had he mentioned the many battels betwixt the Lancastrian faction and him, or other warlike daungers, it had beene more like to *Plautus* boasting Souldier then a kingly Courtier. Notwithstanding, it shall not be amisse to annexe a line or two.

From English Edward *to the faireſt faire,*

Edward the fourth was by nature very chiualrous, and very amorous, applying his sweet & amiable aspect to attaine his wanton appetite the rather, which was so well knowne to *Lewes* the French king, who at their interuiew inuited him to Paris, that as *Cominens* reports, being taken at his word, hee notwithstanding brake off the matter, fearing the Parisian Dames with their witty conuersation, would detaine him longer then should bee for his benefit, by which means *Edward* was disapointed of his iorny: and albeit Princes whilst they liue, haue nothing in them but what is admirable; yet we need not mistrust the flatterie of the Court in those times: for certain it is, that his shape was excellent, his haire drew neare to a black, making his faces fauor to seeme more delectable. Though the smalnes of his eies full of a shining moisture, as it tooke away some comelinesse; so it argued much sharpnes of vnderstanding, and cruelty mingled togither. And indeed *George Buccanan* (that imperious Scot) chargeth him and other Princes of

of those times, with affectation of tyranny, as *Richard* the third manifestly did.

When first attracted by thy heauenly eyes,

Edwards intemperate desires, with which he was wholy ouercome, how tragically they in his of-spring were punished, is vniuersally knowne. A mirrour representing their ouerlight; that rather leaue their children what to possesse, then what to imitate.

How seely is the Polander and Dane,
To bring vs Cristall from the frozen maine.

Alluding to their opinions, who imagin Cristall to be a kind of Ice, and therefore it is likely, they who come from the frozen parts, should bring great store of that transparent stone, which is thought to be congealed with extreame colde. Whether Cristall be Ice, or some other liquor, I omit to dispute, yet by the examples of Amber and Corall, there may be such an induration; for *Solinus* out of *Plinie* mentioneth, that in the Northerly Region, a yellow jelly is taken vp out of the sea at two tides, which he cals *Succinum*, we Amber; so likewise, out of the Liguisticke deepe, a part of the Meridian Sea, a greenish stalk is gathered, which hardned in the ayre, becomes to be Corrall, either white, or red. Amber notwithstanding is thought to drop out of trees, as appeares by *Martials* Epigram.

Et latet, & lucet Phaethonide condita gutta,
Vt videatur apis nectare clausa suo,
Dignum tantorum pretium tulit ille laborum,
Credibile est ipsam sic voluisse mors.

To behold a Bee inclosed in Electrum, is not so rare as that a boyes throat should be cut with the fal of an Ice-sicle, the which Epigram is excellent, the 18. li. 4 He cals it *Phaethontis Gutta*, because of that fable which *Ouid* rehearseth, concerning the *Heliades* or *Phaetons* sisters, metamorphosed into those trees, whose Gum is Amber, where flies alighting, are often times tralucently imprisoned.

¶ The Epistle of Shores wife to *king Edward the fourth.*

AS the weake child, that from the mothers wing,
Is taught the Lutes delicious fingering,
At euery strings soft touch, is mou'd with feare,
Noting his masters curious listning eare;
whose trembling hand, at euery straine bewraies.
In what doubt he his new set lesson plaies;
As this poore child, so sit I to indite,
At euery word still quaking as I write.
VVould I had led an humble shepheards life,
Nor knowne the name of *Shores* admired wife,
And liu'd with them in Countrie fields that range,
Nor seene the golden Cheape, nor glittering Change,
To stand a Comet gaz'd at in the skies,
Subiect to all tongues, obiect to all eyes,
Oft haue I heard my beautie praisd of many,
But neuer yet so much admir'd of any;
A Princes Eagle eye to find out that,
which vulgar sights do seldome wonder at,
Makes me to thinke affection flatters sight,
Or in the obiect some thing exquisite.
To housed beautie, seldome stoop's report,
Fame must attend on that which liues in Court.
VVhat Swan of great *Apollos* brood doth sing

To vulgar loue in courtly Sonetting?
Or what immortall Poets sugred pen,
Attends the glory of a Cittizen?
Oft haue *I* wondred what should blinde your eye,
Or what so far seduced Maiesty,
That hauing choice of beauties so diuine,
Amongst the most to choose this least of mine?
More glorious sunnes adorne faire Londons pride,
Then all rich Englands continent beside;
Who takes in hand to make account of this,
May number Rumneys flowers, or Isis fish;
Who doth frequent our Temples, walkes, and streets
Noting the sundry beauties that he meetes,
Thinkes not that Nature left the wide world poore
And made this place the Chequer of her store:
As heauen and earth were lately falne at iarres,
And growne to vying wonders, dropping starres.
That if but some one beautie should incite,
Some sacred Muse, some rauisht spirit to write,
Heere might he fetch that true *Promethian* fire,
As after ages should his lines admire;
Gathering the honny from the choisest flowers,
Scorning the wither'd weedes in Country bowers.
Heere in this garden (onely) springs the Rose,
In euery common hedge the Bramble growes,
Nor are we so turnde Neapolitan,
That might incite some fowle-mouth *Mantuan*,
To all the world to lay out our defects,
And haue iust cause to raile vpon our sexe;
To prancke old wrinckles vp in new attire,
To alter Natures course, proue Time a lier,

Abu-

Abusing fate, and heauens iust doome reuerse,
On beauties graue to set a crimson hearse,
With a deceitfull foile to lay a ground,
To make a glasse to seeme a Diamond.
Nor cannot without hazard of our name,
In fashion follow the Venetian Dame,
Nor the fantasticke French to imitate,
Attirde halfe Spanish, halfe *Italionate*;
Nor wast, nor curle, body nor brow adorne,
That is in Florence, or in Genoa borne.
But with vaine boasts how witlesse fond am *I*,
Thus to draw on mine owne indignitie?
And what though married when *I* was but yong,
Before *I* knew what did to loue belong,
Yet he which now's possessed of the roome,
Cropt beauties flower when it was in the bloome,
And goes away enriched with the store,
Whilst others gleane, where he hath reapt before;
And he dares sweare that *I* am true and iust,
And shall *I* then deceiue his honest trust?
Or what strange hope should make you to assaile,
Where strongest battery neuer could preuaile?
Belike you thinke that *I* repulst the rest,
To leaue a King the conquest of my breast,
Or haue thus long preserude my selfe from all,
A Monarch now should glory in my fall.
Yet rather let me die the vildest death,
Then liue to draw that sinne-polluted breath;
But our kinde hearts mens teares cannot abide,
And we least angry oft, when most we chide;
Too well know men what our creation made vs,

And nature too well taught them to inuade vs.
They know but too well, how, what, when, and where,
To write, to ſpeake, to ſue, and to forbeare,
By ſignes, by ſighs, by motions, and by teares, (praiers,
When vowes ſhould ſerue, when oths, when ſmiles, when
What one delight our humors moſt doth moue,
Onely in that you make vs nouriſh loue.
If any naturall blemiſh blot our face,
You doe proteſt it giues our beautie grace,
And what attire we moſt are vſde to weare,
That of all other excellentſt you ſweare.
And if vve vvalke, or ſit, or ſtand, or lie,
It muſt reſemble ſome one deitie,
And vvhat you knovve vve take delight to heare,
That are you euer ſounding in our eare;
And yet ſo ſhameleſſe vvhen you tempt vs thus,
To lay the fault on beautie, and on vs.
Romes vvanton *Ouid* did thoſe rules impart,
O that your nature ſhould be helpt vvith Arte.
Who vvould haue thoght, a King that cares to raigne,
Inforcde by loue, ſo Poet-like ſhould faine?
To ſay that Beauty, times ſterne rage to ſhunne,
In my cheekes (Lillies) hid her from the Sunne;
And vvhen ſhe meant to triumph in her Maie,
Made that her Eaſt, and heere ſhe broke her day,
And ſwearſt that ſummer ſtill is in my ſight,
And but vvhere I am, all the vvorld is night;
As though the fairſt, ere ſince the vvorld beganne,
To me a Sunne-burnt baſe Egyptian;
But yet I knovve more than I meane to tell,
(O would to God you knew it not too well)

That

That women oft their most admirers raise,
Though publikely not flattering their owne praise.
Our churlish husbands which our youth enioy'd,
Who with our dainties haue their stomackes cloyd,
Do lothe our smooth hand with their lips to feele,
T'enrich our fauours, by our beds to kneele;
At our command to waite, to send, to goe,
As euery howre our amorous seruants doe;
Which makes a stolne kisse often we bestow,
In earnest of a greater good we owe;
When he all day torments vs with a frowne,
Yet sports with *Venus* in a bed of dowlne;
Whose rude embracement, but too ill beseemes
Her span-broad waste, her white and dainty limmes,
And yet still preaching abstinence of meate,
When hee himselfe of euery dish will eate.
Blame you our husbands then, if they denie
Our publike walking, our loose libertie;
If with exception still they vs debar,
The circuite of the publike Theater;
To heare the smooth-tongude Poets Syren vaine,
Sporting in his lasciuious Comicke scene;
Or the young wanton wits, when they applawd
The slie perswasions of some subtile Bawd,
Or passionate Tragedian in his rage,
Acting a loue-sicke passion on the stage:
When though abroad restraining vs to rome,
They very hardly keepe vs safe at home,
And oft are touch'd with feare and inward griefe,
Knowing rich prizes soonest tempt a theefe.
What sports haue we whereon our mindes to set?

Our dogge, our Parrat, or our Marmuzet;
Or once a weeke to walke into the field,
Small is the pleaſure that thoſe toyes do yielde.
But to this griefe, a medicine you applie,
To cure reſtraint with that ſweete libertie;
And ſoueraignty, (O that bewitching thing)
Yet made more great, by promiſe of a King;
And more, that honour which doth moſt intice
The holieſt Nunne, and ſhe that's ne're ſo nice.
Thus ſtill we ſtriue, yet ouer-come at length,
For men want mercy, and poore women ſtrength:
Yet grant, that we could meaner men reſiſt,
when Kings once come, they conquer as they liſt.
Thou art the cauſe *Shore* pleaſeth not my ſight,
That his embraces giue me no delight;
Thou art the cauſe I to my ſelfe am ſtrange,
Thy comming is my full, thy ſet my change.
Long winter nights be minutes, if thou heere,
Short minutes if thou abſent be a yeere.
And thus by ſtrength thou art become my fate,
And mak'ſt me loue euen in the midſt of hate.

¶ *Notes of the Chronicle Hiſtorie.*

Would I had led an humble Sheepheards life,
Nor knowne the name of Shores *admired wife.*

TWo or three Poemes written by ſundry men, haue magnified this womans beautie; whom that ornament of England and Londons more particular glory, Sir *Thomas Moore* very highly hath praiſed for her beautie, ſhe being aliue in his time, though being poore and aged. Her ſtature was meane, her haire of a

dark yellow, her face round & ful, her eie gray, delicate harmony being betwixt each parts proportion, & each proportions colour, her body fat, white, and smooth, her countenance cheerefull, and like to her condition. That picture which I haue seen of hers, was such as she rose out of her bed in the morning, hauing nothing on but a rich mantle cast vnder one arme ouer her shoulder, and sitting in a chaire on which her naked arme did lie. What her fathers name was, or where she was borne, is not certainly known; but *Shore* a yong man of right good person, wealth and behauiour, abandoned her bed after the king had made her his Concubine. *Richard* the third causing her to do open penance in Paules Church-yard, commaunded that no man should relieue her, which the tyrant did not so much for his hatred to sinne, but that by making his brothers life odious, he might couer his horrible treason the more cunningly.

May number Rumneys flowers, or Isis fish.

Rumney is that famous Marsh in Kent, at whose side Rie a Hauen towne dooth stand. Hereof the excellent English Antiquarie Maister *Camden*, and Maister *Lambert* in his preambulation doo make mention. And Marishes are commonly called those low grounds, which abut vpon the sea, and from the Latine word are so denominated. Isis is heere vsed for Thamesis by a Synecdochicall kind of speach, or by a Poeticall libertie, in vsing one for another: for it is said that Thamesis is compounded of Tame and Isis, making when they are met, that renowmed water running by London, a Cittie much more renowmed then that water: which being plentifull of fish, is the cause also why all things else are plentifull therein. Moreouer, I am perswaded, that there is no riuer in the world beholds more stately buildings on either side cleane throgh, then the Thames. Much is reported of the Graund Canale in Venice, for that the fronts on either side are so gergeous.

That might intice some foule-mouth'd Mantuan,

Mantuan a pastorall Poet, in one of his Eglogs bitterly inueyeth agaynst woman-kind, some of the which by way of an Appendex, might be heere inserted, seeing the fantasticke and insolent humours of many of that sexe deserue much sharper phisicke were it not that they are growne wiser then to amend, for

such an idle Poets speech as *Mantuan*, yea or for *Euripides* himselfe, or *Senecas* inflexible Hippolitus.

The circuite of the publike Theater.

Ouid, a most fit Author for so desolute a Sectary, calls that place Chastities shipwracke, for though *Shores* wife wantonly pleade for liberty, which is the true humour of a Curtizan, yet much more is the praise of modesty, then of such libertie. Howbeit the Vestall Nunnes had seates assigned them in the Roman Theater, whereby it should appeare, it was counted no impeachment to modestie, though they offending therein, were buried quicke: a sharpe law for them, who may say as *Shores* wife doth.

When though abroad restraining vs to rome,
They very hardly keepe vs safe at home.

FINIS.

To

To the right VVorshipfull Sir Henry Goodere of Powlesworth Knight.

SIR, this Poeme of mine, which I imparted to you, at my being with you at your lodging at London in Maie last, brought at length to perfection, (emboldned by your wonted favours) I aduenture to make you Patron of. Thus Sir you see I haue aduentured to the world, with what like or dislike, I know not, if it please, (which I much doubt of) I pray you then be partaker of that which I shall esteeme not my least good; if dislike, it shall lessen some part of my griefe; if it please you to allow but of my loue: howsoeuer, I pray you accept it as kindely as I offer it, which though without many protestations, yet (I assure you) with much desire of your honour. Thus vntill such time as I may in some more larger measure, make knowne my loue to the happy and generous familie of the Gooderes, *(to which I confesse my selfe to be beholding to, for the most part of my education) I wish you all happinesse.*

Michaell Drayton.

Mary the French Queene, to *Charles Brandon*, Duke of Suffolke.

The Argument.

Mary, *the daughter of that renowned Prince King* **Henry** *the seauenth, being very yong at her fathers death, after by her brother King* Henry *the eight, was giuen in marriage to* Lewes *King of France, being a man olde and decrepit: Thus faire and beautifull Lady, long afore had placed her affection on* Charles Brandon, *Duke of Suffolke, a braue and courageous yong Gentleman, and an especiall fauorite of the King her brother, and a man raised vp by him. King* Lewes, *the husband of this beautifull Queene, liued not long after he was married; and* Charles Brandon *hauing commission from the King to bring her backe into England, but being delaied by some sinister meanes, the French Queene writeth this Epistle, to hasten the Duke forward on his intended voyage to France.*

SVch health from heauen my selfe may wish to mee.
Such health from France, Queene *Mary* sends to thee.
Brandon, how long mak'st thou excuse to stay,
And know'st how ill we women brooke delay?
If one poore channell thus can part vs two,
Tell me (vnkinde) what would an Ocean do?

Leander

Leander had an Hellespont to swim,
Yet this from *Hero* could not hinder him?
His barke (poore soule) his breast, his armes, his oares,
But thou a ship, to land thee on our shores;
And opposite to famous Kent doth lie,
The pleasant fields of flowrie Picardie,
Where our faire Callice, walled in her sands,
In kenning of the cliffie Douer stands.
Heere is no Beldame Nurse to powt or lower,
When wantoning, we reuell in my Tower;
Nor neede I top my Turret with a light,
To guide thee to me, as thou swim'st by night;
Compar'd with me, wert thou but halfe so kinde,
Thy sighs should stuffe thy sailes, though wanting winds
But thy breast is becalmd, thy sighs be slacke,
And mine too stiffe, and blow thy broad sailes backe.
But thou wilt say, that I should blame the flood,
Because the winde so full against thee stood;
Nay, blame it not it did so roughly blow,
For it did chide thee, for thou wast so slow;
For it came not to keepe thee in the Bay,
But came from me to bid thee come away.
But that thou vainely lett'st occasion slide,
Thou mightst haue wafted hether with the tide.
If when thou com'st, I knit mine angry brow,
Blame me not *Brandon*, thou hast broke thy vow;
Yet if I meant to frowne, I might be dombe,
For this may make thee stand in doubt to come:
Nay come sweete *Charles*, haue care thy ship to guide,
Come my sweete hart, in faith I will not chide.
When as my brother and his louely Queene

In ſad attire for my depart were ſeene,
The vtmoſt date expired of my ſtay,
when I from Douer did depart away,
Thou know'ſt what woe I ſuffered for thy ſake,
How oft I fain'd of thee my leaue to take;
God and thou know'ſt with what a heauie hart
I tooke my farewell when I ſhould depart;
And being ſhip'd, gaue ſignall with my hand,
Vp to the Cliffe, where I did ſee thee ſtand,
Nor could refraine in all the peoples view,
But cried to thee, ſweete *Charles* adiew, adiew.
Looke how a little infant that hath loſt,
The things wherewith it was delighted moſt,
weary with ſeeking, to ſome corner creepes,
And there (poore ſoule) it ſits it downe and weepes;
And when the Nurſe would faine content the mind,
Yet ſtill it mournes for that it cannot find:
Thus in my carefull Cabin did I lie,
whenas the ſhip out of the roade did flie.
Think'ſt thou my loue was faithfull vnto thee,
vvhen yong *Caſtile* to England ſu'd for mee?
Be iudge thy ſelfe, if it were not of power,
vvhen I refus'd an Empire for my dovver.
To Englands Court, when once report did bring,
How thou in Fraunce didſt reuell with the king,
vvhen he in triumph of his victorie,
Vnder a rich imbrodered Canapie,
Entred proud *Tournay*, which did trembling ſtand,
To beg for mercie at his conquering hand;
To heare of his enderements, how I ioy'd?
But ſee, this calme vvas ſuddenly deſtroy'd,

vvhen

When *Charles* of *Caſtile* there to banquet came,
With him his ſiſter that ambitious dame,
Sauoyes prowd dutcheſſe, knowing how long ſhe,
By her loue ſought to win my loue from me;
Fearing my abſence might thy vowes acquite,
To change thy *Mary* for a *Margarite*,
When in king *Henries* tent of cloth of gold,
She often did thee in her armes enfold;
vvhere you were feaſted more deliciouſly,
Than *Cleopatra* did *Marke. Anthony*,
Where ſports all day did entertaine your ſight,
And then in maskes you paſſde away the night;
But thou wilt ſay, tis proper vnto vs,
That we by nature all are iealous.
I muſt confeſſe tis oft found in our ſex,
But who not loue, not any thing ſuſpects:
True loue dooth looke with pale ſuſpitious eie,
Take away loue, if you take iealouſie.
Turwin and *Turney* when King *Henry* tooke,
For this great change who then did euer looke?
When *Maximilian* to thoſe warres addreſt,
Ware Englands Croſſe on his imperiall breaſt,
And in our armie let his Eagle flie,
That viewd our enſignes with a wondring eie.
Little thought I when *Bullen* firſt was wonne,
VVedlocke ſhould end, what angry warre begunne.
From which I vow, I yet am free in thought,
But this alone by *Wolſeis* wit was wrought.
To his aduiſe the King gaue free conſent,
That will I, nill I, I muſt be content.
My virgins right, my ſtate could not aduance,

But

But now enriched with the dower of France;
Then, but poore *Suffolkes* Dutchesse had I beene,
Now, the great Dowager, the most Christian Queene.
But I perceiue where all thy griefe doth lie,
Lewes of France had my virginitie;
He had indeede but shall I tell thee what,
Beleeue me *Brandon* he had scarcely that;
Good feeble King, he could not do much harme,
But age must needes haue something that is warme;
Small drops (God knowes) do quench that heatlesse fire,
When all the strength is onely in desire.
And *I* could tell (if modestly might tell)
There's somewhat else that pleaseth louers well,
To rest his cheeke, vpon my softer cheeke,
Was all he had, and more he did not seeke.
So might the little babie clip the nurse,
And it content, she neuer awhit the worse;
Then thinke this *Brandon*, if that makes thee frowne,
For maydenhead, he on my head set a Crowne,
who would exchange a kingdome for a kisse?
Hard were the hart that would not yeeld him this;
And time yet halfe so swiftly doth not passe,
Not full fiue months yet elder than I was.
When thou to Fraunce conducted was by fame,
With many knights which from all countries came,
Installed at Saint *Dennis* in my throne,
Where *Lewes* held my coronation;
Where the prowd Dolphin, for thy valour sake,
Chose thee at tilt his princely part to take;
Whenas the staues vpon thy caske did light,
Grieued therewith, I turnd away my sight;

And

And spake alowd, when *I* my selfe forgot,
'Tis my sweete *Charles* my *Brandon*, hurt him not?
But when *I* fearde the King perceiued this,
Good seely man, *I* pleasde him with a kisse;
And to extoll his valiant sonne began.
That Europe neuer bred a brauer man;
And when (poore King) he simply praised thee,
Of all the rest *I* ask'd which thou shouldst bee?
Thus *I* with him dissembled for thy sake,
Open confession now amends must make.
Whilst this old King vpon a pallet lies,
And onely holds a combat with mine eyes;
Mine eyes from his, by thy sight stolne away,
Which might too wel their Mistres thoughts bewray.
But when *I* saw thy prowd vnconquered Launce,
To beare the prize from all the flower of France,
To see what pleasure did my soule imbrace,
Might easily be discerned in my face.
Looke as the dew vpon a damaske Rose,
How through that liquide pearle his blushing shows,
And when the soft aire breathes vpon his top,
From the sweet leaues falles easily drop by drops;
Thus by my cheeke, distilling from mine eyes,
One teare for ioy, anothers roome supplies.
Before mine eie (like touch) thy shape did proue,
Mine eie condemn'd my too too partiall loue;
But since by others I the same doe trie,
My loue condemnes my too too partiall eie.
The pretious stone most beautifull and rare,
When with it selfe we onely doe compare,
Wee deeme all other of that kinde to be,

As

As excellent as that we onely ſee;
But when we iudge of that with others by,
Too credulous we doe condemne our eie,
Which then appeares more orient and more bright,
As from their dimneſſe borrowing great light.
Alanſoon, a fine timbered man, and tall,
Yet wants the ſhape thou arte adornd withall;
Vandon, good carriage, and a pleaſing eie,
Yet hath not *Suffolkes* princely maieſtie;
Couragious *Burbon* a ſweete manly face,
But yet he wants my *Brandons* courtly grace.
Prowd *Longauile*, our Court iudgde had no peere,
A man ſcarce made (was thoght) whilſt thou watt here.
County S. Paule, brau'ſt man at armes in *Fraunce*,
Would yeeld himſelfe a Squire to beare thy launce;
Galleas and *Bounearme*, matchleſſe for their might,
Vnder thy towring blade haue cowcht in fight.
If with our loue, my brother angry be,
I'ſay to pleaſe him, I firſt fancied thee.
And but to frame my liking to his minde;
Neuer to thee had I beene halfe ſo kinde.
Worthy my loue the vulgar iudge no man,
Except a Yorkiſt, or Lancaſtrian:
Nor thinke that my affection ſhould be ſet,
But in the line of great *Plantaginet*.
I paſſe not what the idle Commons ſay,
I pray thee *Charles* make haſte and come away.
To thee whats England, if I be not there?
Or what to me is *Fraunce*, if thou not here?
Thy abſence makes me angry for a while,
But at thy preſence I muſt needſly ſmile,

When last of me his leaue my *Brandon* tooke,
He ſware an oath, (and made my lips the booke)
He would make haſt, which now thou doo'ſt denie:
Thou art forſworne, ô wilfull periurie!
Sooner vvould *I* vvith greater ſinnes diſpence,
then by entreatie pardon this offence.
But yet *I* thinke, if *I* ſhould come to ſhriue thee,
Great were the fault that *I* ſhould not forgiue thee;
Yet wert thou heere, *I* ſhould reuenged bee,
But it ſhould be with too much louing thee.
I, that is all that thou ſhalt feare to taſt,
I pray thee *Brandon* come, ſweete *Charles* make haſt.

Notes of the Chronicle Hiſtorie.

The vtmoſt date expired of my ſtay,
When I for Douer did depart away.

KIng *Henry* the 8. with the Queene and Nobles, in the 6. yeare of his raigne, in the moneth of September, brought this Ladie to Douer, where ſhe tooke ſhipping for Fraunce.

Think'ſt thou my loue was faithfull vnto thee,
When yong Caſtile *to England ſu'd for me.*

It was agreed and concluded betwixt *Henry* the ſeuenth, and *Philip* King of Caſtile, ſonne to *Maximilian* the Emperour, that *Charles* eldeſt ſonne of the ſaid *Philip*, ſhould marry the Ladie *Mary*, daughter to King *Henry*, when they came to age: which agreement was afterward in the eight yeare of *Henry* the eight annihilated.

When he in triumph of his victorie,
Vnder a rich embrodered Canapie,
Entred proud Turney which did trembling ſtand. &c.

Henry the 8. after the long siege of Turnay, which was deliuered to him vpon composition, entred the Citie in triumph, vnder a Canapie of cloth of gold, borne by foure of the chiefe and most noble Cittizens; the king himselfe mounted vpon a gallant courser barbed with the Armes of England, France and Ireland.

When Charles *of Castile there to banquet came,*
With him his sister, that ambitious Dame.
Sauoys *proud Dutches,*

The King being at Turnay, there came to him the Prince of Castile, and the Lady *Margaret* Dutches of Sauoy his sister, to whom King *Henry* gaue great entertainment.

Sauoys *proud Dutches, knowing how long shee*
By her loue sought to win my loue from mee.

At this time there was speech of a marriage to be concluded, betweene *Charles Brandron* then Lord *Lisle*, and the Dutches of Sauoy, the Lord *Lisle* being highly fauoured, and exceedingly beloued of the Dutches.

When in King Henries *Tent of cloth of gold,*

The King caused a rich Tent of cloth of gold to bee erected, where he feasted the Prince of Castile, and the Dutches, and entertained them with sumptuous maskes and banquets during their aboad.

When Maximillian *to those wars addrest*
Wore Englands Crosse on his imperiall breast.

Maximillian the Emperour with all his souldiers, which serued vnder king *Henry*, wore the Crosse of S. *George* with the Rose on their breasts.

And in our Armie let his Eagle flie.

The blacke Eagle is the badge imperiall, which here is vsed for the displaying of his ensigne or standard.

And had his pay from Henries *treasurie.*

Henry the 8. at his wars in France, retained the Emperor & al his souldiers in wages, which serued vnder him during those warres.

But this alone by Wolseys *wit was wrought,*

Thomas Wolsey, the kings Almoner, then Bishop of Lincolne, a man of great authoritie with the king, and afterward Cardinall, was the chiefe cause that the Lady *Mary* was married to the old

French

French King, with whom the French had dealt vnder-hand to befriend him in that match.

When the proud Dolphin for thy valour sake,
Chose thee at tilt his Princely part to take.

Fraunces Duke of Valoyes, and Dolphin of Fraunce, at the mariage of the Lady *Mary*, in honour thereof proclaimed a Iusts, where he chose the Duke of Suffolke, and the Marques Dorset for his aydes, at all martiall exercises.

Galeas, *and* Bounarme, *matchlesse for their might,*

This Countie *Galeas* at the Iusts ran a course with a speare, which was at the head fiue inches square on euery side, and at the But nine inches square, wherby he shewed his wodrous force and strength. This *Bounarme*, a Gentleman of Fraunce, at the same time came into the field armed at all poyntes with tenne Speares about him: in each stirrop three, vnder each thigh one, one vnder his left arme, and one in his hand, and putting his horse to the carcere, neuer stopped him till he had broken euerie staffe. *Hall.*

Charles Brandon Duke of Suffolk, to Mary the French Queene.

BVt that thy faith commaunds me to forbeare,
The fault thine owne, if *I* vnpacient were;
Were my dispatch such as should be my speede,
I should want time thy louing lines to reede,
Heere in the Court, Camelion-like *I* fare,
And as that creature feed, vpon the ayre,
All day *I* waite, and all the night *I* watch,
And starue mine eares to heare of thy dispatch;
If Douer were th'Abydos of my rest,

Or pleasant Calice were my *Maries* Cest,
Thou shouldst not need, faire Queene, to blame me so,
Did not the distance to desire say no:
No tedious night from trauell should be free,
Till through the waues, with swimming vnto thee,
A snowy path I made vnto thy Bay,
So bright as is that Nectar-stained way
The restlesse sunne by trauelling doth weare,
Passing his course to finish vp the yeare.
But Paris lockes my loue within the maine,
And London yet my *Brandon* doth detaine,
Of thy firme loue thou putst me still in minde,
But of my faith, not one word can I finde.
When *Longauile* to *Mary* was affide,
And thou by him wast made King *Lewes* bride,
How oft I wisht that thou a prize mightst bee,
That I in armes might combate him for thee,
And in the madnesse of my loue distraught,
A thousand times his murther haue fore-thought,
But that th'all-seeing powers which sit aboue,
Regard not mad mens oathes, nor faults in loue,
And haue confirmde it by the graunt of heauen,
That Louers sinnes on earth should be forgiuen;
For neuer man is halfe so much distrest,
As he that loues to see his loue possest.
Comming to *Richmond* after thy depart
(*Richmond* where first thou stolst away my heart)
Me thought it looke not as it did of late,
But wanting thee forlorne and desolate,
In whose faire walkes thou often hast bin seene,
To sport with *Katharine*, *Henries* beauteous Queene,

Asto-

Astonishing sad winter with thy sight,
As for thy sake, the day hath put backe night;
That the smal birds, as in the pleasant spring,
Forgot then selues, and haue begun to sing:
So oft I go by Thames, so oft returne,
Me thinkes for thee the riuer yet doth mourne,
Who I haue seene to let her streame at large,
Which like a hand-maid waited on thy Barge;
And if thou hapst against the flood to row,
Which way it ebd, it presently would flow,
Weeping in drops vpon thy laboring oares,
For ioy that it had got thee from the shoares.
The Swans with musicke that the Roothers make,
Ruffing their plumes, come gliding on the lake,
As the fleete Dolphins by *Arions* strings,
Were brought to land with their sweete rauishings,
The flockes and heirdes that pasture neere the flood,
To gaze vpon thee, haue forborne their food,
And sate downe sadly mourning by the brim,
That they by nature were not made to swim.
Whenas the Post to Englands royall Court,
Of thy hard passage brought the true report,
How in a storme thy well rigd ships were tost,
And thou thy selfe in danger to be lost,
I knew twas *Venus* loath'd that aged bed,
Where beautie so should be dishonoured;
Or fearde the Sea-Nimphs haunting of the lake,
If thou but seene, their Goddesse should forsake.
And whirling round her Doue-drawne Coach about,
To view the Nauie now in lanching out,
Her ayrie mantle loosely doth vnbinde,

copy 1

Which fanning forth a rougher gale of winde,
Wafted thy ſailes with ſpeede vnto the land,
And runnes thy ſhip on Bullins harboring ſtrand.
How ſhould I ioy of thy arriue to heare?
But as a poore ſea-faring paſſenger,
After long trauaile, tempeſt-torne and wrack'd,
By ſome vnpitting Pirat that is ſack'd;
Heares the falſe robber that hath ſtolne his wealth,
Landed in ſome ſafe harbour, and in health,
Enriched with invaluable ſtore,
For which he long hath trauailed before.
When thou to *Abuile* heldſt th'appointed day,
We heard how *Lewes* met thee on the way;
Where thou in glittering Tiſſue ſtrangely dight,
Appear'dſt vnto him like the Queene of light,
In cloth of ſiluer all thy virgin traine,
In beautie ſumptuous as the Northerne waine;
And thou alone the formoſt glorious ſtar,
Which lead'ſt the teame of that great Wagoner.
What could thy thought be, but as I do thinke,
When thine eyes taſted what mine eares did drinke?
A cripple King laid bed-rid long before,
Yet at thy comming crept out of the doore,
T'was well he rid, he had no legs to goe,
But this thy beautie forc'd his body to;
For whom a cullice had more fitter beene,
Then in a golden bed a gallant Queene.
To vſe thy beautie as the miſer gold,
Which hoards it vp but onely to behold,
Still looking on it with a iealous eye,
Fearing to lend, yet louing vſurie;

O Sacriledge (if beautie be diuine)
The prophane hand should touch the halowed shrine.
To surfet sickenesse on the sound mans diet;
To rob content, yet still to liue vnquiet;
And hauing all, to be of all beguild,
And yet still longing like a little child.
When Marques *Dorset* and the valiant *Graies*,
To purchase fame first crost the narrow Seas,
With all the Knights that my associates went,
In honour of thy nuptiall turnament;
Thinkst thou I ioy'd not in thy beauties pride,
When thou in triumph didst through Paris ride?
Where all the streetes as thou didst pace along,
With Arras, Bisse, and Tapestry were hung;
Ten thousand gallant Cittizens prepar'd,
In rich attire thy princely selfe to guard;
Next them, three thousand choise religious men,
In golden vestments followed on agen;
And in procession as they came along,
With *Hymeneus* sang thy marriage song.
Then fiue great Dukes as did their places fall,
To each of these, a princely Cardinall,
Then thou on thy imperiall Chariot set,
Crown'd with a rich imperled Coronet,
Whilst the Persian dames, as thy traine past,
Their pretious incence in abundance cast.
As *Cinthia* from the waue-embatteld shrowdes,
Opening the West, comes streaming through the clowds,
With shining troupes of siluer-tressed stars,
Attending on her as her torch-bearers,
And all the lesser lights about her throne,

With admiration ſtand as lookers on;
Whilſt ſhe alone in height of all her pride,
The Queene of light, along her ſpheare doth glide,
When on thy tilt my horſe like thunder came,
No other ſignall had I but thy name;
Thy voyce my trumpet, and my guide thine eyes,
And but thy beautie, I eſteemde no prize.
That large-limd Almaine of the Giants race,
Which bare ſtrength on his breaſt, feare in his face,
Whoſe ſinewde armes, with his ſteele-temperd blade,
Through plate and male ſuch open paſſage made,
Vpon whoſe might the Frenchmens glory lay,
And all the hope of that victorious day;
Thou ſawe'ſt thy *Brandon* beate him on his knee,
Offring his ſhield a conquerd ſpoile to thee.
But thou wilt ſay perhaps I vainely boaſt,
And tell thee that which thou already know'ſt.
No ſacred Queene, my valour I denie,
It was thy beautie, not my chiualrie;
One of thy treſſed curles which falling downe,
As loth to be impriſoned in thy crowne,
I ſaw the ſoft ayre ſportiuely to take it,
To diuers ſhapes and ſundry formes to make it,
Now parting it to foure, to three, to twaine,
Now twiſting it, and then vntwiſt againe;
Then make the thrids to dally with thine eye,
A ſunny candle for a golden flie.
At length from thence one little teare it got,
Which falling downe as though a ſtar had ſhot,
My vp-turnde eye purſues it with my ſight,
The which againe redoubleth all my might.

'Tis but in vaine of my descent to boast,
When heauens lampe shines, all other lights be lost,
Faulcons gaze not, the Eagle sitting by,
Whose broode suruaies the sunne with open eye;
Else might my blood finde issue from his force,
In Bosworth plaine beate *Richard* from his horse,
Whose puissant armes, great *Richmond* chose to wield,
His glorious colours in that conquering field;
And with his sword in his deere Soueraignes fight,
To his last breath, stood fast in *Henries* right;
Then beauteous Empresse, thinke this safe delay,
Shall be the euen to a ioyfull day;
Fore-sight doth still on all aduantage lie,
Wise-men must giue place to necessitie;
To put backe ill, our good we must forbeare,
Better first feare, then after still to feare.
T'were ouer-sight in that at which we aime,
To put the hazard on an after-game;
With patience then let vs our hopes attend,
And till I come, receiue these lines I send.

¶ *Notes of the Chronicle-Historie.*

When Longauile *to* Mary *was affied.*

THe Duke of Longauile, which was prisoner in England vpon the peace to be concluded betweene England and France, was deliuered, and married the Princesse *Mary*, for *Lewes* the French King his Maister.

How in a storme thy well rigg'd ships were tost,
And thou, &c.

As the Queene sailed for France, a mighty storme arose at sea, so that the Nauy was in great danger, and was seuered, some driuen vpon the coast of Flanders, some on Brittaine: the ship wherein

wherein the Queene was, was driuen into the hauen at Bullen with very great danger.

When thou to Abuile heldst th'appointed day.

King *Lewes* met her by Abuile, neere to the Forrest of Arders, and brought her into Abuile with great solemnitie.

Appear'dst vnto him like the Queene of light.

Expressing the sumptuous attire of the Queene & her train, attended by the chiefe of the Nobility of England, with 36. Ladies, all in cloth of siluer, their horses trapped with crimson veluet.

A cripple King laid bed-rid long before.

King *Lewes* was a man of great yeeres, troubled much with the gowt, so that he had long time before little vse of legs.

When Marques Dorset, *and the valiant* Graies,

The Duke of Suffolke when the proclamation came into England, of iusts to be holden in France at Paris, he for the Queenes sake his Mistris, obtained of the King to go thither: with whom went the Marquesse *Dorset* and his foure brothers, the Lord *Clinton*, Sir *Edward Neuell*, Sir *Giles Chappell*, *Tho: Cheyney*, which went all ouer with the Duke as his assistants.

When thou in triumph didst through Paris ride.

A true description of the Queenes entring into Paris, after her coronation performed at S. Dennis.

Then fiue great Dukes as did their places fall.

The Dukes of Alanson, Burbon, Vandome, Longauile, Suffolke, with fiue Cardinalls.

That large-limd Almaine of the Giants race.

Francis Valoys, the Dolphin of France, enuying the glory that the Englishmen had obtained at the Tilt, brought in an Almaine secretly, a man thought almost of incomparable strength, which encountred *Charles Brandon* at Barriers, but the Duke grapling with him, so beate him about the head with the pumell of his sword, that the blood came out of the sight of his Caske.

Else might my blood finde issue from his force.

In Bosworth, &c.

Sir *William Brandon* Standard-bearer to the Earle of Richmond, (after *Henry* the 7.) at Bosworth field, a braue and gallant Gentleman, who was slaine by *Richard* there; this was father to this *Charles Brandon* Duke of Suffolke.

FINIS.

To my most deere friend Maister Henry Lucas, sonne to Edward Lucas Esquire.

SIR, to none haue I beene more beholding, then to your kinde parents, for (I must truly confesse) aboue the measure of my deserts: Many there be in England, of whom for some particularity I might iustly chalenge greater merit, had I not beene borne in so euill an howre, as to be poisoned with that gaule of ingratitude: to your selfe am I ingaged for many more curtesies then I imagined could euer haue beene found in one of so few yeeres: nothing doe I more desire, then that those hopes of your toward and vertuous youth, may proue so pure in the fruit, as they are faire in the bloome: long may you liue to their comfort that loue you most, and may I euer wish you the encrease of all good fortunes.

Yours euer,

Mich: Drayton.

Henry Howard Earle of Surrey to *Geraldine*.

The Argument.

Henry Howard, *that true noble Earle of Surrey, and excellent Poet, falling in loue with* Geraldine, *descended of the noble family of the* Fitzgeralds *of Ireland, a faire and modest Lady, and one of the honourable maides to Queene* Katherine Dowager: *eternizeth her praises in many excellent Poemes, of rare and sundry inuentions: and after some few yeares being determined to see that famous Italy, the source and Helicon of all excellent Arts; first visiteth that renowned Florence, from whence the Geralds challenge their descent, from the antient family of the Geralds; there in honour of his Mistresse he aduanceth her picture, and challengeth to maintaine her beautie by deedes of Armes, against all that durst appeare in the lists; where after the proofe of his braue and incomparable valour, whose arme crowned her beauty with eternall memory, he writeth this Epistle to his deerest Mistresse.*

FRom learned Florence (long time rich in fame)
From whence thy race, thy noble grandsires came,
To famous England, the kinde nurse of mine,
Thy Surrey sends to heauenly *Geraldine*;
Yet let not *Thuscan* thinke *I* do her vvrong,

That

That I from thence write in my natiue tongue,
That in theſe harſh-tun'd cadences I ſing,
Sitting ſo neare the Muſes ſacred ſpring,
But rather thinke her ſelfe adorn'd thereby,
That England reades the praiſe of Italie.
Though to the *Thuſcan*, I the ſmoothnes grant,
Our dialect no Maieſtie doth want,
To ſet thy prayſes in as hie a key,
As Fraunce, or Spaine, or Germanie, or they.
That day I quit the Fore-land of faire Kent,
And that my ſhip her courſe for Flanders bent;
Yet thinke I with how many a heauie looke,
My leaue of England and of thee I tooke,
And did intreat the tide (if it might be)
But to conuey me one ſigh backe to thee,
Vp to the decke a billow lightly skips,
Taking my ſigh, and downe againe it ſlips;
Into the gulfe it ſelfe, it headlong throwes,
And as a poſt to England-ward it goes;
As I ſit wondring how the rough ſeas ſtird,
I might farre off perceiue a little bird,
Which as ſhe faine from ſhore to ſhore would flie
Hath loſt her ſelfe in the broad vaſtie skie,
Her feeble wing beginning to deceiue her,
The ſeas of life ſtill gaping to bereaue her;
Vnto the ſhip ſhe makes which ſhe diſcouers,
And there (poore foole) a while for refuge houers,
And when at length her flagging pinion failes
Panting ſhe hangs vpon the ratling ſailes,
And being forc'd to looſe her hold with paine,
Yet beaten off, ſhe ſtraight lights on againe,

And

And tosst with flaws, with storms, with wind, with we-
Yet still departing thence, stil turneth thether, (ther,
Now with the poope, now with the prow doth beare,
Now on this side, now that, now here, now there,
Me thinkes these stormes should be my sad depart,
The seely helplesse bird is my poore bart,
The ship, to which for succour it repaires,
That is your selfe (regardlesse of my cares)
Of euery surge doth fall, or waue doth rise,
To some one thing I sit and moralize.
When for thy loue I left the Belgicke shore,
Diuine *Erasmus*, and our famous *Moore*,
Whose happy presence gaue me such delight;
As made a minute of a winters night;
With whom a while I staide at *Roterdame*,
Now so renowned by *Erasmus* name.
Yet euery houre did seeme a world of time;
Till I had seene that soule-reuiuing clime,
And thought the foggy Netherlands vnfit,
A watry soyle to clogge a fiery wit;
And as that wealthy *Germany* I past,
Comming vnto the Emperours court at last,
Great learnd *Agrippa*, so profound in Art,
Who the infernall secrets doth impart,
When of thy health I did desire to know,
Me in a glasse my *Geraldine* did shew,
Sicke in thy bed, and for thou couldst not sleepe,
By a waxe taper set thy light to keepe;
I doe remember thou didst reade that Ode,
Sent backe whilst I in *Thanet* made abode,
Where as thou cam'st vnto the word of loue,

Euen in thine eies I sawe how passion stroue;
That snowy lawne which couered thy bed,
Me thought lookt white, to see thy cheeke so red,
Thy rosie cheeke oft changing in my sight,
Yet still was red, to see the lawne so white;
The little taper which should giue thee light,
Me thought waxt dim, to see thy eie so bright;
Thine eie againe supplies the tapers turne,
And with his beames doth make the taper burne,
The shrugging ayre about thy Temple hurles,
And wraps thy breath in little clowded curles,
And as it doth ascend it strait doth ceaze it,
And as it sinks, it presently doth raise it;
Canst thou by sicknes banish beautie so?
Which if put from thee, knowes not where to goe,
To make her shift, and for her succour seeke,
To euery riueld face, each bankrupt cheeke,
If health preseru'd, thou beautie still doost cherish,
If that neglected, beauty soone doth perish.
Care drawes on care, woe comforts woe againe,
Sorrow breeds sorrow, one griefe brings forth twaine,
If liue or die, as thou doost, so doe I,
If I liue, I liue, and if thou die, I die,
One hart, one loue, one ioy, one griefe, one troth,
One good, one ill, one life, one death to both,
If *Howards* blood, thou holdst as but too vile,
Or not esteemst of *Norffolkes* Princely stile,
If *Scotlands* coate no marke of fame can lend,
That Lion placde in our bright siluer bend,
Which as a trophie beautifies our shield,
Since Scottish bloud discoloured *Floden* field;

When

When the prowd *Cheuiot* our braue Ensigne beare,
As a rich iewell in a Ladies haire,
And did faire *Bramstons* neighbouring valies choke,
With clouds of Canons, fire disgorged smoke,
Or *Surreys* Earledom insufficient be,
And not a dower so well contenting thee;
Yet am I one of great *Apollos* heires,
The sacred Muses chalenge me for theirs.
By Princes, my immortall lines are sung,
My flowing verses grac'd with euery tung;
The little children when they learne to go,
By painfull mothers daded to and fro,
Are taught by fugred numbers to rehearse,
And haue their sweet-lips season'd with my verse;
When heauen would striue to do the best it can,
And put an Angels spirit into a man;
The vtmost power in that great worke doth spend,
When to the world a Poet it doth intend,
That little difference twixt the Gods and vs,
(By them confirm'd) distinguish'd onely thus;
Whom they in birth, ordaine to happie dayes,
The Gods commit their glorie to our prayse,
To eternall life when they dissolue their breath,
We likewise share a second power by death:
When time shall turne those Amber colours to gray,
My verse againe shall guild and make them gay,
And tricke them vp in knotted curles anew,
And in the Autumne giue a Summers hew;
That sacred power, that in my Inke remaines,
Shall put fresh blood into thy wither'd vaines,
And on thy red decay'd, thy whitenes dead,

Shall

Shall set a white, more white, a red, more red;
When thy dim sight thy glasse cannot descry.
Thy crazed mirrour cannot see thine eie;
My verse to tell, what eie, what mirrour was,
Glasse to thine eie, an eie vnto thy glasse,
Where both thy mirrour and thine eie shall see,
What once thou sawst, in that, that saw in thee,
And to them both shall tell the simple trueth,
What that in pureresse was, vvhat thou in youth.
If Florence once should loose her olde renovvne,
As famous *Athens*, novv a fisher tovvne,
My lines for thee a Florence shall erect,
Which great *Apollo* euer shall protect,
And with the numbers from my penne that falls,
Bring marble mines to re-erect those walls;
Nor beauteous *Stanhope*, whom all tongues report,
To be the glory of the English Court,
Shall by our nation be so much admirde,
If euer *Surrey* truely were inspirde.
And famous *Wyat*, who in numbers sings,
To that inchanting *Thracian* harpers strings,
To whome *Phœbus* (the Poets god) did drinke,
A bowle of Nectar filld vnto the brinke,
And sweet-tongd *Bryan*, (whom the Muses kept,
And in his Cradle rockt him whilst he slept,)
In sacred verses (so diuine'y pend)
Vpon thy praises euer shall attend.
What time I came vnto this famous towne,
And made the cause of my arriuall knovvne,
Great *Medices* a list (for triumphs) built,
Within the vvhich, vpon a tree of gilt,

With thousand sundry rare deuises set,)
I did erect thy louely counterfet,
To answer those Italian dames desire,
Which daily came thy beautie to admire.
By which my lion in his gaping jawes
Holdeth my launce, and in his dreadfull pawes,
Reacheth my gauntlet vnto him that dare
A beauty with my *Geraldines* compare.
Which when each manly valiant arme assaies,
After so many braue triumphant daies,
The glorious prize vpon my launce I bare,
By Heralds voyce proclaimde to be thy share;
The shiuered staues here for thy beautie broke,
with fierce encounters past at euery shocke,
when stormie courses answered cuffe for cuffe,
Denting prowde Beuers with the counter-buffe,
Vpon an altar burnt with holy flame,
And sacrificde as ensence to thy fame.
Where, as the Phœnix from her spiced fume,
Renues herselfe in that she doth consume;
So from these sacred ashes liue we both,
Euen as that one *Arabian* wonder dooth.
When to my chamber I my selfe retire,
Burnt with the sparkes that kindled all this fire,
Thinking of England which my hope containes,
The happy Ile where *Geraldine* remaines,
Of *Hunsdon*, where those sweete celestiall eyne,
At first did pierce this tender breast of mine;
Of *Hampton* Court, and *Windsore*, where abound
All pleasures that in Paradise were found;
Neere that faire Castle is a little groue,

With hanging rockes all couered from aboue,
Which on the bancke of louely *Thames* doth stand,
Clipt by the water from the other land,
vvhose bushy top doth bid the Sun forbeare, (there,
And checkes those provvde beames that would enter
vvhose leaues still muttring as the ayre doth breathe;
vvith the svveet bubling of the streame beneathe,
Doth rocke the senses (whilst the finall birds sing,)
Lulled asleepe vvith gentle murmuring,
vvhere light-foote Fairies sport at prison base,
No doubt there is some povver frequents the place,
There the soft poplar and smoothe beech doe beare,
Our names together carued euery where,
And Gordian knots doe curiously entwine,
The names of *Henry*, and of *Geraldine*.
O let this Groue in happy times to come,
Be calld, *The Louers blessde Elizium*,
Whither my Mistris vvonted to resort,
In summers heate in pleasant shades to sport,
A thousand sundry names I haue it giuen,
And calld it Wonder-hider, Couer-heauen,
The roofe vvhere Beautie her rich Court doth keepe,
Vnder vvhose compasse all the Starres doe sleepe.
There is one tree vvhich now I call to minde,
Doth beare these verses carued in his rinde:
When Geraldine *shall sit in thy faire shade,*
Fanne her sweete tresses with perfumed aire,
Let thy large bonghes a Canopie be made,
To keepe the Sunne from gazing on my faire,
And when thy spredding braunched armes be suncke,
And thou no sap nor pith shalt more retaine,

Euen from the duſt of thy vnweldy Truncke,
I will renue thee Phœnix like againe,
And from thy drie decayed roote will bring,
Anew-borne Stem, another Æſons ſpring.
I finde no cauſe, nor iudge I reaſon why
My country ſhould giue place to *Lombardy*,
As goodly flowers on *Thamiſis* doe growe,
As beautifie the bankes of wanton *Po*;
As many Nymphs as haunt rich *Arnus* ſtrand,
By ſiluer *Sabrine* tripping hand in hand,
Our ſhades as ſweete, though not to vs ſo deere,
Becauſe the ſunne hath greater power heere.
This diſtant place but giues me greater woe,
Farre off, my ſighs the farther haue to goe,
Ah abſence! why thus ſhouldſt thou ſeeme ſo long?
Or wherefore ſhouldſt thou offer Time ſuch wrong?
Summer ſo ſoone, ſhould ſteale on winters colde,
Or winters blaſts, ſo ſoone make ſummer olde?
Loue did vs both with one ſelfe arrow ſtrike,
Our wounds both one, our cure ſhould be the like,
Except thou haſt found out ſome meane by art,
Some powrefull medicine to withdraw the darte,
But mine is fixt, and abſents phyſicke proued,
It ſtickes too faſt, it cannot be remoued.
Adiew, adew, from *Florence* when I goe,
By my next letters *Geraldine* ſhall know,
Which if good fortune ſhall my courſe direct,
From *Venice* by ſome meſſenger exſpect,
Till when, I leaue thee to thy hearts deſire,
By him that liues thy vertues to admire.

Notes of the Chronicle Historie.

From learned Florence, long time rich in fame.

FLorence a Citty of Thuscan, standing vpon the Riuer Arnus, (celebrated by *Dante Petrarch*, and other the most noble wits of Italie) was the originall of the familie, out of which this *Geralline* did spring, as Ireland the place of her birth, which is intimated by these verses of the Earle of Surrey.

From *Thuscan* came my Ladies worthy race,
Faire *Florence* was sometime her ancient seate,
The Westerne Ile, whose pleasant shore doth face
Wilde Cambers cliffs, did giue her liuely heate.

Great learn'd Agrippa, *so profound in Art.*

Cornelius Agrippa, a man in his time so famous for Magicke (which the bookes published by him, concerning that argument, do partly proue) as in this place needes no further remembrance. Howbeit, as those abstruse and gloomy Arts are but illusions: so in the honour of so rare a Gentleman as this Earle, (and therewithall so noble a Poet) (a quality, by which his other titles receiue their greatest lustre) inuention may make somewhat more bold with *Agrippa* aboue the barren truth.

That Lion set in our bright siluer bend.

The blazon of the *Howards* honorable armour, was *Gules betweene six crosselets fitches a bend Argent*, to which afterwards was added by atchieuement, *In the Canton point of the bend an escutcheon*, or *within the Scottish tressure, a Demi-lion rampant Gules, &c.* as Maister *Camden* now *Clerenceaulx* from authoritie noteth. Neuer shall time nor bitter enuie be able to obscure the brightnesse of so great a victory as that, for which this addition was obtained. The Historian of Scotland *George Buchanan* reporteth, that the Earle of Surrey gaue for his badge a *Siluer Lion*, (which from antiquitie belonged to that name) tearing in peeces *A Lion prostrate Gules*; and withall, that this which he termes insolencie, was punished in him and his posteritie, as if it were fatall to the Con-

querour, to doe his Soueraigne such loyall seruice as a thousand such seuere censurers were neuer able to performe.

Since Scottish blood discoloured Floden field.

The battle was fought at Bramstone neere Floden hill, being a part of the Cheuiot, a mountaine that exceedeth all the mountaines in the North of England for bigneſſe, in which the wilfull periurie of *Iames* the fifth was punished from heauen by the Earle of Surrey, being left by King *Henry* the eight (then in France before *Turwin*) for the defence of his Realme.

Nor beauteous Stanhope, *whom all tongues report*
To be the glory, &c.

Of the beautie of that Lady, he himselfe testifies in an Elegie which he writ of her, refusing to daunce with him, which hee seemeth to alegorize vnder a Lion and a Wolfe. And of himselfe he saith:

A Lion saw I late, as white as any snow,

And of her.

I might perceiue a Wolfe as white as Whales bone,
A fairer beast, of fresher hue, beheld I neuer none,
But that her lookes were coy, and froward was her grace.

And famous Wyat *who in numbers sings.*

Sir *Thomas Wyat* the elder, a most excellent Poet, as his Poems extant doe witnesse, besides certaine Encomions written by the Earle of Surrey vppon some of *Dauids* Psalmes, by him translated.

What holy graue, what worthy Sepulchre,
To *Wyats* Psalmes shall Christians purchase then.

And afterward vpon his death the said Earle writeth thus:

What vertues rare were tempred in thy breast?
Honour that England such a iewell bred,
And kisse the ground whereas thy corpes did rest.

At Honsdon, where those sweete celestiall eyne,

It is manifest by a Sonnet written by this noble Earle, that the first time he beheld his Lady, was at Hunsdon.

Hunsdon *did first present her to mine eyne.*

Which Sonnet being altogether a description of his loue, I do alleadge in diuers places of this gloſſe, as proofes of what I write.

Of Hampton Court and Windsor, where abound
All pleasures, &c.

That he enioyed the presence of his faire and vertuous Mistris, in those two places, by reason of Queene *Katherines* vsuall aboad there, (on whom this Lady *Geraldine* was attending) I proue by these verses of his:

Hampton me tanght to wish her first for mine,
Windsor alas doth chase me from her sight.

And in another Sonnet following:

When Winsor walls sustainde my wearied arme,
My hand my chin, to ease my restlesse head.

And that his delight might draw him to compare Winsor to Paradice, an Elegy may proue, where he remembreth his passed pleasures in that place,

With a Kings sonne my childish yeeres I pass'd,
In greater feast then *Priams* sonne of Troy.

And againe in the same Elegie;

Those large greene Courts, where we were wont to roue
With eyes cast vp vnto the maidens Tower,
With easie sighs, such as men draw in loue.

And againe in the same:

The stately seates, the Ladies bright of hue,
The dances short, long tales of sweete delight.

And for the pleasantnesse of the place, these verses of his may testifie in the same Elegie before recited.

The secret groues which we haue made resound,
With siluer drops the meads yet spread for ruth.
As goodly flowers from Thamisis doe growe, &c.

I had thought in this place not to haue spoken of Thames, being so oft remembred by mee before, in sundry other places on this occasion: but thinking of that excellent Epigram, which, as I iudge, either to bee done by the said Earle, or Sir *Fraūcis Brian*: for the worthinesse thereof I will heere insert, which, as it seemes to me, was compiled at the Authors being in Spaine.

Tagus farewell, which Westward with thy streames,
Turn'st vp the graines of gold already tride,
For I with spur and saile go seeke the Thames,
Against the Sunne that shewes her wealthy pride;
And to the towne that *Brutus* sought by dreames,
Like bended Moone that leanes her lusty side,
To seeke my Country now, for whom I liue,
O mighty *Ioue*, for this the windes me giue.

FINIS.

Geraldine to *Henry Howard* Earle of Surrey.

SVch greeting as the noble *Surrey* sends,
The same to thee thy *Geraldine* commends;
A maidens thoughts do checke my trembling hand,
On other termes, or complements to stand,
Which (might my speech be as my heart affords)
Should come attired in farre richer vvords;
But all is one, my faith as firme shall proue,
As hers that makes the greatest shevv of loue.
In Cupids Schoole *I* neuer read those bookes,
vvhose lectures oft vve practise in our lookes,
Nor euer did suspitions mu all eye,
Yet lie in vvaite my fauours to espie,
My virgine thoughts are innocent and meeke,
As the chaste blushes sitting on my cheeke:

As in a feuer I do ſhiuer yet,
Since firſt my pen was to the paper ſet.
If I do erre, you know my ſexe is weake,
Feare proues a fault, where maids are forc'd to ſpeake;
Do I not ill? ah ſooth me not heerein,
O, if I doe, reproue me of my ſin,
Chide me in faith, or if my fault you hide,
My tongue will teach my ſelfe, my ſelfe to chide.
Nay noble *Surrey*, blot it if thou wilt,
Then too much boldneſſe ſhould returne my guilt;
For that ſhould be euen from our ſelues concealde,
Which is diſcloſde, if to our thoughts reuealde,
For the leaſt motion, more the ſmalleſt breath,
That may impeach our modeſtie, is death;
The page that brought thy letters to my hand,
(Me thinks) ſhould meruaile at my ſtrange demand,
For till he bluſh'd, I did not yet eſpie,
The nakedneſſe of my immodeſtie,
Which in my face he greater might haue ſeene,
But that my fanne *I* quickly put betweene;
Yet ſcarcely that my inward guilt could hide,
Feare ſeeing all, feares it of all eſpide.
Like to a taper lately burning bright,
Now wanting matter to maintaine his light.
The blaze aſcending forced by the ſmoke,
Liuing by that which ſeekes the ſame to choke;
The flame ſtill hanging in the ayre, doth burne,
Vntill drawne downe, it backe againe returne.
Then cleere, then dim, then ſpreadeth, & then cloſeth,
Now getteth ſtrength, and now his brightneſſe loſeth.
As well the beſt diſcerning eye may doubt,

Whe-

Whether it yet be in, or whether out:
Thus in my cheeke my diuers passions shew'd,
Now ashy pale, and now againe it glow'd;
If in your verse there be a power to moue,
It's you alone, who are the cause I loue,
It's you bewitch my bosome by mine eare,
Vnto that end *I* did not place you there.
Ayres to asswage the bloody souldiers minde,
Poore women, we are naturally kinde.
Perhaps you'le thinke that *I* these termes enforce,
For that in Court this kindenesse is of course,
Or that it is that honny-steeped gall,
We oft are said to bait our loues withall,
That in one eye we carry strong desire,
The other drops which quickly quench the fire;
Ah, what so false can Enuy speake of vs,
But shall finde some too vainely credulous?
I do not so, and to adde proofe thereto,
I loue in faith, in faith sweete Lord *I* do;
Nor let the enuie of enuenom'd tongues,
Which still is grounded on poore Ladies wrongs,
Thy noble breast diasterly possesse,
By any doubt to make my loue the lesse:
My house from *Florence I* do not pretend,
Nor from *Giraldi* claime *I* to descend,
Nor hold those honours insufficient are,
That *I* receiue from *Desmond* or *Kyldare*;
Nor adde *I* greater worth vnto my blood,
Than *Irish* milke to giue me infant food,
Nor better ayre will euer boast to breathe,
Then that of *Lemster*, *Mounster*, or of *Meathe*,

Nor

Nor craue *I* other forraine farre alies,
Then *Windsor* or *Fitz-geralds* families.
It is enough to leaue vnto my heires,
If they will but acknowledge me for theires.
To what place euer did the Court remoue,
But that the howse giues matter to my loue,
At Windsor still *I* see thee sit and walke,
There mount thy Courser, there deuise, there talke;
The roabes, the garter, and the state of Kings,
*In*to my thoughts thy hoped greatnes brings;
Non such, the name imports (me thinks) so much,
None such as thou, nor as my Lord, none such,
In Hamptons great magnificence *I* finde,
The liuely image of thy princely minde,
Faire Richmonds towers like goodly pillars stand,
Reard by the power of thy victorious hand;
White-halls triumphing galleries are yet
Adornde with rich deuises of thy wit,
In Greenewich yet as in a glasse *I* view,
Where last thou badst thy *Geraldine* adiew,
VVith euery little gentle breath that blowes,
How are my thoughts confusde with ioyes & woes,
As through a gate, so through my longing eares,
Passe to my hart whole multitudes of feares;
O in a map that *I* might see thee show,
The place where now in danger thou doost goe!
VVhilst we discourse to trauaile with our eye,
Romania, Tuscaine, and faire Lumbardy,
Or with thy pen exactly to set downe,
The modell of that Tempell, or that towne,
And to relate at large where thou hast beene,

And

And there, and there, and what thou there haſt ſeene.
Or to deſcribe by figure of thy hand,
There *Naples* lies, and there doth *Florence* ſtand;
Or as the Grecians finger dip'd in wine,
Drawing a Riuer in a little line,
And with a drop, a gulfe to figure out,
To modell *Venice* moted round about;
Then adding more, to counterfet a Sea,
And draw the front of ſtately *Genoa*.
Theſe from thy lips were like harmonious tones,
Which now do ſound like *Mandrakes* dreadful grones.
Some trauell hence t'enrich their mindes with skill,
Leaue heere their good, and bring home others ill:
VVhich ſeeme to like all Countries but their owne,
Affecting moſt where they the leaſt are knowne.
Their leg, their thigh, their back, their neck, their head,
As they had been in ſeuerall Countries bred;
In their attire, their geſture, and their gate,
Fond in each one, in all *Italionate*.
So well in all deformitie in faſhion,
Borrowing a limbe on eu-ry ſeuerall Nation,
And nothing more then England hold in ſcorne,
So liue as ſtrangers where as they were borne.
But thy returne in this *I* do not reede,
Thou art a perfect Gentleman inde-des;
O God forbid that *Howards* noble line,
From ancient vertue ſhould ſo farre decline,
The Muſes traine (whereof your ſelfe are chiefe)
Onely with me participate their griefe:
To ſooth their humors, *I* do lend them eares,
He giues a Poet, that his verſes heares,

Till thy returne, by hope they onely liue;
Yet had they all, they all away would giue:
The world and they, so ill according be,
That wealth and Poets neuer can agree.
Few liue in Court that of their good haue care,
The Muses friends are euery where so rare;
Some praise thy worth (that it did neuer know,)
Onely because the better sort doe so,
Whose iudgement neuer further doth extend,
Then it doth please the greatest to commend,
So great an ill vpon desert doth chaunce,
When it doth passe by beastly ignoraunce.
Why arte thou slacke whilst no man puts his hand
To raise the mount where *Surreys* towers must stand?
Or who the groundsill of that worke doth lay
Whilst like a wandrer thou abroade doost stray?
Clipt in the armes of some lasciuious dame,
When thou shouldst reare an *Ilion* to thy name.
When shall the Muses by faire *Norwich* dwell,
To be the Cittie of the learned VVell?
Or *Phœbus* altars there with incense heapt,
As once in *Cyrrha*, or in *Thebe* kept?
Or when shall that faire hoofe-plowd spring distill
From great mount *Surrey*, out of *Leonards* hill?
Till thou returne, the Court I will exchange
For some poore cottage, or some countrey Grange,
Where to our distaues as we sit and spin,
My maide and I will tell of things haue bin,
Our Lutes vnstrung shall hang vpon the wall,
Our lessons serue to wrap our Towe withall,
And passe the night, whiles winter tales we tell,

Of many things that long ago befell;
Or tune such homely Carrols as were sung
In Countrey sports when we our selues were yung.
In pretie Riddles to bewray our loues,
In questions, purpose, or in drawing gloues.
The nobl'est spirits to vertue most inclind,
These heere in Court thy greatest want do find.
Other there be, on which we feede our eye,
Like Arras worke, or such like *Imagerie*;
Many of vs desire Queene *Katherines* state,
But very few her vertues imitate.
Then, as *Vlysses* wife vvrite *I* to thee,
Make no reply, but come thy selfe to me.

Notes of the Chronicle Historie.

Then Windsore, or Fitzgeralds *families.*

THE cost of many Kings, which from time to time haue adorned the Castle at Windsor with their princely magnificence, hath made it more noble then that it need to bee spoken of now, as though obscure, and I hold it more meet to referre you to our vulgar monuments for the founders and finishers thereof, then to meddle with matter nothing neere to the purpose. As for the family of the *Fitzgeralds*, of whence this excellent Lady was lineally discended, the original was English, though the branches did spread themselues into distant places & names nothing cõsonant, as in former times it was vsual to denominate themselues of their mannours or forenames: as may partly appeare in that which enlargeth the light whereof proceeded from my learned and verie worthie friend, Maister *Francis Thinne*, *Walter* of Windsor, the sonne of *Querus*, had issue *William*, of whom *Henry* now Lord Windsor is discended, and *Robert* of Windsor, of whom *Robert* the

the now Earle of Essex, and *Gerald* of Windsor his third sonne, who married the daughter of *Rees* the great Prince of Wales, of whom came *Nesta*, paramour to *Henry* the first. Which *Gerald* had issue *Maurice Fitz-gerald*, auncestor to *Thomas Fitz-maurice*, Iustice of Ireland buried at Trayly; leauing issue *John* his eldest sonne, first Earle of Kildare, auncestor to *Geraldine*, and *Maurice* his second sonne, first earle of Desmond.

To raise the mount where Surreys *Towers must stand,*

Alludeth to the sumptuous house which was afterward builded by him vpon Leonards hill right against Norwich, which in the rebellion of Norffolke vnder *Ket*, in king *Edward* the 6. time, was much defaced by that impure rabble. Betwixt the hil and the Citie, as *Alexander Neuill* describes it, the riuer of Yarmouth runs, hauing West and South thereof a wood, and a little Village called Thorpe, and on the North, the pastures of Mousholl, which containes about sixe miles in length and breadth. So that besides the stately greatnes of Mount-Surrey, which was the houses name: the prospect and site thereof was passing pleasant and commodious; and no where else did that encreasing euill of the Norffolke furie enkennell it selfe but then there, as it were for a manifest token of their intent, to debase all high things, and to prophane all holy.

Like Arras worke, or other imagerie.

Such was he whom *Iuuenall* taxeth in this manner.

—truncoque similimus Hermæ
Nullo quippe alio vincis discrimine quamquod,
Illi marmoreum caput est, tua vanit imago.

Being to be borne for nothing else but apparell and the outward appearance, intituled Complement, with whom the ridiculous fable of the Ape in *Esope* sorteth fitly, who comming into a Caruers house, and viewing many Marble workes, tooke vp the head of a man very cunningly wrought, who greatly in prayfing did seeme to pittie it, that hauing so comely an outside, it had nothing within, like emptie figures walke and talke in euery place, at whom the noble *Geraldine* modestly glanceth.

Finis.

To

To the virtuous Lady, the Lady Francis Goodere, wife to sir Henry Goodere, Knight.

MY very gratious and good Mistris, the loue and duety I bare vnto your father whilst he liued, now after his decease is to your hereditarie; to whome by the blessing of your birth he left his vertues. Who bequeathed you those which were his, gaue you whatsoeuer good is mine, as deuoted to his, he being gone, whome I honoured so much whilest he liued; which you may iustly challenge by all lawes of thankefulnesse. My selfe hauing beene a witnesse of your excellent education, and milde disposition (as I may say) euer from your Cradle, dedicate this Epistle of this vertuous and godly Lady to your selfe; so like her in all perfection, both of wisedome and learning, which I pray you accept, till time shall enable me to leaue you some greater monument of my loue.

M. Drayton.

The

The Lady *Jane Gray* to the Lord *Gilford Dudley*.

The Argument.

After the death of that vertuous young Prince King Edward *the sixt, the sonne of that famous King* Henry *the eight,* Iane *the daughter of* Henry Gray, *Duke of Suffolke by the consent of* Iohn Dudley *Duke of Northumberland, was proclaimed Queene of England, being married to* Gilford Dudley, *the fourth sonne of the fore-said Duke of Northumberland; which match was concluded by their ambitious fathers, who went about by this meanes, to bring the Crowne vnto their children and to dispossesse the Princesse* Mary *eldest daughter to King* Henry *the eight, heire to King* Edward *her brother. Queene* Mary *rising in Armes to claime her rightfull Crowne, taketh the saide* Iane Gray *and the Lord* Gilford *her husband, being lodged in the Tower for their more safetie, which place being lastly their Pallace, by this meanes became their prison, where being severed in sundry prisons, they write these Epistles one to another.*

MIne own deere Lord, sith thou art lockt frō mee,
In this disguise my love must steale to thee,
Since to renue all loues, all kindnesse past,
This refuge scarcely left, yet this the last.

My Keeper comming, I of thee enquire,
Who with thy greeting answers my desire,
Which my tongue willing to returne againe,
Griefe stops my words, and I but striue in vaine;
Wherewith amazde, away in haste he goes,
When throgh my lips, my hart thrusts forth my woes;
Whenas the dores that make a dolefull sound,
Driue backe my words, that in the noise are drownd,
Which somewhat hush'd, the Eccho doth record,
And twice or thrice reiterates my word;
When like an aduerse winde in *Isis* course,
Against the tide bending his boistrous force;
But when the flood hath wrought it selfe about,
He following on, doth head-long thrust it out;
Thus striue my sighes with teares e're they begin,
And breaking out, againe sighes driue them in.
A thousand formes present my troubled thought,
Yet proue abortiue when they forth are brought,
The depth of woe with words wee hardely sound,
Sorrow is so insensibly profound:
As teares do fall and rise, sighes come and goe,
So do these numbers ebbe, so do they flow.
These briny teares do make my incke looke pale,
My incke clothes teares in this sad mourning vaile,
The letters mourners, weepe with my dim eye,
The paper pale, grieu'd at my misery.
Yet miserable our selues, why should we deeme,
Sith none is so, but in his owne esteeme?
Who in distresse from resolution flies,
Is rightly said, to yeelde to miseries;
They which begot vs, did beget this sin,

They

They first begun, what did our griefe beginne,
we tasted not, t'was they which did rebell,
Not our offence, but in their fall we fell;
They which a crowne would to my Lord haue linck'd,
All hope of life and liberty extinct;
A subiect borne, a Soueraigne to haue beene,
Hath made me now, nor subiect, nor a Queene.
Ah vile ambition, how dooſt thou deceiue vs,
which ſhew'ſt vs heauen, and yet in hell dooſt leaue vs?
Seldome vntouch'd doth innocence eſcape,
when error commeth in good counſailes ſhape,
A lawfull title countercheckes prowd might,
The weakeſt things become ſtrong props to right.
Then my deere Lord, although affliction grieue vs,
Yet let our ſpotleſſe innocence relieue vs.
Death but an acted paſſion doth appeare,
where truth giues courage, and the conſcience cleere,
And let thy comfort thus conſiſt in mine,
That I beare part of whatſoe're is thine;
As when we liude vntouch'd with theſe diſgraces,
whenas our kingdome was our deere embraces;
At Durham Pallace, where ſweete *Hymen* ſang,
whoſe buildings with our nuptiall muſicke rang:
when *Prothalamions* praiſde that happy day,
wherein great *Dudley* match'd with noble *Gray*,
when they deuiſde to lincke by wedlockes band,
The houſe of Suffolke to Northumberland;
Our fatall Dukedome to your Dukedome bound,
To frame this building on ſo weake a ground.
For what auailes a lawleſſe vſurpation,
Which giues a Scepter, but not rules a Nation?

Onely the surfet of a vaine opinion,
What giues content, giues what exceedes dominion.
When first mine eares were pierced with the fame,
Of *Iane* proclaimed by a Princesse name,
A suddaine fright my trembling heart appalls,
The feare of conscience entreth yron walls.
Thrice happy for our fathers had it beene,
If what we fearde, they wisely had fore-seene,
And kept a meane gate in an humble path,
To haue escapde the heauens impetuous wrath,
The true-bred Eagle strongly beares the winde,
And not each bird that's neere vnto their kinde,
That like a King, doth from the clowdes command,
The fearefull fowle that moues but neere the Land,
Though *Mary* be from mighty Kings descended,
My blood not from *Plantaginet* pretended;
My graunsire *Brandon* did our house aduance,
By princely *Mary*, Dowager of France;
The fruit of that faire stocke which did combine,
And Yorkes sweete branch with Lancasters entwine,
And in one stalke did happily vnite,
The pure vermilion Rose, with purer white;
I the vntimely slip of that rich stem,
Whose golden bud brings forth a Diadem.
But oh forgiue me Lord, it is not I,
Nor do I boast of this, but learne to die,
Whilst we were as our selues conioyned then,
Nature to nature, now an alien.
The purest blood, polluted is in blood,
Neerenes contemn'd, if soueraignty withstood;
A Diadem once dazeling the eye,

The day too darke to ſee affinities;
And where the arme is ſtretch'd to reach a Crowne,
Friendſhip is broke, the deereſt thing throwne downe;
For what great *Henry* moſt ſtroue to auoide,
The heauens haue built, where earth would haue de-
And ſeating *Edward* on his regall throne, (ſtroide,
He giues to *Mary*, all that was his owne,
By death aſſuring what by life is theirs,
The lawfull claime of *Henries* lawfull heires.
By mortall lawes the bound may be diuorc'd,
But heauens decree by no meanes can be forc'd:
That rules the caſe, when men haue all decreed,
Who tooke him hence, fore-ſaw who ſhould ſucceed,
For we in vaine relie on humaine lawes,
Whē heauen ſtands forth to plead the righteous cauſe,
Thus rule the heauens in their continuall courſe,
That yeeldes to fate, that doth not yeelde to force.
Mans wit doth build for time but to deuoure,
But vertue's free from time and fortunes powre;
Then my kinde Lord, ſweete *Gilford* be not grieu'd,
The ſoule is heauenly, and from heauen relieu'd;
And as we once haue plighted troth together,
Now let vs make exchange of mindes to either;
To thy faire breaſt take my reſolued minde,
Armde againſt blacke diſpaire, and all her kinde,
And to my boſome breathe that ſoule of thine,
There to be made as perfect as is mine;
So ſhall our faith as firmely be approued,
As I of thee, or thou of me beloued.
This life no life, were thou not deere to mee,
Nor this no death, were I not woe for thee.

Thou my deere husband, and my Lord before,
But truely learne to die, thou shalt be more.
Now liue by prayer, on heauen fixe all thy thoughe,
And surely finde, what e're by zeale is sought;
For each good motion that the soule awakes,
A heauenly figure sees, from whence it takes
That sweete resemblance, which by power of kinde,
Formes (like it selfe) an image in the minde,
And in our faith the operations bee,
Of that diuineneſſe which through that we see;
Which neuer erres, but accidentally,
By our fraile fleshes imbecillitie;
By each temptation ouer-apt to slide,
Except our spirit becomes our bodies guide;
For as these Towers our bodies do inclose
Their prisons, so vnto our soules suppose
Our bodies, stopping that celestiall light,
As these do hinder our exterior sight;
Whereon death seasing, doth discharge the debt,
And vs at blessed liberty doth set.
Then draw thy forces all vnto thy heart,
The strongest fortresse of this earthly part,
And on these three let thy assurance lie,
On faith, repentance, and humilitie;
By which to heauen ascending by degrees,
Persist in prayer vpon your bended knees;
Whereon if you assuredly be staide,
You needе in perill not to be dismaide,
Which still shall keepe you that you shall not fall,
For any perill that you can appall;
The key of heauen thus with you, you shall beare,

And grace you guiding, giue you entrance there,
And you of those celestiall ioyes possesse,
Which mortal tongue's vnable to expresse.
Then thanke the heauen, preparing vs this roome,
Crowning our heads with glorious martiredome,
Before the blacke and dismall daies beginne,
The daies of all idolatry and sinne,
Not suffering vs to see that wicked age,
When persecution vehemently shall rage,
When tyranny n: w tortures shall inuent,
Inflicting vengeance on the innocent.
Yet heauen forbids, that *Maries* wombe shall bring,
Englands faire Scepter to a forraigne King,
But vnto faire *Elizabeth* shall leaue it,
Which broken, hurt, and wounded, shall receiue it;
And on her temples hauing placde the Crowne,
Roote out the dregs Idolatry hath sowne;
And *Syons* glory shall againe restore,
Laid ruine, waste, and desolate before;
And from blacke sinders, and rude heapes of stones,
Shall gather vp the Martires sacred bones,
And shall extirpe the power of *Rome* againe,
And cast aside the heauie yoke of Spaine.
Farewell sweete *Gilford*, know our end is neere,
Heauen is our home, we are but strangers heere.
Let vs make haste to goe vnto the blest,
Which from these weary worldly labours rest,
And with these lines my deerest Lord I greete thee,
Vntill in heauen thy *Iane* againe shall meet thee.

Notes of the Chroniele Historie.

They which begat vs did beget this sin me.

SHewing the ambition of the two Dukes their Fathers, whose pride was the cause of the vtter ouerthrow of their children.

At Durham Pallace where sweete Hymen *sang,*
The buildings, &c.

The Lord *Gilford Dudley*, fourth sonne to *Iohn Dudley* Duke of Northumberland, married the Lady *Iane Grey*, daughter to the Duke of Suffolke at Durham house in the Strand.

When first mine eares were pierced with the fame,
Of Iane *proclaimed by a princes name*

Presently vpon the death of King *Edward*, the Lady *Iane* was taken as Queene, conueyed by water to the Tower of London for her safetie, and after proclaimed in diuers parts of the realme, as so ordained by king *Edwards* Letters-pattents, and his will.

My Grandsire Brandon *did our house aduaunce*
By princely Mary, *dowager of Fraunce.*

Henry Grey, duke of Suffolk, married *Frauncis* the eldest daughter of *Charles Brandon* Duke of Suffolke, by the French Queene, by which *Frauncis* he had this Lady *Iane*: this *Mary* the French Queene, was daughter to king *Henry* the seuenth, by *Elizabeth* his Queene, which happie mariage conioyned the two noble families of Lancaster and Yorke.

For what great Henry *most strooe to auoyde,*

Noting the distrust that King *Henry* the eight euer had in the Princesse *Mary* his daughter, fearing she should alter the state of Religion in the land, by matching with a stranger, confessing the right that King *Henries* issue had to the Crowne.

And vnto faire Elizabeth *shall leaue it.*

A prophecie of Queene *Maries* barrennesse, and of the happie and glorious raigne of Queene *Elizabeth*, her restoring of Religion, the abolishing of the Romish iesuitrie, and casting aside the yoke of Spaine.

Gilford

¶Gilford Dudley to Iane Gray.

AS the Swanne singing at his dying howre,
So I reply from my imprisning towre:
O could there be that powre but in my verse,
To expresse the griefe my wounded heart doth pierce!
The very walles that straitly thee inclose,
Would surely weepe at reading of my woes;
Let your eies lend, Ile pay you euery teare,
And giue you interest, if you doe forbeare,
Drop for a drop, and if youle needes haue lone,
I will repay you franckly, two for one.
Perhaps youle thinke (your sorrowes to appease)
That words of comfort fitter were than these:
True, and in you when such perfection liueth,
As in most griefe most comfort alwaies giueth:
And thinke not (*Iane*) that cowardly I faint,
To begge mans mercy by my sad complaint,
That death so much my courage can controule,
At the departing of my liuing roule.
For if one life a thousand liues could bee,
All those too few to consummate with thee,
When thou this crosse so patiently doost beare,
As if thou wert incapable of feare,
And doost no more this desolution flie,
Than if long age constrained thee to die:

Yet

Yet it is strange thou arte become my foe,
And onely now add'st most vnto my woe,
Not that I loathe, that most did me delight,
But that so long depriued of thy sight;
For when I speake, and would complaine my wrong,
Straitwayes thy name possesseth all my tong,
As thou before me euermore didst lie
The present obiect to my longing eie.
No ominous starre did at thy birth tide shine,
That might of thy sad destiny diuine;
'Tis onely I that did thy fall perswade,
And thou by me a sacrifice arte made,
As in those countries where the louing wiues
With their kinde husbands end their happy liues,
And crownd with garlands in their Brides attire,
Burne with his body in the funerall fire;
And she the worthiest reckned is of all,
Whome least the perill seemeth to appall.
I boast not of *Northumberlands* great name,
Nor of *Ket* conquered, adding to our fame,
When he to *Norfolke* with his armies sped,
And thence in chaines the rebells captiue led,
And brought safe peace returning to our dores,
Yet spread his glory on the easterne shores,
Nor of my brothers, from whose naturall grace,
Vertue may spring to beautifie our Race,
Nor of *Graues* match my children borne by thee,
Of the great blood indoubtedly to bee,
But of thy vertues onely doe I boast,
That wherein I may iustly glory most:
I crau'd no kingdomes though I thee did craue,

It

It might suffice thy onely selfe to haue,
Yet let me say how-euer it befell,
Me thinkes a Crowne should haue become thee well:
For sute thy wisedome merited (or none)
To haue beene heard with wonder from a throne.
When from thy lippes the counsell to each deede,
Doth as from some wise oracle proceede,
And more esteemd thy vertues were to mee,
Then all that else might euer come by thee;
So chaste thy loue, so innocent thy life,
As being a virgine when thou wert a wife,
So great a gift the heauen on me bestow'd,
As giuing that it nothing could haue ow'd,
Such was the good I did possesse of late,
Ere worldly cares disturbde our quiet state,
Ere trouble did in euery place abound,
And angry warre our former peace did wound.
This is all that ambition vs affordes,
One crowne is guarded with a thousand swordes,
To meane estates, meane sorrowes are but shownes,
But crowns haue cares whose workings be vnknowne,
When *Dudley* led his armies to the east,
Of our whole forces generally possest,
What then was thought his enterprise could let,
Whome a graue counsell freely did abet,
That had the iudgement of the powrefull lawes,
In euery poynt to iustifie the cause,
The holy Church a helping hand that layde,
Who would haue thought that these could not haue swayde?
But what alas can parlements auaile,
Where *Maries* right must *Edwards* Act repeale?

When

When *Suffolkes* powre doth *Suffolkes* hopes withstand,
Northumberland doth leaue *Northumberland*,
And they that should our greatnes vndergoe,
Vs, and our actions onely ouerthrow,
Ere greatnes gain'd we giue it all our hart,
But being once come, could wish it would depart,
And indescreetly follow that so fast,
Which ouertaken punisheth our haste;
If any one doe pitty our offence,
Let him be sure that it be farre from hence:
Heere is no place for any one that shall,
So much as (once) commiserate our fall:
And we of mercy vainely should but thinke,
Our timelesse teares th'insatiate earth doth drinke.
All lamentations vtterly forlorne,
Dying before they fully can be borne.
Mothers that should their woefull children rue,
Fathers in death too kindely bid adue.
Friends their deare farewell louingly to take,
The faithfull seruant weeping for our sake.
Brothers and sisters waiting on our beere,
Mourners to tell what we were liuing heere:
But we alas depriued are of all,
So fatall is our miserable fall,
And where at first for safety we were shut
Now in darke prison wofully are put,
And from height of our ambitious state,
Lie to repent our arrogance too late,
To thy perswasion thus I then reply,
Holde on thy course resolued still to die,
And when we shall so happily be gone,

Leaue

Leaue it to heauen to giue the rightfull throne,
And with that health regreet I thee againe,
Which I of late did gladly entertaine.

Notes of the Chronicle Historie.

Not of Ket conquered adding to our fame;

IOhn Duke of Northumberland, when before he was Earle of Warwike in his expedition against *Ket*, ouerthrew the rebels of Norfolke and Suffolke, encamped at Mount-Surrey in Norfolke.

Nor of my brothers from whose naturall grace;

Gilford Dudley as remembring in this place the towardnesse of his brothers, which were all likely indeed to haue raised that house of the *Dudleys*, of which he was a fourth brother, if not suppressed by their fathers ouerthrow.

Nor of Grayes *match my children borne by thee,*

Noting in this place the aliance of the Lady *Iane Gray*, by her mother, which was *Francis* the daughter of *Charles Brandon*, by *Mary* the French Queene, daughter to *Henry* the seuenth, and sister to *Henry* the eight.

To haue beene heard with wonder from a throne.

Seldome hath it euer beene knowne of any woman endued with such wonderfull gifts, as was this Ladie, both for her wisdome and learning, of whose skill in the tongues one reporteth by this Epigram.

Miraris Ianam Graio, *sermone valere,*
Quo primum nata est tempore Graia *fuit.*
When Dudley *led his armies to the East.*

The Duke of Northumberland prepared his power at London for his expedition against the Rebels in Norfolke, and making haste away, appointed the rest of his forces to meete him at New-market

Newmarket Heath: of whom this saying is reported, that passing through Shorditch, the Lord *Gray* in his company, seeing the people in great numbers came to see him, he sayd, the people presse to see vs, but none bid God speed vs.

Whom a graue Councell freely did abet.

John Dudley Duke of Northumberland, when he went out against Queene *Mary*, had his commission sealed for the generalship of the Army, by the consent of the whole Councell of the land; insomuch that passing through the Councell chamber at his departure, the Earle of Arundell wished that hee might haue gone with him in that expedition, and to spend his blood in the quarrell.

When Suffolks power doth Suffolks *hopes withstand,*
Northumberland doth leaue Northumberland.

The Suffolke men were the first that euer resorted to Queene *Mary* in her distresse, repayring to her succours, whilst shee remained both at Keningall, and at Fermingham Castell, still increasing her aydes, vntill the Duke of Northumberland, was left forsaken at Cambridge.

Finis.

The

THE worlds faire Roſe, and *Henries* froſtie fite,
Iohns tiranny; and chaſte *Matilda's* wrong,
Th'inraged Queene, and furious *Mortimer*,
The ſcourge of Fraunce, and his chaſte loue I ſong,
Depoſed *Richard*, *Iſabell* exil'd,
The gallant *Tudor*, and faire *Katherine*,
Duke *Humfrey*, and old *Cobhams* hapleſſe child,
Couragious *Pole*, and that braue ſpritfull Queene,
Edward, and the delicious London Dame,
Brandon, and that rich dowager of Fraunce,
Surrey, with his faire paragon of fame,
Dudleys miſhap, and vertuous *Grayes* miſchaunce;
Their ſeuerall loues ſince I before haue ſhowne,
Now giue me leaue, at laſt to ſing mine owne.

To

Sonet. 1.

INto theſe loues who but for paſſion, lookes,
At this firſt ſight, heere let them lay them by,
And ſeeke elſe-where in turning other bookes,
Which better may his labour ſatisfie,
No far-fetch'd ſigh ſhall euer wound my breaſt,
Loue from mine eye, a teare ſhall neuer wring,
Nor in ah-mees my whining Sonnets dreſt,
(A Libertine) fantaſtickly I ſing;
My verſe is the true image of my mind,
Euer in motion, ſtill deſiring change,
The choiſe of all varietie inclin'd,
And in all humors ſportiuely *I* range,
My actiue Muſe is of the worlds right ſtraine,
That cannot long one faſhion entertaine.

The ſecond to the Reader.

Sonet. 2

MAny there be excelling in this kind,
Whoſe wel-trick'd rimes with al inuention ſwell;
Let each commend as beſt ſhall like his mind,
Some *Sidney*, *Conſtable*, ſome *Daniell*.
That thus their names familiarly *I* ſing,
Let none thinke them diſparaged to be,
Poore men with reuerence may ſpeake of a King,
And ſo may theſe be ſpoken of by me;
My wanton verſe nere keepes one certaine ſtay,
But now, at hand; then, ſeekes inuention far,
And with each little motion runnes aſtray,
Wilde, madding, iocund, and irregular;
Like me that luſt, my honeſt merry rimes,
Nor care for Criticke, nor regard the times.

Sonet

IDEA.

Sonnet 1.

THine eies taught me the alphabet of loue,
To kon my croſſe-row ere I learnd to ſpell,
For *I* was apt, a Scholler like to proue,
Gaue me ſweete lookes whenas I learned well,
Vowes were my vowells when I then begunne,
At my firſt leſſon in thy ſacred name,
My conſonants the next when I had done,
Words conſonant, and ſounding to thy fame;
My liquids then, were liquide criſtall teares,
My cares, my mutes, ſo mute to craue reliefe,
My dolefull dipthongs, were my lifes diſpaires,
Redoubling ſighs, the accents of my griefe;
My loues Schoole-miſtris now hath taught me ſo,
That I can reade a ſtorie of my woe.

copy 1

Sonnet. 2.

MY hart was ſlaine, and none but you and I,
who ſhould I thinke the murther ſhould cõmit?
Since but your ſelfe, there was no creature by
But onely I, guiltleſſe of murthring it.
It ſlew it ſelfe; the verdict on the view
Doe quit the dead, and me not acceſſary;
Well, well, I feare it will be prou'd by you,
The euidence ſo great a proofe doth carry.
But O, ſee, ſee, we neede enquire no further,
Vpon your lips the ſcarlet drops are found,
And in your eye, the boy that did the murther,
Your cheeks yet pale ſince firſt they gaue the wound.
By this, I ſee, how euer things be paſt,
Yet heauen will ſtill haue murther out at laſt.

Sonnet 3.

TAking my penne, with words to caſt my woes,
Duely to count the ſumme of all my cares,
I finde, my griefe innumerable growes,
The recknings riſe to millions of diſpaires,
And thus diuiding of my fatall houres,
The payments of my loue I reade, and croſſe
Subſtracting, ſet my ſweets vnto my ſowers,
My ioyes arerage leades me to my loſſe;
And thus mine eyes a debtour to thine eye,
Which by extortion gaineth all their lookes,
My heart hath payd ſuch grieuous vſurie,
That all his wealth lies in thy beauties bookes.
And all is thine which hath beene due to mee,
And I a Bankrupt, quite vndone by thee.

An

Sonnet. 4.

BEautie sometime in all her glorie crowned,
Passing by that cleare fountaine of thine eye,
Her sun-shine face there chauncing to espie,
Forgot herselfe, deeming she had beene drowned,
And thus whilest beautie, on her beautie gazed,
Whothen (yet liuing) thought she had beene dying,
And yet in death some hope of life espying,
With her owne rare perfections so amazed,
Twixt ioy and griefe, yet with a smiling frowning,
The glorious sun-beames of her eyes bright shining,
And she on her owne destenie diuining,
Cast in her selfe, to saue herselfe by drowning;
The well of Nectar, pau'd with pearle and gold,
Where she remaines for all eyes to behold.

Sonnet. 5.

NOthing but no and I, and I and no,
How falls it out so strangely you reply?
I tell ye (Faire) ile not be aunswered so,
With this affirming no, denying I.
I say I loue, you slender aunswere I,
I say you loue, you pule me out a no;
I say I die, you eccho me with I,
Saue me I cry, you sigh me out a no:
Must woe and *I*, haue naught but no and I,
No *I* am I, if I no more can haue,
Aunswere no more, with silence make reply,
And let me take my selfe what I do craue;
Let no and I, with I and you be so,
Then aunswere no, and I, and I, and no.

copy 1

Sonnet. 6.

LOue once would daunce within my Miſtreſſe eye,
And wanting muſique fitting for the place,
Swore that I ſhould the inſtrument ſupply,
And ſodainely preſents me with her face;
Straitwaies my pulſe play luely in my vaines,
My panting breath doth keepe a meaner time,
My quauering artires be the tenours ſtraines,
My trembling ſinewes ſerue the counterchime,
My hollow ſighs the deepeſt baſe doe beare,
True diapaſon in diſtincted ſounds;
My panting hart the trebble makes the aire,
And deskan ſinelie on the muſikes grounds;
Thus like a Lute or Viall did I lie,
Whilſt he prowd ſlaue daunede galliards in her eie.

Sonnet 7.

LOue in an humor plaide the prodigall,
And bids my ſences to a ſolemne feaſt,
Yet more to grace the companie withall,
Inuites my hart to be the chiefeſt gueſt;
No other drinke would ſerue this gluttons turne,
But pretious teares diſtilling from mine eine,
Which with my ſighs this Epicure doth burne,
Quaffing carowſes in this coſtly wine,
Where, in his cups o'recome with foule exceſſe,
Begynnes to play a ſwaggering ruffins part,
And at the banquet, in his drunkennes
Slew my deere friend, his kinde and trueſt hart;
A gentle warning friends, thus may you ſee,
What tis to keepe a drunkard companie.

To

To the Moone. Sonet. 8

PHœbe looke downe, and heere behold in mee,
The elements within thy sphere inclosed,
How kindely Nature plac'd them vnder thee,
And in my world, see how they are disposed;
My hope is earth, the lowest, cold and dry,
The grosser mother of deepe melancholie,
Water my teares, coolde with humidity,
Wan, flegmaticke, inclinde by Nature wholy;
My sighes, the ayre, hote, moist, ascending higher,
Subtile of sanguine, dyde in my harts dolor,
My thoughts, they be the element of fire,
Hote, dry, and piercing, still inclinde to choler,
Thine eye the Orbe vnto all these, from whence
Proceedes th'effects of powerfull influence.

To Lunacie. Sonnet. 9.

AS other men, so I my selfe do muse,
Why in this sorte I wrest invention so,
And why these giddy metaphors I vse,
Leauing the path the greater part do goe;
I will resolue you; I am lunaticke,
And euer this in mad-men you shall finde,
What they last thoght on when the braine grew sicke,
In most distraction keepe that still in minde.
Thus talking idely in this bedlam fit,
Reason and I (you must conceiue) are twaine,
Tis nine yeeres now, since first I lost my wit,
Beare with me then, though troubled be my braine;
With diet and correction, men distraught,
(Not too farre past) may to their wits be brought.

Sonnet. 10.

TO nothing fitter can I thee compare,
Then to the ſonne of ſome rich penny-father,
Who hauing now brought on his end with care,
Leaues to his ſonne all he had heap'd together;
This new rich nouice, laniſh of his cheſt,
To one man giues, and on an other ſpends,
Then heere he riots, yet amongſt the reſt,
Haps to ſend ſome to one true honeſt friend.
Thy gifts thou in obſcuritie dooſt waſte,
False friends thy kindenes, borne but to deceiue thee,
Thy loue, that is on the vnworthy plac'd,
Time hath thy beautie, which with age will leaue thee;
Onely that little which to me was lent,
I giue thee backe, when all the reſt is ſpent.

Sonnet. 11.

YOu not alone, when you are ſtill alone,
O God from you that *I* could priuate be,
Since you one were, I neuer ſince was one,
Since you in me, my ſelfe ſince out of me,
Transported from my ſelfe into your being,
Though either diſtant, preſent yet to either,
Senceleſſe with too much ioy, each other ſeeing,
And onely abſent when we are together.
Giue me my ſelfe, and take your ſelfe againe,
Deuiſe ſome meanes but how I may forſake you,
So much is mine that doth with you remaine,
That taking what is mine, with me I take you;
You do bewitch me, O that *I* could flie,
From my ſelfe you, or from your owne ſelfe *I*.

To

To the Soule. Sonnet. 12.

THat learned father, which so firmely proues
The Soule of man immortall and diuine,
And doth the seuerall offices define:
Anima Giues her that name as she the body moues,
Amor Then is she loue imbracing Charitie,
Animus Mouing a will in vs, it is the minde,
Mens Retaining knowledge, still the same in kinde;
Memoria As intellectuall it is the memory,
Ratio In judgeing, Reason onely is her name,
Sensus In speedie apprehension it is sence,
Conscientia In right or wrong, they call her conscience:
Spiritus The spirit, whē it to Godward doth inflame.
These of the soule the seuerall functions bee,
Which my heart lightned by thy loue doth see.

To the Shaddow. Sonnet. 13.

LEtters and lines we see are soone defaced,
Mettells do waste, and fret with cankers rust,
The Diamond shall once consume to dust;
And freshest colours with fowle staines disgraced,
Paper and incke, can paint but naked words,
To write with blood, of force offends the sight,
And if with teares, I finde them all too light,
And sighes and signes, a seely hope affords.
O sweetest shadow, how thou seru'st my turne,
Which still shalt be, as long as there is sunne,
Nor whilst the world is, neuer shall be done,
Whilst Moone shall shine, or any fire shall burne:
That euery thing whence shadow doth proceede,
May in his shadow, my loues story reede,

Sonnet. 14.

IF hee from heauen that filch'd that liuing fire,
Condemn'd by *Ioue* to endlesse torment be,
I greatly meruaile how you still go free,
That farre beyond *Promethem* did aspire?
The fire he stole, although of heauenly kinde,
Which from aboue he craftily did take,
Of liuelesse clods vs liuing men to make,
Againe bestow'd in temper of the minde.
But you brok into heauens immortall store,
Where vertue, honour, wit and beauty lay,
Which taking thence, you haue escap'd away,
Yet stand as free as e're you did before;
But old *Promethem* punish'd for his rape,
Thus poore theeues suffer, when the greater scape.

Sonnet. 15.

VIewing the glasse of my youthes miseries,
I see the face of my deformed cares,
With withered browes, all wrinckled with dispaires,
That for my youth the teares fall from mine eyes,
Then in these teares the mirrors of these eyes,
Thy fairest youth and beauty do I see,
Imprinted there by looking still on thee;
Thus midst my woes, ten thousand ioyes arise.
Yet in these ioyes the shadowes of my good,
In this faire limmed ground as white as snow,
Painted the blackest image of my woe,
With murthring hands imbrude in mine owne blood;
And in this image his darke clowdy eyes,
My life, and loue, I heere anatomize.

To

To the Phœnix. Sonnet 16.

WIthin the compasse of this spatious round,
Amongst all birds the Phœnix is alone,
Which but by you could neuer haue beene knowne.
None like to that, none like to you is found,
Heape your owne vertues seasoned by their sunne,
On heauenly top of your diuine desire;
Then with your beautie set the same on fire,
So by your death, your life shalbe begunne.
Your selfe thus burned in this sacred flame,
With your owne sweetnes all the heauens perfuming,
And still encreasing as you are consuming,
Shall spring againe from th'ashes of your fame,
And mounting vp, shall to the heauens ascend,
So may you liue, past world, past fame, past end.

To Time. Sonnet. 17.

STay, stay, sweete Time, behold or e're thou passe,
From world to world, thou long hast sought to see,
That wonder now wherein all wonders bee,
Where heauen beholds her in a mortall glasse:
Nay, looke thee Time in this celestiall glasse,
And thy youth past, in this faire mirrour see,
The first worlds beautie in the infancie,
What it was then, what thou before it was:
Now passe on Time, to after-worlds tell this:
(And yet shalt tell) but truely what hath beene,
That they may say, what former time hath seene,
And heauen may ioy to thinke on past worlds blis:
Heere make a period Time, and say for me,
She was, whose like againe shall neuer be.

To

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Sonnet. 18.

VNto the world, to learning, and to heauen,
Three nines there are, to euerie one a nine,
One number of the earth, the other both diuine,
One woman now makes three odde numbers euen:
Nine orders first of Angells be in heauen,
Nine Muses do with learning still frequent,
These with the Gods are euer resident;
Nine worthy ones vnto the world were giuen:
My worthy one to these nine worthies addeth,
And my faire Muse, one Muse vnto the nine,
And my good Angell in my soule diuine,
With one more order, these nine orders gladdeth:
My Muse, my worthy, and my Angell then,
Makes euery one of these three nines a ten.

To Humour. Sonnet. 19.

YOu cannot loue my pretty heart, and why?
There was a time you told me that you would,
But now againe you will the same denie,
If it might pease you, would to God you could;
What will you hate? nay that you will not neither,
Nor loue, nor hate, how then? what will you doe,
What will you keepe a meane then betwixt either?
Or will you loue me, and yet hate me too?
Yet serues not this, what next, what other shift?
You will, and will not, what a coyle is heere?
I see your craft, now I perceiue your drift,
And all this while I was mistaken there:
Your loue and hate is this, I now do proue you,
You loue in hate, by hate to make me loue you.

Sonnet.

Sonnet. 20.

AN euill spirit your beautie haunts me still,
Wherewith (alas) I haue beene long possest,
Which ceaseth not to tempt me vnto ill,
Nor giues me once but one poore minutes rest:
In me it speakes whether *I* sleepe or wake,
And when by meanes to driue it out *I* trie,
With greater torments then it me doth take,
And tortures me in most extreamitie,
Before my face, it laies all my dispaires,
And hastes me on vnto a suddaine death;
Now tempting me to drowne my selfe in teares,
And then in sighing to giue vp my breath;
Thus am I still prouokde to euery euill,
By this good wicked spirit, sweete Angell diuell.

To the Spheares. Sonnet. 21.

THou which doost guide this little world of loue,
Thy planets mansions heere thou maist behold,
My brow the spheare where *Saturne* still doth moue,
wrinckled with cares, withered, dry and cold;
Mine eyes the Orbe where *Iupiter* doth trace,
Which gently smile because they looke on thee,
Mars in my swartie visage takes his place,
Made leane with loue, where furious conflicts bee:
Sol in my breast with his hote scorching flame,
But in my heart alone doth *Venus* raigne;
Mercury my hands, the Organs of my fame,
Luna my wauering and vnconstant vaine;
The starry heauen thy praise by me expresst,
Thou the first mouer, guiding all the rest.

To

To Folly. Sonnet. 22.

WIth fooles & children good discretion beares,
Then honest people beare with Loue & me,
Nor older yet, nor wiser made by yeares,
Amongst the rest of fooles and children be,
Loue's still a baby, plaies with gawdes and toyes,
And like a wanton, sports with euery feather,
And ideots still are running after boyes,
Then fooles and children fittest to go together,
He still as young as when he first was borne,
No wiser I, then when as young as he,
You that behold vs, laugh vs not to scorne,
Giue Nature thankes you are not such as wee:
Yet fooles and children sometimes tell in play,
Some wise in shew, more fooles in deede then they.

Sonnet. 23.

LOue banish'd heauen, in earth was held in scorne,
Wandring abroad in neede and beggery,
And wanting friends, though of a Goddesse borne,
Yet crau'de the almes of such as passed by,
I like a man, deuote and charitable
Clothed the naked, lodg'd this wandring guest,
With sighes and teares still furnishing his table,
With what might make the miserable blest:
But this vngratefull for my good desart,
Entiede my thoughts against me to conspire,
Who gaue consent to steale away my heart,
And set my breast his lodging on a fire:
Well, well, my friends, when beggars grow thus bold,
No meruaile then though charity grow cold.

Sonnet

Sonnet 24.

I Heare some say, this man is not in loue,
Who, can he loue: a likely thing they say:
Reade but his verse, and it will easily proue,
O iudge not rashly (gentle Sir) I pray,
Because I loosely trifle in this sort,
As one that fame his sorrows would beguile:
You now suppose me, all this time in sport,
And please your selfe with this conceit the while.
You shallow censures, sometime see you not
In greatest perills some men pleasant be,
Where fame by death is onelie to be got;
They resolute, so stands the case with me;
Where other men in depth of passion crie,
I laugh at Fortune, as in jeast to die.

Sonnet 25.

O Whie should nature niggardly restraine,
The Southerne nations relish not our tongue,
Else should my lines glide on the waues of *Rhene*,
And crowne the Pirens with my liuing song;
But bounded thus to *Scotland* get you forth,
Thence take you wing vnto the *Orcades*,
There let my verse get glorie in the north,
Making my sighs to thawe the frozen seas,
And let the *Bards* within that *Irish* ile,
To whome my Muse with firie wings shall passe,
Call backe the stiffe-neckt rebells from exile,
And mollifie the slaughtring Galliglasse;
And when my flowing numbers they reherse,
Let wolues and beares be charmed with my verse.

To

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To Despaire.

Sonnet 26.

I Euer loue, where neuer hope appeares,
Yet hope drawes on my neuer-hoping care,
And my lifes hope would die but for dispaire,
My neuer-certaine ioy, breeds euer-certaine feares,
Vncertaine-dread, giues wings vnto my hope,
Yet my hopes wings are loaden so with feare,
As they cannot ascend to my hopes spheare,
Yet feare giues them more than a heauenly scope,
Yet this large roome is bounded with dispaire,
So my loue is still fettered with vaine hope,
And libertie depriues him of his scope,
And thus am *I* imprisond in the aire;
Then sweet despaire, a while holde vp thy head,
Or all my hope for sorrow will be dead.

To Fantasie. Sonnet 27.

I Gaue my faith to Loue, Loue his to me,
That he and *I* sworne brothers should remaine,
Thus faith receiu'd, faith giuen backe againe,
Who would imagine bond more sure could be?
Loue flies to her, yet holdes he my faith taken,
As from my vertue raising my offence,
Making me guiltie by mine innocence;
And onelie bond by being so forsaken,
He makes her aske what *I* before had vow'd,
Giuing her that, which he had giuen mee,
I bound by him, and he by her made free.
Who euer so hard breach of faith allowd?
Speake you that should of right & wrong discusse,
Was right ere wrongd, or wrong ere righted thus?

Son-

Sonnet 28.

TO ſuch as ſaie, thy loue *I* ouer-priſe,
And doe not ſticke to terme my praiſes follie,
Againſt theſe folkes that thinke themſelues ſo wiſe,
I thus appoſe my force of reaſon wholie,
Though *I* giue more, then well affords my ſtate,
In which expenſe the moſt ſuppoſe me vaine,
Would yeeld them nothing at the eaſieſt rate,
Yet at this price, returnes me trebble gaine,
The value not vnskilfull how to vſe,
And *I* giue much, becauſe *I* gaine thereby,
I that thus take, or they that thus refuſe,
Whether are theſe deceiued then, or *I*?
In eu'rie thing *I* holde this maxime ſtill,
The circumſtance doth make it good or ill.

To the Sences. Sonnet 29.

WHen conqu'ring loue did firſt my hart aſſaile,
Vnto mine aide *I* ſommond euerie ſence,
Doubting if that prowde tirant ſhould preuaile,
My hart ſhould ſuffer for mine eies offence;
But he with beautie firſt corrupted ſight,
My hearing bribde with her tongues harmonie,
My taſte by her ſweete lippes drawne with delight,
My ſmelling wonne with her breaths ſpiceries;
But when my touching came to plaie his part,
(The King of ſences, greater than the reſt)
He yeeldes loue vp the keis vnto my hart,
And tells the other how they ſhould be bleſte
And thus by thoſe of whome *I* hopde for aide,
To cruell loue my ſoule was firſt betraide.

Son-

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THose Priests which first the Vestall fire begun,
Which might be borrowed from no earthly flame,
Deuisde a vessell to receiue the Sunne,
Being stedfastly opposed to the same;
Where, with sweete wood, laide curiously by Arte,
Whereon the Sunne might by reflexion beate,
Receiuing strength from euerie secret part,
The fuell kindled with celestiall heate.
Thy blessed eies, the Sunne which lights this fire,
My holie thoughts, they be the Vestall flame,
The precious odours be my chaste desire,
My breast the fuell which includes the same;
Thou arte my *Vesta*, thou my goddesse art,
Thy halowed temple onelie is my hart.

Sonnet 31.

ME thinkes I see some crooked Mimicke jeere,
And taxe my Muse with this fantasticke grace,
Turning my papers, askes, what haue we heere?
Making withall, some filthie antike face,
I feare no censure, nor what thou canst say,
Nor shall my spirit one jote of vigor lose,
Thinkst thou my wit shall keepe the packe-horse way,
That eu'rie drudgen lowe inuention goes?
Since Sonnets thus in bundles are impreste,
And eu'rie drudge doth dull our satiate eare?
Thinkst thou my Loue shall in those ragges be dreste,
That eu'rie dowdie, eu'rie trull doth weare?
Vnto my pitch no common iudgement flies,
I scorne all earthlie dung-bred scarabies.

Son-

To the riuer Ankor.

Sonnet 32.

OVr floudes Queene *Thames*, for ſhips & ſwans is crowned,
And ſtately *Seuerne* for her ſhoares is praiſed,
The criſtall *Trent*, for Foords and Fiſh renowned,
And *Auons* fame, to *Albions* cliues is raiſed.
Carlegion Cheſter, vaunts her holie *Dee*,
Yorke manie wonders of her *Owſe* can tell,
The *Peake* her *Doue*, whoſe bankes ſo fertile bee,
And *Kent* will ſaie, her *Medway* doth excell,
Cotſwold commends her *Iſis* and her *Tame*,
Our northerne borders boaſt of *Tweedes* faire floud,
Our weſterne parts extoll her *Wilis* fame,
And olde *Legea* brags of *Daniſh* bloud;
Ardens ſweete *Ankor* let thy glorie bee,
That faire *Idea* ſhe doth liue by thee.

To Imagination. Sonnet 33.

WHilſt yet mine eies doe ſurfet with delight,
My wofull hart impriſond in my breſt,
Wiſheth to be transformed in my ſight,
That it like thoſe, by looking might be bleſt,
But whilſt mine eies thus greedily doe gaze,
Finding their obiects ouer-ſoone departe,
Theſe now the others happines doe praiſe,
Wiſhing themſelues that they had bin my hart;
That eies were hart, or that the hart were eies,
As couetous the others vſe to haue;
But finding reaſon, their requeſt denies,
This to each other mutually they craue;
That ſince the one cannot the other bee,
That eies could thinke, or that my hart could ſee.

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To Admiration. Sonnet 34.

MAruell not Loue, though I thy power admire,
Rauisht a world beyond the fartheſt thought,
That knowing more than euer hath bin taught,
That *I* am onelie ſtaru'd in my deſire;
Maruell not Loue, though I thy power admire,
Aiming at things exceeding all perfection,
To wiſedomes ſelfe to miniſter direction,
That *I* am onelie ſtaru'd in my deſire;
Maruell not Loue, though *I* thy power admire,
Though my conceit *I* further ſeeme to bend,
Than poſſibly inuention can extend,
And yet am onelie ſtaru'd in my deſire;
If thou wilt wonder, heere's the wonder Loue,
That this to me doth yet no wonder proue.

To Miracle. Sonnet 35.

SOme misbelieuing, and prophane in loue,
When *I* doe ſpeake of miracles by thee,
May ſay that thou art flattered by mee,
Who onelie write, my skill in verſe to proue.
See miracles, ye vnbeleeuing ſee,
A dumb-borne Muſe, made to expreſſe the minde,
A cripple hand to write, yet lame by kinde,
One by thy name, the other touching thee;
Blinde were mine eies, till they were ſeene of thine,
And mine eares deafe, by thy fame healed be,
My vices curde, by vertues ſprung from thee,
My hopes reuiu'd which long in graue had line;
All vncleane thoughts, foule ſpirits caſt out in mee,
Onely by vertue that proceedes from thee.

Son-

READing sometime, my sorrowes to beguile,
I finde olde Poets hills and floods admire,
One, he doth wonder monster-breeding *Nyle*,
Another maruells sulphure *Ætnaes* fire.
Now broad-brimd *Indus*, then of *Pindus* height,
Pelion and *Ossa*, frostie *Caucase* olde,
The *Delian Cinthus*, then *Olympus* weight,
Slow *Arar*, franticke *Gallus*, *Cydnus* colde.
Some *Ganges*, *Ister*, and of *Tagus* tell,
Some whirle-poole *Po*, and sliding *Hypasis*,
Some olde *Parnassus* where the Muses dwell,
Some *Helicon*, and some faire *Simois*;
A fooles thinke I, had you *Idea* seene, (beene.
Poore brookes and bankes, had no such wonders

Sonnet 37.

DEere, why should you commaund me to my rest,
When now the night doth sommon all to sleepe?
Me thinkes this time becommeth Louers best,
Night was ordaind together friends to keepe,
How happie are all other liuing things,
Which though the daie disioyne by seuerall flight,
The quiet euening yet together brings,
And each returnes vnto his loue at night.
O thou that art so courteous vnto all,
Whie shouldst thou Night abuse me onelie thus,
That euerie creature to his kinde doost call,
And yet tis thou doost onelie seuer vs:
Well could I wish it would be euer daie,
If when night comes you bid me goe awaie.

Sonnet 38.

SItting alone, Loue bids me goe and write,
Reason pluckes backe, commanding me to staie,
Boasting that she dooth stil direct the waie,
Or else loue were vnable to indite;
Loue growing angrie, vexed at the spleene,
And scorning Reasons maimed argument,
Strait taxeth Reason, wanting to inuent,
Where she with Loue conuersing hath not beene,
Reason reproched with this coy disdaine,
Dispiteth Loue, and laugheth at her follie,
And Loue contemning Reasons reason wholie,
Thought it in weight too light by manie a graine.
Reason put backe, doth out of sight remoue,
And Loue alone findes reason in my loue.

Sonnet 39.

SOme, when in time they of their loues doe tell,
With flames and lightning their exordiums paint,
Some call on heauen, some inuocate on hell,
And Fates and Furies with their woes acquaint,
Elizium is too high a seate for me,
I will not come in *Stix* or *Phlegiton*,
The thrice three Muses but too wanton be,
Like they that lust, I care not, *I* wil none.
Spitefull *Errinis* frights me with her lookes,
My manhoode dares not with foule *Ate* mell,
I quake to looke on *Hecates* charming bookes,
I stil feare bug-beares in *Apolloes* Cell.
I passe not for *Minerua*, nor *Astrea*,
Oncie *I* call vpon diuine *Idea*.

Son-

Sonnet. 40.

MY heart the anuile where my thoughts do beate,
My words the hammers fashioning my desire,
My breast the forge, including all the heate,
Loue is the fuell which maintaines the fire:
My sighes the bellowes which the same encreaseth,
Filling mine eares with noise and nightly groning,
roiling with paine, my labour neuer ceaseth,
In grieuous passions my woes still bemoning:
Mine eyes with teares against the fire striuing,
Whose scorching gleed my heart to cinders turneth;
But with those drops, the flame againe reuiuing,
Still more and more vnto my torment burneth:
With *Sisiphus* thus do I role the stone,
And turne the wheele with damned *Ixion*.

Sonnet. 41.

WHy do I speake of ioy, or write of loue,
When my heart is the very den of horror,
And in my soule the paines of hell I proue,
With all his torments and infernall terror?
What should I say, what yet remaines to doe?
My braine is drie with weeping all too long,
My sighes be spent in yttring of my woe,
And I want words wherewith to tell my wrong:
But still distracted in Loues lunacie,
And bedlam-like thus rauing in my griefe,
Now raile vpon her haire, now on her eye,
Now call her Goddesse, then I call her theefe;
Now I deny her, then I do confesse her,
Now do I curse her, then againe I blesse her.

Sonnet. 42.

SOme men there be which like my method well,
And do commend the ſtrangenes of my vaine,
Some ſay, I haue a paſſing pleaſing ſtraine,
Some ſay, that in my humor I excell:
Some, who not kindely reliſh my conceit,
They ſay (as Poets doe) I vſe to faine,
And in bare words paint out my paſſions paine.
Thus ſundry men their ſundry mindes repeate;
I paſſe not I, how men affected be,
Nor who commends, or diſcommends my verſe,
It pleaſeth me, if *I* my woes rehearſe,
And in my lines, if ſhe my loue may ſee:
Onely my comfort ſtill conſiſts in this,
Writing her praiſe, *I* cannot write amiſſe.

Sonnet. 43.

VVHy ſhould your faire eyes with ſuch ſoueraine (grace,
Diſpearſe their raies on euery vulgar ſpirit,
Whilſt *I* in darkenes in the ſelfeſame place,
Get not one glance to recompence my merit:
So doth the plow-man gaze the wandring ſtarre,
And onely reſts contented with the light,
That neuer learnd what conſtellations are,
Beyond the bent of his vnknowing ſight.
O why ſhould beautie (cuſtome to obey)
To their groſſe ſence applie her ſelfe ſo ill?
Would God *I* were as ignorant as they,
When *I* am made vnhappy by my skill;
Onely compeld on this poore good to boaſt,
Heauens are not kind to thē that know them moſt.

Sonnet. 44.

VVHilſt thus my pen ſtriues to eternize thee,
Age rules my lines with wrincles in my face,
Where in the map of all my miſerie,
Is modeld out the worlde of my diſgrace,
Whilſt in deſpight of tyrannizing times,
Medea-like I make thee yong againe,
Prowdly thou ſcornſt my world-outwearing rimes,
And murther'ſt Vertue with thy coy diſdaine,
And though in youth, my youth vntimely periſh,
To keepe thee from oblivion and the graue,
Enſuing ages yet my rimes ſhall cheriſh,
When I entomb'd my better part ſhall laue;
And though this earthly bodie fade and die,
My name ſhall mount vpon eternitie.

Sonnet. 45.

MVſes which ſadly ſit about my chaire,
Drownd in the teares extorted by my lines,
With heauie ſighes whilſt thus I breake the aire,
Painting my paſſions in theſe ſad diſſignes;
Since ſhe diſdaines to bleſſe my happie verſe,
The ſtrong-built trophies to her liuing fame,
Euer henceforth my boſome be your hearſe,
Wherein the world ſhall now entombe her name,
Encloſe my muſicke you poore ſenſeleſſe walls,
Sith ſhe is deafe and will not heare my mones,
Soften your ſelues with euerie teare that falls,
Whilſt I like *Orpheus* ſing to trees and ſtones;
Which with my plaint ſeeme yet with pitie moued,
Kinder then ſhe who I ſo long haue liued.

Sonnet. 46.

PLain, path'd Experience the vnlearneds guide,
Her simple followers euidently shewes,
Sometime what schoolemen scarcely can decide,
Nor yet wise Reason absolutely knowes:
In making triall of a murther wrought,
If the vile actor of the heinous deede,
Neere the dead bodie happily be brought,
Oft hath been prou'd the breathlesse coarse will bleed;
She comming neere that my poore hart hath slaine,
Long since departed (to the world no more)
The auncient wounds no longer can containe,
But fall to bleeding as they did before:
But what of this? should she to death be led,
It furthers iustice, but helpes not the dead.

Sonnet. 47.

IN pride of wit, when high desire of fame
Gaue life and courage to my labouring pen,
And first the sound and vertue of my name,
Won grace and credite in the eares of men;
With those the thronged Theaters that presse,
I in the circuite for the Lawrell stroue,
Where the full praise I freely must confesse,
In heate of blood and modest minde might moue:
With showts and claps at euerie little pawse,
When the prowd round on euerie side hath rung,
Sadly I sit vnmou'd with the applawse,
As though to me it nothing did belong:
No publique glorie vainely I pursue,
The praise I striue, is to eternize you.

Sonnet.

Sonnet. 48.

Cupid, dumbe Idoll, peeuish saint of Loue,
No more shalt thou nor saint nor idoll be,
No god art thou, Loues goddesse she doth proue,
Of all thine honour she hath robbed thee:
Thy bow olde broke, is peecde with halfe desire,
Her bow is beautie with ten thousand strings,
And euery one of purest golden wire;
The least, of force to conquer hoasts of Kings:
Thy shafts be spent, and she (to war appoynted)
Hides in those Cristall quiuers of her eyes,
More arrowes with hart-piercing mettle pointed,
Then there be starres at mid-night in the skies:
With these she steales mens harts for her releefe,
Yet happie he that's robd of such a theefe.

Sonnet. 49.

THou leaden braine which censur'st what I write
And saist my lines be dull, and do not moue,
I maruaile not thou feel'st not my delight,
Which neuer feltst my fierie tuch of loue:
But thou whose pen hath like a Packe-horse serv'd,
Whose stomacke vnto gaule hath turnd thy food,
Whose senses like poore prisners hunger-staru'd,
Whose greefe hath parch'd thy body, dride thy blood,
Thou which hast scorned life, and hated death,
And in a moment mad, sober, glad and sorie,
Thou which hast bann'd thy thoughts, and curst thy birth
with thousand plagues more then in purgatory,
Thou thus whose spirit Loue in his fire refines,
Come thou and reade, admire and plawd my lines.

Sonnet.

Sonnet. 50.

AS in some Countries far remote from hence,
The wretched creature destined to die,
Hauing the iudgement due to his offence,
By Surgeons begg'd, their Art on him to trie:
Which on the liuing worke without remorce,
First make incision on each maistring vaine,
Then stanch the bleeding, then transperce the coarse,
And with their balmes recure the wounds againe,
Then poison and with Phisicke him restore,
Not that they feare the hopelesse man to kill,
But their experience to encrease the more;
Euen so my Mistresse works vpon my ill,
By curing me, and killing me each howre,
Onely to shew her beauties soueraigne powre.

Sonnet. 51.

CAlling minde since first my loue begunne,
Th'incertaine times oft varying in their course,
How things still vnexpectedly haue runne,
As please the fates, by their resistlesse force:
Lastly, mine eyes amazedly haue seene,
Essex great fall, *Tyrone* his peace to gaine,
The quiet end of that long-liuing Queene,
This Kings faire entrance, and our peace with *Spaine*,
We and the Dutch at length our selues to seuer,
Thus the world doth, and euermore shall reele,
Yet to my goddesse am I constant euer;
How ere blind fortune turne her giddie wheele:
Though heauen & earth proue both to me vntrue,
Yet am I still inuiolate to you.

An alusion to Dedalus *and* Icarus.

Sonnet 52.

MY heart imprisoned in a hopelesse Ile,
Peopled with Armies of pale jealous eyes,
The shores beset with thousand secret spies,
Must passe by ayre, or else die in exile;
He framde him wings with feathers of his thought,
Which by their nature learnd to mount the skie,
And with the same he practised to flie,
Till he himselfe this Eagles Art had taught:
Thus soaring still, not looking once below,
So neere thine eyes celestiall sunne aspired,
That with the raies his wasting pineons fired:
Thus was the wanton cause of his owne woe,
Downe fell he in thy beauties Ocean drenched,
Yet there he burnes in fire that's neuer quenched.

Another to the Riuer Ankor. Sonnet 53.

CLeere Ankor, on whose siluer-sanded shore,
My soule-shrin'd saint, my faire *Idea* lies,
O blessed brooke, whose milke-white swans adore
That cristall streame refined by her eyes,
Where sweet mirrh-breathing *Zephire* in the spring,
Gently distills his Nectar-dropping showers,
Where Nightingales in Arden sit and sing,
Amongst the daintie dew-impearled flowers;
Say thus faire Brooke, when thou shalt see thy Queene,
Loe heere thy sheepheard spent his wandring yeeres;
And in these shades deere Nimph he oft hath beene,
And heere to thee he sacrifizde his teares:
Faire Arden, thou my Tempe art alone,
And thou sweete Ankor art my Helicon.

Sonnet

Sonnet. 54.

YEt reade at laſt the ſtory of my woe,
The drery abſtracts of my endleſſe cares,
With my like ſorrow enterlined ſo,
Smokde with my ſighes, and blotted with my teares;
The ſad memorialls of my miſeries,
Pend in the griefe of mine afflicted ghoſt;
My lifes complaint in doleſull Elegies,
With ſo pure loue as time could neuer boaſt:
Receiue the incence which I offer heere,
By my ſtrong faith aſcending to thy fame,
My zeale, my hope, my vowes, my praiſe, my praier,
My ſoules oblations to thy ſacred name:
Which name my Muſe to higheſt heauen ſhal raiſe,
By chaſte deſire, true loue, and vertues praiſe.

Sonnet 55.

MY Faire, if thou wilt regiſter my loue,
More then worlds volumes ſhall thereof ariſe;
Preſerue my teares, and thou thy ſelfe ſhalt proue,
A ſecond flood downe raining from mine eyes:
Note but my ſighes, and thine eyes ſhall behold,
The ſun-beames ſmothered with immortall ſmoke;
And if by thee my praiers may be enrold,
They heauen and earth to pittie ſhall prouoke;
Looke thou into my breaſt, and thou ſhalt ſee,
Chaſte holy vowes for my ſoules ſacrifice,
That ſoule (ſweete Maide) which ſo hath honored thee,
Erecting Trophies to thy ſacred eyes;
Thoſe eyes to my hart ſhining euer bright,
When darkenes hath obſcurde each other light.

Sonnet

Sonnet 56.

MY thoughts bred vp with Eagle-birds of loue,
And for their vertues I desirde to know;
Vpon the neast I set them forth, to proue
If they were of the Eagles kinde, or no.
But they no sooner sawe my sunne appeare,
But on her raies with gazing eyes they stoode,
Which proou'd my birds delighted in the aire,
And that they came of this rare kingly broode.
But now their plumes full summde with sweete desire,
To shew their kinde, beganne to clime the skies:
Doe what I could, my Eglets would aspire,
Strait mounting vp to thy celestiall eies.
And thus (my Faire) my thoughts away be flowne,
And from my breast into thine eies be gone.

Sonnet 57.

YOu best discern'd of my interior eies,
And yet your graces outwardly diuine,
Whose deare remembrance in my bosome lies,
Too rich a relique for so poore a shrine:
You in whome Nature chose herselfe to view,
When she her owne perfection would admire,
Bestowing all her excellence on you;
At whose pure eies Loue lights his halowed fire,
Euen as a man that in some traunce hath seene,
More than his wondring vttrance can vnfolde,
That rapt in spirite in better worlds hath beene,
So must your praise distractedly be tolde;
Most of all short, when I should shew you most,
In your perfections altogether lost.

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Sonnet 58.

IN former times, such as had store of coyne,
In warres at home, or when for conquests bound,
For feare that some their treasures should purloyne,
Gaue it to keepe to spirites within the ground;
And to attend it, them so strongly tide,
Till they return'd, home when they neuer came,
Such as by art to get the same haue tri de,
From the strong spirite by no means get the same,
Neerer you come, that further flies away,
Striuing to holde it strongly in the deepe:
Euen as this spirit, so she alone doth play,
With those rich Beauties heauen giues her to keepe:
Pitty so left, to coldenes of her blood,
Not to auaile her, nor doe others good.

To Prouerb. Sonnet 59.

AS Loue and I, late harbourde in one Inne,
With Prouerbs thus each other entertaine;
In loue there is no lacke, thus I beginne:
Faire wordes makes fooles, replieth he againe:
That spares to speake, doth spare to speede (quoth I)
As well (saith he) too forward as too slowe.
Fortune assistes the boldest, I reply:
A hastie man (quoth he) ne're wanted woe.
Labour is light, where loue (quoth I) doth pay,
(Saith he) light burthens heauy, if farre borne:
(Quoth I) the maine lost, cast the by away:
You haue spunne a fine thred, he replies in scorne.
And hauing thus a while each other thwarted,
Fooles as we met, so fooles againe we parted.

Son-

Sonnet 60.

DEfine my loue, and tell the ioyes of heauen,
Expreſſe my woes, and ſhew the paines of hell,
Declare what fate vnluckie ſtarres haue giuen,
And aske a world vpon my life to dwell.
Make knowne that faith, vnkindnes could not moue;
Compare my worth with others baſe deſart,
Let vertue be the tuch-ſtone of my loue,
So may the heauens reade wonders in my hart;
Beholde the cloudes which haue eclipſde my ſunne,
And view the croſſes which my courſe doth let;
Tell me, if euer ſince the world beganne,
So faire a riſing had ſo foule a ſet:
And by all meanes, let foule vnkindnes proue,
And ſhew a ſecond to ſo pure a loue.

Sonnet 61.

WHen firſt *I* ended, then *I* firſt beganne,
The more *I* trauell, further from my reſt,
Where moſt *I* loſt, there moſt of all *I* wanne,
Pined with hunger, riſing from a feaſt.
Me thinkes *I* flee, yet want *I* legs to goe,
Wiſe in conceit, in act a very ſot,
Raviſht with ioy amidſt a hell of woe,
What moſt I ſeeme, that ſureſt am *I* not.
I build my hopes a world aboue the skie,
Yet with the Mole *I* creepe into the earth,
In plenty am *I* ſtaru'd with penurie,
And yet *I* ſurffet in the greateſt dearth:
I haue, *I* want, diſpaire, and yet deſire,
Burn'd in a ſea of ice, and drown'd amidſt a fire.

Son-

Sonnet 62.

TRuce gentle Loue, a parlee now I craue,
Me thinks tis long since first these warres begun,
Nor thou nor I, the better yet can haue:
Bad is the match where neither party wonne.
I offer free conditions of faire peace,
My heart for hostage, that it shall remaine,
Discharge our forces heere, let malice cease,
So for my pledge, thou giue me pledge againe.
Or if nothing but death will serue thy turne,
Still thirsting for subuersion of my state;
Doe what thou canst, raze, massacre, and burne,
Let the world see the vtmost of thy hate:
I send defiance, since if ouerthrowne,
Thou vanquishing, the conquest is mine owne.

Certaine other Sonnets to great *and worthy Perſonages.*

To the high and mightie Prince, Iames *king of Scots.*

Sonnet 61.

NOt thy graue Counſells, nor thy ſubiects loue,
Nor all that famous Scottiſh royaltie,
Or what thy ſoueraigne greatnes may approue,
Others in vaine doe but hiſtorifie,
When thine owne glory from thy ſelfe doth ſpring,
As though thou didſt all meaner praiſes ſcorne:
Of Kings a Poet, and the Poets King,
They Princes, but thou Prophets dooſt adorne;
Whilſt others by their Empires are renown'd,
Thou dooſt enrich thy *Scotland* with renowne,
And Kings can but with diadems be crown'd,
But with thy laurell thou dooſt crowne thy Crowne;
That they whoſe pens (euen) life to Kings do giue,
In thee a King, ſhall ſeeke themſelues to liue.

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GReat Lady, essence of my chiefest good,
Of the most pure and finest tempred spirit,
Adorn'd with gifts, ennobled by thy blood,
Which by descent true vertue dooſt inherit:
That vertue which no fortune can deprive,
Which thou by birth tak'ſt from thy gratious mother,
Whose royall mindes with equall motion striue,
Which most in honour shall excell the other;
Vnto thy fame my Muse herselfe shall taske,
Which rainſt vpon me thy sweete golden showers,
And but thy selfe, no subiect will I aske,
Vpon whose praise my soule shall spend her powers.
Sweet Lady yet, grace this poore Muse of mine,
whose faith, whose zeal, whose life, whose al is thine.

To the Lady Anne Harington.

Sonnet. 62.

MAdam, my words cannot expresse my minde,
My zealous kindnes to make knowne to you,
When your deserts all seuerally I finde;
In this attempt of me do craue their due:
Your gratious kindenes first doth claime my hart;
Your bounty bids my hand to make it knowne,
Of me your vertues each doe challenge part,
And leaue me thus the least that is mine owne:
What should commend your modesty and wit,
Is by your wit and modesty commended,
And standeth dumbe, in most admiring it,
And where it should begin, is onely ended;
Returning this your praises onely due,
And to your selfe, say you are onely you.

To the Lady L.S. Sonet 63.

BRight ſtarre of Beauty, on whoſe eie-lids ſit,
A thouſand Nymph-like and enamoured graces,
The goddeſſes of memorie and wit,
which in due order take their ſeuerall places,
In whoſe deere boſome, ſweete delitious loue,
Layes downe his quiuer, that he once did beare,
Since he that bleſſed Paradice did proue,
Forſooke his mothers lap to ſport him there.
Let others ſtriue to entertaine with wordes,
My ſoule is of another temper made;
I holde it vile that vulgar wit affords,
Deuouring time my faith ſhall not inuade:
Still let my praiſe be honoured thus by you,
Be you moſt worthie, whilſt I be moſt true.

To ſir Anthonie Cooke. Sonet 64.

VOuchſafe to grace theſe rude vnpoliſht rimes,
Which but for you had ſlept in ſable night,
And come abroade now in theſe glorious times,
Can hardly brooke the purenes of the light.
But ſith you ſee their deſtenie is ſuch,
That in the world their fortune they muſt try,
Perhaps they better ſhall abide the tuch,
Wearing your name their gracious liuerie.
Yet theſe mine owne, I wrong not other men,
Nor traffike further then this happy clime,
Nor filch from *Portes*, not from *Petrarchs* pen,
A fault too common in this latter time;
Diuine ſir *Philip*, I auouch thy writ,
I am no picke-purſe of anothers wit.

Finis.

The Legend of Robert Duke *of Normandie.*

WHat time ſoft night had ſilently begunne,
To ſteale by minutes on the long-liu'd daies,
The furious dogge purſuing of the ſunne,
Whoſe noyſome breath addes feruor to his raies,
That to the earth ſends many a ſad diſeaſe:
Which then inflam'd with his intemprate fires,
Her ſelfe in light habiliments attires.

When the rathe morning newly but awake,
Scarſe with freſh beautie burniſhed her browes,
Her ſelfe beholding in the generall Lake,
(To which ſhe paies her neuer-ceaſing vowes,)
With the new day me willingly to rowze;
Downe to faire *Thames* I ſoftly tooke my way,
Where the milde windes continually do play.

Striuing to fancie his chaſte breaſt to moue,
Whereas all pleaſures plentifully flowe,
When him along the wanton tide doth ſhoue,
And to keepe backe they eaſily doe blow,
Still meete him comming, thinking him too flowe:
He forcing waues to checke their hote imbrace,
They fanning breath vpon his criſtall face.

Still

Still forward sallying from his bounteous source,
Along the shores lasciuiously doth straine,
And often times retreating in his course,
As to his fountaine he would backe againe,
Or turnde to looke vpon his siluer traine;
With coy regards the goodly soile he greetes,
Till with faire Medway happily he meetes.

Steering my compasse by the wandring streame,
whose flight might teach me times ne'r-turning howrs,
Delighted thus as in a pretty dreame,
Where pleasure wholly had possest my powres;
Yet looking backe on *Londons* climing Towres,
So *Troy*, thought I, her stately head did reare,
Whose crazed ribs the furrowing plow doth eare.

Wearie at length, a willow-tree I found,
Which on the banke of this great torrent stood,
Whose roote, with rich grasse greatly did abound,
(Forc'd by the moisture of the surging flood)
Ordain'd it seemde to sport her Nimphish brood;
Whose curled top demed the heauens great eye,
To view the stocke he was maintained by.

The Larke that learnes obseruance to the Sunne,
Quauers her cleere notes in the quiet ayre,
That on the riuers murmuring base doth runne,
And the pleasde heauens, their faireſt hiery ware,
The place such pleasure gently doth prepare;
The flowers my scent, the flood my taste to steepe,
Each sence thus fated, lulled me asleepe.

When in a dreame it ſeemed vnto me,
Triumphall muſicke from the flood aroſe,
As when the Soueraigne we embargde do ſee,
And by faire *London* for his pleaſure rowes,
whoſe tender welcome the glad Cittie ſhowes;
The people ſwarming thicke vpon the ſhores,
And the curlde water ouer-ſpread with oares.

A troupe of Nimphs came ſuddainely on land,
In the full end of this triumphall ſound,
And me incompaſt, taking hand in hand,
Caſting themſelues about me in a round,
And ſo downe ſet them on the eaſie ground;
Their ſober eyes caſt with a modeſt grace,
Vpon my ſwarth and melancholy face.

Next, twixt two Ladies came a goodly Knight,
As newly brought from ſome diſtreſſefull place,
To me who ſeemed ſome right worthy wight,
Though his attire were miſerable baſe,
Many deepe furrowes in his manly face;
And though cold age had froſted his faire haires,
It rather ſeemde with ſorrow then with yeares.

The one a Lady of a princely port,
Leading this ſad Lord, ſcarcely that could ſtand,
The other fleering in diſdainefull ſort,
with ſcornefull geſtures drew him by the hand,
who lame and blinde, yet bound with many a band;
which (I perceiued nearer as they came)
That this was Fortune, that more conſtant fame.

Fame

Fame on the right hand in a robe of golde,
whose traine old Time obsequiously did beare,
whereon in rich Embraudry was enrolde,
The acts of all the worthies euer weare,
which all might reade depainted liuely there,
Set downe in loftie well composed verse,
First the great deedes of Heroes to rehearse.

On her faire breast she two broad Tablets wore,
Of cristall th'one, the other Ebony,
where were ingrauen all the names of yore,
In the large Toombe of lasting memory,
Or the blacke booke of endlesse obloquy;
The first with Poets and with Conquerours pilde,
That with base worldlings euery where defilde.

And in her words appeared (as a wonder)
Her instant force and after-during might,
which softly spoke, farre off were heard to thunder,
About the world that quickly tooke their flight,
And brought the most obscurest things to light:
That still the farther off, the greater still
Did sound our good, or manifest our ill.

Fortune, as blinde as he whom she did leade,
Her feature often changing in an hower,
Fantastically carying her head,
Soone would she smile, and sodainely would lower,
And with one breath, her words both sweete & sower
Vpon her foes she amorously would glance,
And on her followers coily looke askance.

About her necke in manner of a chaine,
Torne diadems and broken ſcepters hung,
If any on her ſtedfaſtly did leane,
them to the ground diſdainefully ſhe flung;
And in this order as ſhee paſſt along,
Great bags of gold out of her boſome drew,
Which to the vnworthieſt euermore ſhe threw.

A duskie vaile which hid her ſightleſſe eyes,
Like clowdes that couer our vncertaine liues,
wherein were portraide direfull tragedies,
Fooles wearing Crownes, and wiſe-men clogg'd in
All things how ſhe prepoſterouſly contriues; (giues,
what as a map her regency diſcouers,
In Camps, in Courts, and in the fate of louers.

An eaſie bancke neere to this place there was,
A ſeate faire *Flora* vſde to ſit vpon,
Curling her faire lockes in this liquid glaſſe,
Putting her rich gems and attirings on,
Fitter then this about vs was there none;
Heere ſet they downe this poore diſtreſſed man,
And in this ſort prowd Fortune thus began.

Behold this Duke of *Normandie* quoth ſhee,
the heire of *William*, Conqueror of this Ile,
Appealing to be iuſtifi'd by thee,
(whoſe tragedy this Poet muſt compile)
He of all other that I hold moſt vile,
His birth being markde with my vnluckie brand,
For whom I ſee thou com'ſt preparde to ſtand.

What

What art thou but a rumor of the minde,
A bubble blowne vp with deceitfull breath,
Which neuer yet exactly wert defende,
In whom no wise man e're repoſed faith,
Speaking of few well vntill after death,
That from looſe humor haſt thy timeleſſe birth,
Vnknowne to heauen, and leſſe eſteemde on earth?

Firſt in opinion haſt thou thy creation,
On whom thou ſtill dooſt ſcrulely attend,
Like whom thou long retainſt not any faſhion,
But with the world vncertainely dooſt wend,
Which as a poſte, doth vp and downe thee ſend;
Without prophane tongs, thou could'ſt neuer riſe,
Nor be vpholden, were it not with lies.

In euery corner prying like a theefe,
And through each cranny ſubtilely dooſt creepe,
Apt to report, and eaſie of beleefe:
What's he whoſe counſell thou didſt euer keepe,
That into cloſſets ſawcily darſte peepe?
Telling for truth, what thou canſt but ſuppoſe,
And that diuulging, thou ſhouldſt not diſcloſe.

With extreame toile and labour thou art ſought,
The way is danger leadeth to thy Cell,
Onely with blood thy fauour muſt be bought,
And who would haue thee, fetcheth thee from hell,
Where thou impalde with fire and ſword doſt dwell;
And when thou art in all this perill found,
What art thou? onely but a tinckling ſound.

Such

Such as the world holds (of all other) baſe,
And of the reſt reproachfully doth ſcorne,
That amongſt men ſit in the ſeruilſt place,
Theſe be the creatures which thou dooſt ſubborne,
Thoſe waite on fame, whoſe weedes be neerely worne
Yet theſe poore wretches come not vnto thee,
Vnleſſe preferrde and dignifide by mee.

Thy trumpe ſuch men ſuppoſed to aduance,
Is but as thoſe fantaſtically deeme,
Whom folly, youth, or vanity intrance,
Onely to ſound ſufficing but to ſeeme,
(Which the wiſe ſort a dotage but eſteeme;)
And with this toy the humerous abuſing,
Their wilfull error, and thy fault excuſing.

Except in perill thou dooſt not appeare,
And yet not then, but with intreates and wooing,
Flying oft times when thou art very neare
At hand, diminiſhd and augmented going,
On ſlighteſt things the greateſt coſt beſtowing;
In promiſing their loſſes to repaire,
When the performance is but onely ayre.

On balefull hearſes as the fitteſt grounds,
(Written with blood) thy ſad memorialls lie,
Whoſe letters are immedicable wounds,
Onely fit obiects for the weeping eye,
And from the duſt thou worth dooſt only try;
And what ſometime thou falſly didſt depraue,
Thou dooſt acknowledge onely in the graue.

The mighty Orbe is witnesse of my power,
And how I raigne with the eternall fates,
With whom I sit in councell euery howre,
On th'alterations of the times and states,
Them setting downe their changes and their dates,
In fore-apointing euery thing to come,
Vntill the great and vniuersall doome.

The starres to me an euerlasting booke,
In that eternall register the skie,
Whose mighty volumes I do ouer-looke,
Still turning o're the leaues of destinie;
which man I to inuiolate, denie,
And his fraile will imperiously controle,
By such strong clauses as I there enrole.

Predestination giuing me a being,
whose depth mans wit could neuer throughly sound,
Into those secrets haue I onely seeing,
wherein wise Reason doth herselfe confound,
Searching where doubts do more and more abound;
where sacred texts vnlocke the way to mee,
To lighten those that will my glory see.

What names old Poets to their gods did giue,
were ouely figures to expresse my might,
To shew the vertues that in me do liue,
And my great power in this all-moouing wight.
And all their altars vnto me were dight;
Vp alterations euermore did bring,
Matter whereon continually they sing.

copy 1

Still most vncertaine varying in my course,
Yet in all changes aime one certaine end,
Crossing mans fore-cast (he may know my force)
Still foe to none, to none a perfect friend,
To him hast thought of, soonest I do send;
That all should finde I worthily bestow,
Nor reason vrge, but that *I* hold it so.

Forth of my lap I powre abundant blisse,
All good proceedes from my all-giuing hand,
By me, man happy or vnhappy is;
For whom I stickle, or whom I doe withstand,
And it is *I* am friendships onely band;
And vpon which, all greedily take hold,
VVhich being broke, loue suddainely growes cold.

Pawsing, she frownes, when suddainely withall,
A fearefull noise ariseth from the flood,
As when a tempest furiously doth fall,
within the thickie waste of some antient wood,
That in amazement euery mortall stoode;
As though her words such powerfulnesse did beare,
That euery thing her minaces did feare.

VVhen fame yet smiling, mildely thus replies,
Alas quoth she, what labor thou hast lost,
what wond'rous mists thou casts before our eyes?
Yet will the gaine not countervaile the cost;
what wouldst thou say if thou hadst cause to boast,
which sett'st thy state forth in such wond'rous sort,
VVhich but thy selfe, none euer could report?

A thing constrained onely by euent,
Breeding in some a transitory terror;
A, what men will, that comes by accident,
And onely named to excuse their error.
What then is Fortune? or who doth preferre her?
Or who to thee so foolish is to leane,
Which weake tradition onely doth maintaine?

A toy whereon the doting world doth dreame,
Soothed by that vncertaine obseruation
Of all attempts, that being the extreame,
Fastneth thereby on weake imagination;
Yet notwithstanding all this vsurpation,
Vnto thy selfe art incidently loathing
Most, when thou wouldst be, that art rightly nothing.

That slightly by insinuating thus,
And vnder so allowable pretence,
Closely incroacheth on mans *Genius*,
In good and euill taking residence,
And hauing got some small preheminence,
Vnto thy selfe a being that wouldst frame,
Findes in conclusion only but a name.

Those ignorant which made a god of Nature,
And Natures God diuinely neuer knew,
Were those to Fortune did direct a stature,
From whom thy worship ignorantly grew,
Which being adored foolishly by few,
Grounded thy looser and vncertaine lawes,
Vpon so weake and indigent a cause.

First

Firſt, ſlouth did beare thee in her ſleepy cell,
And thee with eaſe diſhonourably fed,
Deliuering thee with Cowardice to dwell,
Which with baſe thoughts continually thee bred,
By ſuperſtition idely being led:
A lewd impoſture after did thee make,
Whom for a goddeſſe fooles doe onely take.

And as thy followers, nothing dooſt forecaſt,
And as thou arte improuident, as light;
And this the chiefeſt property thou haſt,
That againſt vertue thou bendſt all thy might,
With whom thou wageſt a continuall fight;
The yeelding ſpirite in fetters thou dooſt binde,
But weake and ſlauiſh to the conſtant minde.

Such is thy froward and malignant kinde,
That thou dooſt all things croſſely in deſpight,
Thou art inamored of a barbarous hinde,
Whome thou dooſt make thy onely fauorite,
None but the baſe in baſeneſſe doth delight;
For wert thou heauenly: thou in loue wouldſt bee,
With that which neereſt doth reſemble thee.

But I alone the herauld am of heauen,
Whoſe ſpacious kingdome ſtretcheth farre and wide,
To euery coaſt as ſwift as lightning driuen,
And on the ſunne-beames glorioufly I ride;
Now mount I vp, now downe againe I ſlide:
I regiſter the worlds eternall howres,
That know the hid will of th'immortall powres.

Men

Men to the ſtarres, me guiding them, do clime,
That all dimenſions perfectly expreſſe,
And I alone the vanquiſher of time,
Bearing that ſweere that cures deaths bitterneſſe,
That doe all labour plentifully bleſſe,
That all obſtruſe profundities impart,
Leading man through the tedious wayes of Arte.

My pallace placed betwixt earth and skies,
Which many a Tower ambitiouſly vpbeares,
Whereof the windowes are compoſde of eies,
The walles as ſtrongly edifide of eares,
where euery thing in heauen and earth appeares,
Nothing ſo ſoftly whiſpered in the round,
But through my pallace preſently doth ſound.

And vnder-foote floor'd all about with drummes,
The rafters trumpets admirably cleere,
Sounding alowde each name that thither comes,
The crannies tongues, and talking euery where,
And all things paſt doe in remembrance beare:
The doores vnlocke with euery little breath,
And open wide with euery word man ſaith.

And throwout hung with armes & conquer'd ſpoiles,
The poſtes whereon the goodly roofe doth ſtand,
Are Pillars grauen with *Herculian* toiles,
Th'atchieuements great of many a warrelike hand,
Both in the chriſten'd and in heathen land;
Done by thoſe Nobles that are moſt renown'd,
Which there by me immortally are crown'd.

Herein

Here in the bodies likenes whilſt it liues,
Appeare the thoughts proceeding from the minde,
To which the place a glorious habite giues,
When vnto me they freely are resignde,
To be preſeru'd there, by my power refinde;
That when the body by pale death doth periſh,
Then doth this place the minds true Image cheriſh.

My beautie neuer fades, but as new borne,
As yeares increaſe, ſo euer waxing yong,
My ſtrength is not diminiſhed, nor worne,
What weakeneth all things, makes me onely ſtrong,
Nor am I ſubiect vnto worldly wrong,
The rape of time I careleſly defie,
Nor am I awde by all his tyrannie.

The brow of heauen my monuments containe,
which is the mighty regiſter of Fame,
which there in firie characters remaine,
The gorgeous ſeeling of th'immortall frame,
The Conſtellations publiſhing my name
where my memorialls euermore abide,
In thoſe pure bodies highly glorifide.

Fame hauing ended, Fortune next beganne,
Further to vrge what ſhe before had ſaid,
when (loe quoth ſhe) duke *Robert* is the man,
which as my priſners I in bondes do leade,
For whome thou comſt againſt me heere to pleade,
Whome I alone deprined of his crowne,
Who can raiſe him that Fortune will haue downe?

A fitter inſtance (Fame replying) none,
Then is Duke *Robert*, Fortune do thy worſt,
Greater to man thy might was neuer ſhowne,
Doing on him what euer Fortune durſt;
And ſince thy turne allotted thee the firſt,
Proceede; ſee which the Norman Duke ſhall haue,
Whether that Fame, or Fortune and the graue.

Quoth Fortune then, I found th'vnſtedfaſt ſtarre,
Whoſe luckleſſe working limited his fate,
That mark'd his ſad natiuitie with warre,
And brothers moſt vnnaturall debate,
Publique ſedition and with priuate hate;
And on that good his father him begunne,
Grounded the wracke and downe-fal of this ſonne.

What bounteous nature franckly did beſtow,
Wherein her beſt ſhe ſtrained her to trie,
Thereby, himſelfe I made him ouerthrow,
Aboue you both ſo powerfull am I;
His breaſt to all ſo openly did lie,
Iudg'd from his faſhion differing ſo farre,
For peace too milde, too mercifull for warre.

And yet the courage that he did inherit,
And from the greatneſſe of his blood did take,
Though ſhrowded in ſo peaceable a ſpirit,
When now his wrong ſo roughly did awake,
Forthwith ſuch furie violently brake,
As made the world impartially to ſee,
All humane actions managed by mee.

7216 copy 1

That till reuenge was wholly him bereft,
Oppoſde againſt ſo abſolute a powre,
And him to leane on nothing being left,
when danger moſt him threatned to deuoure,
Vnto the period of the vtmoſt howre;
Him flattering ſtill with promiſe of my loue,
Did make him all extreamities to proue.

That whilſt his father with the Norman ſword,
On fruitfull *England* proſprous entrance made,
I caſt the proiect that this youthfull Lord,
In the meane time ſhould *Normandie* inuade;
And with as prou'd and powerfull a blade,
Him I perſwaded (conſtantly by this)
To make his owne yet doubtfull to be his.

That *Robert* daily in diſgrace might runne,
As ſtill the Conqueror towards his end did grow,
who well in yeeres, thus vexed by his ſonne,
which now his will ſo openly did ſhow;
His ſtate deuiſed wiſely to beſtow,
For his owne ſafety that his daies to cloſe,
He might himſelfe more quietly repoſe.

And that leſt time might coole his weakned blood,
This luckleſſe warre by lingring I ſupplide,
That whilſt Duke *Robert* iuſtly cenſured ſtood,
Vnder the weight of his vnnaturall pride;
In heate of all, this Conqueror *William* dide,
Setting young *Rufus* on th'vnrightfull throne,
Leauing his eldeſt ſtrugling for his owne.

which

Which in ſmall time ſo many mischiefes bred,
As ſundry plagues on *Williams* of-ſprings ſent,
Attaining to ſo violent a head,
which pollicie not after could preuent;
when to deſtruction all things head-long went,
And in the end, as conſumating all,
Was *Roberts* irrecouerable fall.

When none could proſprous *Normandie* diſſwade,
From ſending enſignes to the Engliſh field,
Brother oppoſde the brother to inuade,
Sword againſt ſword, ſhield menaced to ſhield,
whoſe equall worth to other ſcorne to yield;
One anne a front, the others furious ſtroke,
Scepter with ſcepter violently broke.

Theſe ſundry ſoiles, in both of which was ſowne,
By ſo approu'd and fortunate a hand,
The ſeede to both might proſprouſly haue growne,
By their conioyning in a mutuall band;
Now when theſe Princes oppoſite do ſtand;
what them ſhould foſter, greater wounds them lent,
Then the prowd'ſt powre that *Europe* could haue ſent.

Hauing my ſelfe wonne *William* in his life,
This conquered Realme to *Rufus* that did giue,
Getting by ſtrength what he did leaue in ſtrife,
Thoſe to moleſt that after him ſhould liue;
In this aduantage cunningly I driue,
T'afflict his iſſue with a generall ill,
Yet th'extreame in *Robert* to fulfill.

As when ſtowt *Odo* (that with *William* held,
Daily prickt forward by prowd *Lanfranckes* ſpight,
Both powerfull Prelates rigorouſly compeld,
Rufus to leaue abetting *Roberts* right,
Drawing both *Mortaines* and *Mongomeries* might,
Mangling the Ile with many a greeuous ſcarre,
Scarcely yet cured of the former warre.

That being ſet in ſo direct a way,
Strong friends at hand his enterprize to backe,
Ready before him when his entrance lay,
Of all ſupplide that he did lately lacke,
Him I perſwade the remedy to ſlacke,
Stopping the courſe which he did lately runne,
All to vndoe that he had euer done.

Thus did I ſtirre vp that vnkindely rage,
That did ſo farre preuaile vpon his blood,
And at my pleaſure did againe aſſwage,
When now this heate in ſted might him haue ſtood;
Thus with his humour altred I my mood,
That firſt by Armes his vigor he might loſe,
Which then laid down, gaue ſtrength vnto his foes.

That by concluding this vntimely peace,
I might thereby a lingring warre beginne,
That whil'ſt theſe tumults did a little ceaſe,
Craft more aduantage cunningly might winne;
Thus let *I* treaſon ſecretly in,
Giuing deceitfull Pollicie the kay,
To the faire cloſet where his councells lay,

Thus reconciling outwardly a friend,
I drew an inward and a dangerous foe,
That all his wit ambitiously did lend,
To clothe his treasons in a vertuous show;
Which were contriued so currantly to goe,
That secret mallice strengthned more and more,
Lastly, should proue more dangerous then before.

And now poore Fame, my power to thee addrest,
And thee mine onely instrument I made,
That whilst these brothers at this passe do rest,
Him to the warres I wonne thee to perswade,
With those that now were going to inuade,
With great Duke *Godfrey* pressing for his bands,
From Pagans power t'regaine the holy lands.

His youthfull humour finely thus I feed,
The meane most fit to draw him forth abroad,
When now at home his presence most should neede,
In forraine lands to fasten his aboad,
Him in this order onely I bestow'd;
That *William* dying, *Robert* being gone,
Henry might seate him on his brothers throne.

So sweete the sounds of these aduent'rous Armes,
And euery sence so strougly they do binde,
That he hath now no feeling of his harmes,
So farre away transported is his minde,
Declaring well the greatnesse of his kinde;
That him so high and forcibly doth beare,
As when most cause, he least his ill doth feare.

7216 copy 1

Him hauing throwne into eternall thrall,
Wisely fore-casting how the same should bee,
When euery thing made fit vnto his fall,
Which none could hinder, though the most fore-see,
For which I made an instrument of thee;
For where destruction sadly I pretend,
Mischiefe like lines, all to their centre bend.

He gone, and *William* yeelded vp the breath,
The younger *Henry* couetous of raigne,
Offered so fairely by his brothers death,
whilst *Robert* doth in *Palestine* remaine,
And now a Kingdome easily might gaine;
what by his power and science to perswade,
Himselfe a Monarch absolutely made.

Whilst this great Duke imbraced is by thee,
which thou as thine doost absolutely claime,
Finding meere shadowes onely missing mee,
And idle Castles in the ayre doth frame;
Loe, such a mighty Monarchesse is Fame,
That what she giues, so easie is to beare,
As none therefore needes violence to feare.

Vntill returning from those holy warres,
So highly honored with the Pagans flight,
From forraigne battells vnto ciuill iarres,
And getting others for his owne to fight,
Inforc'd to vse the vtmost of his might;
with that neh sword in Pagan blood imbru'd,
Himselfe to saue by his owne friends pursu'd.

when

When wanting ſummes, the ſinewes of his force,
which his great courage quickly comes to finde,
Euen in the high ſpeede of his forward courſe,
So skilfully I mannaged his minde,
That I a way out readily did finde;
To his deſtruction, *Henry* to ſupply,
His future ſafetie happily to buy.

Him by all waies to amity to winne,
Not fully yet eſtabliſh'd as he would,
Hauing thus farre already gotten in,
Setting himſelfe ſubſtantially to hold,
By the francke offers of bewitching gold;
The yearely tribute from his Crowne to riſe,
Which might all former iniuries ſuffice.

Which entertaind by confident beleefe,
By which to paſſe his purpoſes were brought,
Not yet ſuſpitious of this ſecret theefe,
By which he ſoone and cunningly was caught;
Of which the leaſt when princely *Robert* thought,
Euen in a moment did annoy him more,
Then all their powre could euer do before.

Which to this great Lord vtterly vnknowne,
Not vnderſtanding, eaſily could not flie,
Into his way that ſubtilly was throwne,
which to auoide, Duke *Robert* look'd too hie,
Into good minds fraud doth the ſooneſt prie;
whoſe pliant nature I ſecurely choſe,
To worke vvhat forme it pleaſde me to diſpoſe.

This fatall tribute cutting off the claime,
A lawfull Prince to *Englands* Empire laid,
His former right doth altogether maime,
As they agreed yeerely to be paid;
Thereon relying after being staid,
As from a fountaine plenteously did spring,
Th'efficient cause of *Roberts* ruining.

Whenas his friends so well to him that meant,
And for this day did wholly them prepare,
Seeing him thus their purpose to preuent,
And how thereby t'was like with him to fare;
Now vpon *Henry* bended all their care,
Giuing their power their peace with him to make,
Gathered at first the Norman part to take.

And I by whom yet euery thing had beene,
Since Norman *William* conquest heere begunne,
To shew my selfe the worlds emperious Queene,
Direct my course against his eldest sonne,
Things falling out disastrously to runne,
On *Englands* part gainst *Normandie* to stand,
Conquerd but lately by the Norman hand.

The conquest *William* made vpon this Ile,
When Norman blood the Englishmen did tame,
That native now enriched with her stile,
Turnde with reuenge to captiuate the same,
As backe descending whence it lately came,
As Norman power did English thrall prouoke,
That Norman neckes should beare the English yoke.

For

For which, being vp, and falne to open Armes,
Such mortall hate betweene them daily growes,
And pressing in where deadly perill swarmes,
The angry brothers dealing furious blowes,
Backe to regaine what they before did loose,
Either to quit him of the others thrall,
Either to rise, or euermore to fall.

Him on whome late in *Palestine* I smilde,
Returnde from *Fraunce* now dreadfully I frowne,
Being calld home that chiefly is exilde,
And in his kingdome onely leaues his crowne,
Him in the deluge of mischance to drowne:
Lastly, himselfe contemptfully doth lose,
Leauing his realme to his iniurious foes.

Which home to England prisner doe him bring,
Left as a spoile and prey vnto his owne,
Become her captiue should haue bin her king,
Such was the lot vpon his life was throwne,
Where he remaining in continuall mone,
Prescrib'd to one poore solitarie place,
Whose lawfull bounds the ocean did embrace.

Could humane knowledge comprehend my hate,
Or reason sound the depth of things diuine,
The world amazed at Duke *Roberts* state,
Might thinke no might to be comparde with mine,
And all the chaunces vnto me resigne,
In *Roberts* fall apparantly to see,
Amongst the starres the strength that rests in mee.

That

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That ſword vpon him which reſumes ſuch powre,
Yet is too weake to conſummate his daies,
Time, whoſe ſwift courſe doth euery thing deuoure,
In his moſt needs, prolongs him with delaies,
Whilſt he his brothers tyrannie obeies,
That he in life a thouſand deaths might die,
In euery courſe ſo forcible am I.

And whilſt in ſuch extreamity he lies,
Depriude of all comfort but the bleſſed light,
Yet t'was not this that could my rage ſuffice,
But to abridge that, rob him of his ſight,
To ſute his daies directly with the night;
That, that to all men laſtly which ſhould be,
Due to the wretcheſt, him denide by me.

That *Robert* ſo infortunately blinde,
No outward obiect might diſpearſe his care,
The better to illuminate his minde,
To ſee his ſorrowes throughly what they are,
To do ſo much vnto this Prince I dare,
That being depriu'd of that which was the chiefe,
Did of the other amplifie the griefe.

And when bereaued of his nightly reſt,
With the remembrance of ſo great a wrong,
Faſtning ſo deepely on his penſiue breaſt,
His heart the while that violently ſtung,
Nature in him doth ſhew herſelfe ſo ſtrong;
That griefe, which many doth of life deprive,
Seemes to preſerue and keepe him ſtill aliue.

Him

Him I deuide his enemy to kill,
Nor by his owne hand wretchedly to die,
That life vnto him ſhould be loathſome ſtill,
And that death from him euermore ſhould flie,
Making them both to him an enemie;
Willing to die by life, him double killing,
Vrged to liue, twice dying he vnwilling,

So many yeares as he hath worne a Crowne,
So many yeares as he hath hopde to riſe,
So many yeares vpon him did I frowne,
So many yeares he liues without his eyes,
So many yeares in dying e're he dies,
So many yeares ſhut vp in priſon ſtrong,
Sorrow doth make the ſhorteſt time ſeeme long.

Thus ſway I in the courſe of earthly things,
That time might worke him euerlaſting ſpight,
To ſhew how I can tyrannize on Kings,
And in the fall of great ones do delight,
In fined things my working infinite;
All worldly changes at my will diſpoſed,
For that in me all wonder is incloſed.

At Fortunes ſpeech amazed whilſt they ſtand,
And Fame herſelfe yet wondreth at his woe,
When from Duke *Robert* Fortune takes her hand,
Whoſe miſery ſhe thus had let them know;
When now to anſwer her diſpightfull foe,
Fame from deepe ſilence ſeeming to awake,
Thus for her Client modeſtly beſpake.

Quoth

Quoth she, returning from renowned *Rome*,
Seeking my selfe in *Europe* to aduance,
To winne her Princes to regaine the tombe,
Which had beene lost by her misgouernance,
Calling to England, Germany and France
(At length) perswaded happily by me,
From Pagan hands faire Palestine to free.

That holy hermite long that did bemone
This their so great and euident a losse,
With famous *Godfrey* forwards that was gone,
Bearing the banner of the bloody Crosse.
Now whilst in so faire forwardnes it was,
And euery eare attentiue now did stand,
To this great buisnes onely then in hand.

Thither did all the noblest spirites resort,
Which I that time successefully did bring,
Allured by the confident report
That from so great an enterprise did spring.
P'aduenture in so popular a thing;
And no man deemed worthy to be mine,
That was not forward in this great designe.

Where now this duke the Conqu'rors eldest sonne,
Which with his birthright *Normandie* did wrest,
When of what else his noble father wonne,
His brother *Rufus* strongly was possest;
Which whilst he striueth from his hands to rest,
This great attempt now gloriously broke forth,
Which was by me diuulged through the north.

which

Which hauing got free entrance to his eare,
Such entertainement happily did finde,
As no perſwaſion ſuffreth to be there,
From this high purpoſe to diuert his minde,
And being ſo religiouſly inclinde,
woo'd with this offer fitly doth prepare
Himſelfe to furniſh to this great affaire.

That kingdome he dooth careleſly neglect,
His brother *Rufus* wrongfully doth keepe,
And onely that doth conſtantly reſpect,
where he once in his ſepulchre did ſleepe,
At whoſe deere death the very rockes did weepe,
His crown of gold this chriſtian Prince doth ſcorn,
So much he lou'd him that was crownd with thorne.

The want that him did grieuouſly oppreſſe,
Of thoſe great ſummes in leuying power were ſpent,
Himſelfe againe of England to poſſeſſe,
Much hindreth his religious intent,
Yet could not this his purpoſe ſo preuent,
Although a while it ſeemd delay to make,
Of that which he did brauely vndertake.

Wherefore this noble and high ſpirited Lord,
vvhilſt novv his buiſines ſtandeth at this ſtay,
And ſince his ſtate no better could afford,
In gage to *Henry Normandie* doth lay,
Prouiding firſt his ſouldiers how to pay,
Rather himſelfe choſe kingdomleſſe to leaue,
His countries hopes then baſely to deceaue.

To his victorious enſigne comes from farre,
Th'inlled Red-ſhanks toucht with no remorſe,
The light-foote Iriſh that with darts do warre,
The Scot ſo much delighting in his horſe,
The Engliſh Archer of a Lions force,
The valiant Norman moſt his troupes among,
With the braue Britton wonderfully ſtrong.

Remote from comfort in this colder clime,
To other Countries kindely doth you bring,
(And wiſely teach you to redeeme the time,
Whence your eternall memory might ſpring)
Vnto the place whereas the heauenly King,
Your deare redemption happily beganne,
Liuing on earth, which was both God and man.

Poore Ilanders which in the Oceans chaine,
Too long impriſoned from the cheerefull day,
Your warlike leader brings you to the maine,
Which to my Court doth ſhew the open way,
And his victorious hand becomes the key;
Vnto ſo high aduentures that you beares,
Glory to you, and honour to your heires.

And doth thereto ſo zealouſly proceede,
As thoſe faire lockes his temples that adorne,
Vntill the great *Ieruſalem* were freed,
He made a vow ſhould neuer more be ſhorne,
Which ſince they ſo religiouſly were worne;
In euery eye did beautifie him more,
Then did the Crowne of *Normandie* before.

Whilſt

Whilſt he ſtill on his vpright courſe doth hold,
As we the ſequell briefely ſhall relate,
Bearing himſelfe (as worthily he could)
And beſt became his dignitie and ſtate,
Teaching how his themſelues ſhould moderate,
Not following life, ſo with his chance content,
Nor flying death, ſo truly valient.

So did he all his faculties beſtow,
That euery thing exactly might be done,
That due fore-ſight before the act might goe,
Others groſſe errors happily to ſhunne,
Wiſely to finiſh well that was begunne;
Juſtly directed in the courſe of things,
By the ſtraight rule from ſound experience ſprings.

Idle regards of greatnes that did ſcorne,
Careleſſe of pompe, magnificent to bee,
That man reputing to be nobleſt borne,
That was the moſt magnanimous and free,
In honor ſo impartiall was hee,
Eſteeming titles meritleſſe and nought,
Vnleſſe with danger abſolutely bought.

Giuing the ſouldier comfortable words,
And oft imbalmes his well-receiued wound,
To him that needed maintenance affords,
To braue attempts encouraging the ſound,
Neuer diſmaide in any perrill founde,
His Tent a ſeate of iudgement to the greeu'd,
And as a Court to thoſe ſhould be releeu'd.

So

So perfect vvas that rarifying fire,
That did compose and rectifie his minde,
Vnto that place that raised his desire,
Aboue the vsuall compasse of his kinde,
And from the wotld so cleerely him resinde,
As him did wholy consecrate to glorie,
A subiect fit whereon to build a storie.

VVho in ambassage to the Emperour sent,
Passing along through *Macedon* and *Thrace*,
Neuer did sleepe but onely in his tent,
Till he reviewd that famous *Godfreis* face,
Nor till hee came vnto that halowed place,
Ne're did repose his bodie in a bed,
Such were the cares possest his troubled head.

O wherefore then great singer of thy daies,
Renovvned *Tasso* in thy noble storie,
Shouldst thou be tax'd as partiall in his praise,
And yet so much shouldst set forth others glorie?
Me thinkes for this thou shouldst be inly sorie,
That thou shouldst leaue another to recite,
That which so much thou didst neglect to write.

There was not found in all the christian hoste,
Any than he more forward to the field,
Nor their battallions could another boast,
To beare himselfe more brauely with his shield,
So well his armes this noble Duke could wield,
As such a one he properly should be,
Thatt I did meane to consecrate to me.

Of

Of ſo approoued and deliuer force,
Charging his launce or brandiſhing his blade,
Whether on foote, or managing his horſe,
That open paſſage through the ranckes he made,
At all aſſaies ſo happy to inuade,
That were he abſent in the charge or chaſe,
It was ſuppoſde the day did looſe the grace.

In doubtfull fights where danger ſoon'ſt did fall,
He would be preſent euer by his will,
And where the Chriſtians for ſupplies did call,
Thither through perill *Robert* preſſed ſtill,
To help by valour, or relieue by skill;
To euery place ſo prouidently ſeeing,
As power in him had abſolutely being.

When in the morne his Courſer he beſtrid,
He ſeemd compoſde eſſentially of fire,
But from the field he euer drowping rid,
As he were vanquiſht onely to retire,
Neereſt his reſt, the furth'ſt from his deſire,
And in the ſpoiles his ſouldiers ſhare the crownes,
They rich in golde, he only rich in wounds.

And when the faire *Ieruſalem* was wonne,
And king thereof they gladly him would make,
All worldly titles he ſo much doth ſhunne,
As he refuſde the charge on him to take,
One the vaine world that cleerely did forſake,
So farre it was from his religious minde,
To mixe things vile with thoſe of heauenly kinde.

7216
copy 1

No triumph did his victories adorne,
But his high praiſe for ſinfull man that dide.
Nor other marke of victory is worne,
But that red Croſſe to tell him crucifide,
All other glories that himſelfe denide:
A holy life ſo willingly he leades,
In dealing almes, and bidding of his beades.

Thus a poore Pilgrime he returnes againe,
For glittring armes in Palmers homely gray,
Leauing his Lords to leade his warrelike traine,
Whilſt he alone comes ſadly on the way,
Dealing abroad his lately purchaſde pray;
An aged ſtaffe his carefull hand doth hold,
That with a launce his heathen foe controlde.

But now to end this long continued ſtrife,
Henceforth thy mallice takes no further place,
The hate thou bar'ſt him ended with his life,
By thee his ſpirite can ſuffer no diſgrace,
Now in mine armes his vertues I embrace,
His body thine, his croſſes witnes bee,
But mine his minde, that from thy powre is free.

Thou gau'ſt vp rule when he gaue vp his breath,
And where thou end'ſt, eu'n there did I beginne,
Thy ſtrength was buried in his timeleſſe death,
When as thy Conquerour laſtly came I in,
That all thou gotſt from thee againe did winne;
To whom thy right thou wholy didſt reſigne,
That all thou hadſt was abſolutely mine.

To the base world then Fortune get thee backe,
The same with drery tragedies to fill,
There by thy power bring all things vnto wracke,
And on weake mortalles onely worke thy will,
And since so much thou dooſt delight in ill,
Heare his complaint, who wanting eies to ſee,
May giue thee ſight, which arte as blinde as hee.

At her great words amazed whilſt they ſtand,
The Prince which looked dreadfully and grimme,
Bearing his eies in his diſtreſſefull hand,
Whoſe places ſtoode with blood vnto the brimme;
In the great anguiſh ſhaking euery limme;
After deepe ſighes and lamentable throwes,
Thus gan at length to vtter forth his woes.

Saith he, farewell, the lights are now put out,
And where they were, is buried all my ioy,
That are with darkenes compaſſed about,
Which tiranny did wilfully deſtroy,
To breed my more perpetuall annoy,
That euen that ſenſe I onely might forgoe;
That could alone giue comfort to my woe.

You which beheld faire *Paleſtine* reſtorde,
And from prophane hands of the Pagans freed,
The Sepulchre of that moſt gratious Lord,
And ſeen the mount where his deere wounds did bleed
That with theſe ſights my zealous ſoule did feede;
Sith from your functions night doth you diſſeuer,
Seclude me now from worldly ioyes for euer.

7216
copy 1

They ſawe no Sunne, nor did they view the day,
Except a candle, they beheld no light,
Strong walles before thoſe bleſſings kept away,
What could be feard? they could not hurt the night,
For then teares wholy hindred them of ſight;
O then from whence ſhould *Hewies* hate ariſe,
Though I ſawe nothing that I ſhould haue eies?

The wretcheſt thing the moſt deſpiſedſt beaſt,
Enioyes that ſence as generally as wee,
The very Gnat, or what than that is leaſt,
Of ſight by nature kindely is made free,
What thing hath mouth to feede, but eies to ſee,
O that a tyrant then ſhould me depraue,
Of that which elſe all liuing creatures haue?

Whilſt yet the light did mittigate my moane,
Teares found a meane to ſound my ſorrowes deepe,
But now ay me, that comfort being gone,
By wanting eies wherewith I erſt did weepe,
My cares alas concealed I muſt keepe;
O God, that blindeneſſe ſtealing my delight,
Should aboue all things giue my ſorrow ſight

Where ſometime ſtoode the beauties of this face,
Thoſe lampes once lighted with the veſtall flame,
Is now a dungeon, a diſtreſſed place,
A harbour fit for infamy and ſhame,
Which but with horrour none can ſcarcely name;
*O*ut of whoſe darke grates miſery and griefe,
Staruedfor vengeance, daily beg reliefe.

The day abhorres me, and me ſtill doth flie,
Night ſtill me followes, yet too long doth ſtay,
This neuer comes though it be euer nie,
And this in comming vaniſheth away,
What now me booteth either night or day;
All's one, ſtil day, or be it euer night,
Sith one to me the darkeneſſe and the light.

You wherewith once my comforts I did view,
Th'alcouering heauen and glory that it beares,
No more the ſame ſhall e're be ſeene of you,
That happy ſight that euery mortall cheares,
No more to me for euer nowe appeares;
Betake you ſelues vnto your darkeſome cell,
And bid the world eternally farewell.

His ſpeech thus ending, Fortune diſcontent,
Turning herſelfe as ſhe away would flie,
Playing with babes and fooles incontinent,
As neuer tutch'd with humane miſerie,
As what ſhe was herſelfe to verifie;
And ſtrait forgetting what ſhe had to tell,
To other ſpeech and girliſh laughter fell.

When gracefull Fame conueying thence her charge,
With all theſe troupes that did to her reſort,
Gaue me this booke, wherein was writ at large,
His life ſet out in admirable ſort,
T'amaze the world with this ſo true report,
But Fortune angry with her foe therefore,
Gaue me this gift, that I ſhould ſtill be poore.

FINIS.

copy 1

The Legend of *Matilda*

IF yet a Muſe there happily remaine,
That is by truth ſo diligently taught,
As vninſtructed wantonly to faine,
Declareth but what modeſtlie ſhe ought;
If this be ſuch which I ſo long haue ſought,
I craue by her my life may be reuealde,
By blacke obliuion enuiouſly concealde.

Oh if ſuch fauour I might hope to finde,
Heere in this world yet once to liue agen,
As I yet laſtly might expreſſe my minde,
By the endeuour of a powrefull pen,
In all my ſorrowes happy were I then;
Three hundreth yeares by all men ouer-paſt,
Finding one friend to pitty me at laſt.

O you of him ſo happily elect,
Whom I intreat to proſecute my ſtory,
Lady moſt deere, moſt worthy all reſpect,
The worlds beſt jewell, and your ſexes glory,
It ſhall ſuffice me, be *Idea* ſory,
Reading my Legend ſadly in his verſe,
Which now alone muſt ſerue me for a herſe.

Be

Be you the patterne by whose perfect view;
Like your faire selfe he wisely may me make,
For sure alue none fitter is then you,
Whose forme vnspotted chastitie may take,
Be you propitious, for whose onely sake
For me I know hee'le gladly do his best,
So you and I may equally be blest.

Bright *Rosamond* so highly that is graced,
Inroled in the register of fame,
That in our sainсted kalender is placed,
By him who strives to stellifie her name;
Yet will the modest say she was too blame,
Though full of state and pleasing be his rime,
Yet can his skill not expiate her crime.

The wife of *Shore* winnes generall applause,
Finding a pen laborious in her praise,
Elstred reuiu'd to pleade her pittied cause,
After the enuie of so many daies,
Happie's the man their glories high'st can raise;
Thus the loose wanton liked is of many,
Vice shall finde friends, but vertue seldome any.

To vaunt of my Nobilitie were vaine,
Which were I know, not bettered by the best,
Nor should beseeme an honourable straine,
And me a maiden fits not of the rest,
Nor worldly titles fondly will suggest;
A vertuous life I meane to boast alone,
Our birth our syres, our vertues be our owne;

copy 1

'Tis shame to fetch our long descent from Kings,
If from the gods deriued thou shouldst be,
The old atchiuements of those wondrous things,
Which thou thy selfe then liuedst not to see,
What be their acts materiall vnto thee?
Staining that blood and honour that was theirs,
Which could not leaue their vertues to their heires.

Heauen powr'd downe more abundance on my birth,
Then it before had vsually bestow'd,
And was in me so bountifull to earth,
As though the fulnesse meaning to haue show'd,
On me it so immeasurably flow'd,
That such a shape with such a spirit inspir'd,
Did of the wisest make me most desir'd.

Vpon my brow sate Beautie in her pride,
Vnto the world as ministring her law,
And vnto all such riches did diuide,
As vnto her all generally did draw;
And yet mine eye did keepe them so in awe,
As that which onely could true vertues measure,
Ordainde by Nature to preserue her treasure.

My carriage such as might content the wise,
My speech such comely decencie retaine,
As of the yonger was not deemde precise,
Nor of the aged was accounted vaine;
So well instructed to obserue the meane,
So well compact, and native was each good,
That did cohere with temper of my blood.

Nature

Nature in me did such perfections vary,
As that the least allow'd not of compare,
And yet so well did teach me them to carry,
That then themselues did make them seeme more rare,
As in my portion suffering none to share,
In her faire grace by placing me so hie,
That there should sit the darling of the skie.

When Fame beganne my beauty first to blaze,
That soone became too lauish of the same,
Hauing her trumpet laden with my praise,
That euery place was filled with my name,
For which report thou too much wert too blame;
But vnto thee is beautie subiect still,
Which I may say, is causer of our ill.

This jealous monster hath a thousand eyes,
Her ayrie body hath as many wings,
Now about earth, now vp to heauen she flies,
And heere and there with euery breath she flings,
Euen from the deepe her messages she brings,
Nothing so secret but to her appeareth,
As apt to erre dite euery thing she heareth.

And Princes eares as open to report,
As skill in blazing beauty to a King,
Subiect vnto the censure of the Court,
From whence Fame carries, thither she doth bring,
And which soeuer she doth lowdly ring,
Thither ah me vnhappily she brought,
Where I my barke vnfortunately caught.

There

copy 1 /216

There ſtood my beautie boldly for the prize,
Where the moſt cleere and perfectſt iudgements be,
And of the ſame the moſt iudiciall eyes,
Did giue the gole impartially to me;
So did I ſtand vnparaleld and free,
And like a comet in the euenings skie,
Strooke with amazement euery wondring eye.

This t'was poſſeſt the breaſt of princely *Iohn*,
This on his hart-ſtrings endleſſe muſicke made,
This wholy wonne him vnto it alone,
And fully did his faculties inuade,
From which not reaſon euer could diſſwade;
This taught his eyes their due attendance ſtill,
Holding the reines which rulde his princely will.

When yet my father fortunate in Court,
And by his blood ranck'd equall with the beſt,
Hauing his quicke eare touch'd with this report,
Which yet the newes but hardly could digeſt,
And on my youth his onely care did reſt;
Straitly purſues it by thoſe ſecret ſpies,
As ſtill in Courts attend on Princes eyes.

And he thus while who ſeemed but to ſleepe,
Till he the Princes purpoſes could ſound,
And to himſelfe yet ſecretly did keepe,
What he but late had prouidently found;
So well that wiſe Lord could conceale his wound,
That well fore-ſaw how daugerous it would proue,
To croſſe the courſe of his impatient loue.

When

When hauing found how violent a flame,
Vnbrideled will had kindled in the King,
If on the ſuddaine he ſhould ſtop the ſame,
A greater inconuenience might bring,
Which being knowne ſo dangerous a thing,
Me doth bethinke him fitteſt to perſwade,
E're for my ſafety further means he made.

Deare girle quoth he, thou ſeeſt who doth await,
T'intrap that beautie bred to be thy foe,
Being ſo faire and delicate a bait,
Tempting all eyes themſelues there to beſtow,
Whoſe power the King is taught too ſoone to know,
Of his deſire that what the end may bee,
Thy youth may feare my knowledge doth fore-ſee.

And for thou liueſt publiquely in Court,
Whoſe priuiledge doth euery meane protect,
Where the enſample of the greateſt ſort,
Doth more then opportunitie effect,
None thriuing there that dwell vpon reſpect,
Being a lottery where but few do winne,
Falſhood th'aduenture, and the prize but ſinne.

Subt'ly oppoſing to thy longing ſight,
What may to pleaſure poſſibly prouoke,
And fitly faſhioned vnto thy delight,
That with the graueſt ſtrikes too great a ſtroke,
Hauing withall emperious power thy cloke;
With ſuch ſtrong reaſons on her part propounded,
As may leaue vertue ſeemingly confounded.

Many

7216
copy 1

Many the waies inducing to thy fall,
And to thy ſafety none is left to guide thee,
And when thy danger greateſt is of all,
Euen then thy ſuccour ſooneſt is deniede thee:
So ſundry meanes from vertue to diuide thee,
Hauing with all mortalitie about thee,
Frailty with in, temptation ſet without thee.

The leachers tongue is neuer voide of guile,
Nor wants he teares when he would winne his pray,
The ſubtilſt tempter hath the ſmootheſt ſtile,
Sirens ſing ſweetely when they would betray,
Luſt of it ſelfe had never any ſtay.
Nor to containe it bounds could haue deuiſde,
That when moſt fild, is leaſt of all ſuffiſde.

With euery meane and maieſtie is fraught,
That all things hath contained in his power,
And who wil conquer, leaues no meane vnſaught,
Soft golden drops did pierce the brazen Tower,
Watching th'aduantage of each paſſing hower,
Time offering ſtill each howre to doe amiſſe,
Thy baneſull poiſon ſpiced with thy bluſſe.

And when this heady and vnſeaſned rage,
Which in his blood doth violently raigne,
Time, that the heate ſhall peceably aſſwage,
Shall ſhew the more apparently thy ſtaine,
Which vnto ages euer ſhall remaine;
Sinne in a chaine leades on her ſiſter ſhame,
And both in gyues faſt fettered to defame.

Kings

Kings vſe their loues as garments they haue worne,
Or as the meate whereon they fully fed,
The Saint once gone, who doth the ſhrine adorne?
Or what is Nectar careleſly if ſhed,
vvhat Princes vvealth redeemes thy maidenhead,
vvhich ſhould be held as pretious as thy breath,
vvhoſe deſolution conſumates thy death.

The ſtately Eagle on his height dooth ſtand,
And from the maine the fearefull fowle doth ſmite,
Yet ſcornes to tuch it lying on the land,
When he hath felt the ſweete of his delight,
But leaues the ſame a prey to euery kite;
With much we ſurffet, plenty makes vs poore,
The vvretched Indian ſpurnes the golden ore.

When now he points the periode with a teare,
vvhich in my boſome made ſo great a breach,
As euery precept firmely fixed there,
And ſtill his councel vnto me did preach,
A father ſo effectually ſhould teach,
That then his words I after euer found,
Written on ſo immaculate a ground.

The youthfull king deluded but the while,
That in his breaſt did beare this quenchleſſe fire,
Whilſt flattring hope his ſences doth beguile,
That with freſh life ſtill quickned his deſire,
And gone ſo farre now meant not to retire;
Thinkes if that aptly winning him but place,
By loue or power to purchaſe him my grace.

which

7216
copy 1

Which ſtill deferring, found he ſtill did faile,
Nor to his minde aught (kindely) tooke effect.
Couragiouſly reſoluing to aſſaile,
That other meanes doth vtterly neglect,
In ſpite what feare could any way obiect,
And finding time, not booting to be mute,
Thus to me laſtly did preferre his ſute.

Deare maide (quoth he) when Nature had ordained
Thee to the world her workemanſhip to bring,
All other creatures knowing ſhe had ſtained,
By ſo diuine and excellent a thing,
Onely therefore to gratifie a King,
Seal'd thee the Charter dated at thy birth,
Mirrour of heauen, the wonder of the earth.

Hoord not thy beautie, heauen doth giue thee ſtore,
Pitie ſuch treaſure ſhould lie idely dead,
Which being imparted ſhall increaſe the more,
And by the intereſt euermore be fed,
To be mans comfort that was onelie bred,
vvhich of it ſelfe is of ſuch povver and might,
As like the ſunne ioyes all things with the ſight.

From thoſe bright ſtars ſuch ſtreams of lightning glide
As through the eies doe wound the very hart,
Whoſe vertues may be ſundrie waies applide,
Hurting and healing like *Achilles* dart;
Such bountie Nature did to them impart,
Thoſe lampes two planets clearer then the ſeauen,
That with their ſplendor light the world to heauen.

Had

Had Art such colours as could truly show,
Each rare perfection rightly in his kinde,
And on each one sufficiently bestowe,
Vnto the glory properly assignde,
Painting the beauties aptly to the minde,
But O alone thy excellence is such,
As words though many lessen worth so much.

He is thy king, who is become thy subiect,
Sometimes thy Lord now seruant to thy loue,
Thy gracefull features be his onely obiect,
Who for thy sake a thousand deaths durst proue,
A Princes prayer should some compassion moue;
Let woolues and beares be cruell in their kindes,
But women meeke and haue relenting mindes.

Daine (deare) to looke vpon these brimfull eyes,
With tides of teares continually frequented,
Where hope without foode hunger-starued lies,
Which to betray me trecherously consented,
That for the fact being lawfully conuented,
Iudgde in these waters still to haue their being,
For their presumption thy perfections seeing.

Sit thou commanding vnder mine estate,
Hauing thy tresses honored with my Crowne,
As not vnworthie of a meaner fate
And make the prowd'st to tremble with a frowne,
Raise whom thou wilt, cast whō it please thee downe:
And be thy loue renowned through this Ile,
With all the titles fame may thee instile.

What

7216
copy 1

What if my Queene repining at our blisse,
Thee as did *Iuno Iones* faire darling keepe,
Mine I'le preserue as that great god did his,
Wise *Mercury* lulld *Argus* eies to sleepe,
Loue euer laughs when iealousie dooth weepe,
When most she stirs, our power shal keep hir vnder,
She may raise stormes, but we doe rule the thunder.

Thus hauing made the entrance to his loue,
Which he supposde assuredly in time,
Of better tidings messenger might proue,
By which he after to his ioyes might clime,
And of my youth now being in the prime, (me,
Leaues me, not knowing well which way to turne
warm'd with the fire which vnawares might burne (me.

Vpon my weaknes that so strongly wrought,
Whilst in my breast a mutiny arose,
Feare and Desire a doubtfull combate fought,
As like two eager and ambitious foes,
This striues to winne, the other feares to loose;
By this oft cleered, and by that accused.
Flattred by that most, most which me abused.

And in my selfe that well suspected treason,
Knowing who watcht to haue me for his pray,
And in so apt and dangerous a season,
vvhen youth and beauty bare so great a sway,
And where he battery still to me might lay,
vvho girt so strongly euery way about,
vvell might suspect I could not long holde out.

All

All doubts and feares cast vtterly aside,
Resolu'd at last away from Court to goe,
Whither it pleasde my happy starres to guide,
There I my selfe determinde to bestowe,
Vntill time might this passion ouer-blow,
Or if at least it wrought not the extrusion,
Might lend me power to help my resolution.

When he whose care this while me not forsooke,
That many a sweete sleepe for my safetie brake,
Much that was pleased with the course I tooke,
As one that truely suffred for my sake,
Did his abode at Baynards Castle make,
which since the Court so happly did leaue me,
To his protection kindely did receiue me.

Whence sorrow seemed vtterly exilde,
vvherein my life I long before did waste,
The present time that happily beguilde,
vvith thought of that which was alreadie past,
vvhere I was now so fortunately plac'd;
Euen as a bird escap'd the Fowlers snare,
vvhome former danger warneth to beware.

When now the King whose purposes were crossd,
vvhich this euasion subt'ly did preuent,
And that the meane to which he trusted most,
vvas that which most did frustrate his intent,
Seeing his sute preposterously went,
Another course bethinkes himselfe to runne,
Else now as farre off, as when first begunne.

7216
copy 1

Thenceforth deuising to dissolue the masse,
That lay so full betwixt him and the light,
That in his sute so great a hindrance was
And least exspected wrought him most dispite,
Finding the cause that all things went not right,
Casteth forth with my father to remoue,
To make the way more cleerer to his loue.

When scarcely cured of that sickely qualme,
And that my hart was happily at ease,
But as a ship that in a gentle calme,
Floates vp and downe vpon the quiet seas,
By some rough gust some aduerse starre doth raise,
Driuen againe into the troubled maine,
vvhi[illegible]well had hopde securely to haue laine.

The powrefull Prince whome I did thus reiect,
Heereon in Court doth first this Peere disgrace,
Thereby to giue the people to suspect,
T'offend in some thing sitting neere his place,
Them it(by all meanes)vrging to imbrace;
Which if he cleerely modeld out, that path
Should giue a passage freely to his wrath.

And giuing colour to his ran'ckrous hate,
By such false councell as to him he drew,
Cunning in all the stratagems of state,
My guiltlesse father ceaselessly pursue,
Whose kingly power too quickely ouerthrew
Him which I hop'd me succour should haue giuen,
Till from all refuge absolutely driuen.

And not their cleere and intellectuall sight,
Into the quarrell that did throughly looke,
Nor our allies that to their vtmost might
Gainst his proceeding that our partie tooke,
Vnto the end that neuer me forsooke;
Could the effect of his great power preuent,
To stay from Fraunce my banisht father sent.

Not all his seruice to his soueraigne done,
In warre as valiant, as in councell sound,
Which from this Prince compassion might haue won,
To him that faithfull euermore was found,
How deepely thou ingratitude doost wound:
Sure first deuised to no other end,
But to grieue those whom nothing could offend.

Ay me, forsaken, left vnto my foe,
Thus by my fortune frowardly betraide,
Neuer poore maiden was besieged so,
And all depressed that should lend me aide,
Such weight the heauens vpon my birth had laide,
Yet her due merite vertue neuer loseth,
Gainst her faire course though heauen it selfe oppo-seth.

Embarkt for France his sad dejected eies,
Filled with teares in plentifullest store,
His parting threatned by the lowring skies,
Then vnder saile from sight of any shore.
Feare him behinde, and sorrow him before;
Wasting withall his sad laments in vaine,
To the rude waters only to complaine.

7216
copy 1

When like a deere before the hounds imboſte,
vvhen him his ſtrength beginneth to forſake,
Leaues the ſmoothe lawnes to which he truſted moſt,
And to the couert doth it ſelfe betake,
Doubling that creepes from brake againe to brake;
Thus ſtill I ſhift me from the Princes face,
vvhich hath me novv continually in chaſe.

The coaſt now cleere, ſuſpition laide to reſt,
And each thing fit to further his intent,
vvhich with much pleaſure quieted his breaſt,
That euery thing ſo proſperouſly went,
And if the reſt ſucceſſefully conſent,
Offormer ayde that being quite forſaken,
He hopes the fort may eaſily be taken.

A Princes armes are ſtretcht from ſhore to ſhore,
Kings ſleeping ſee with eies of other men,
Craft findes a key to open euery doore,
Little it bootes in walles my ſelfe to pen,
The lambe incloſed in the lions den;
vvhoſe watchfull eies too eaſily deſcride me,
And found me ſoonſt, where ſur'ſt I thought to hide me.

My paths by ſpies are diligently noted,
O're me he holdes ſo vigilant a watch,
And on my beautie he ſo fondly doted,
That at my looke s he enuiouſly did catch;
Readie that ſtoode attending at my latch,
vvhere jealous loue continually did warde,
Treaſon my handmaide, Fa'hoode on my guarde.

vvhere-

Wherefore ſince this ſo badly ſorted out,
He to my ſhifts ſo narrowly me draue,
Another courſe muſt needeſly caſt about,
Where ſafer harbor happily to haue,
Since inſufficient this was me to ſaue,
His power ſo ſpatious euery way did lie,
That ſtill I ſtood in his ambitious eye.

And feare which taught me euery way to proue,
When I of many long time did debate,
Me at the laſt it pleaſde the powers to moue,
To take vpon me a religious ſtate,
The holy Cloiſter none might violate;
Where after all theſe ſtormes I did endure,
There yet at laſt might hope to liue ſecure.

Wherefore to *Dunmow* ſecretly conuaide,
Vnto a houſe that ſometime was begunne,
By *Inga*, of our anceſtry, a maide,
At whoſe great charge this Monaſtry was done,
In which ſhe after did become a Nunne;
And kept her order ſtrictly with the reſt,
Which in that place virginitie profeſt.

Where I my ſelfe did ſecretly beſtow,
From the vaine world which I too long had tride,
One whom affliction taught my ſelfe to know,
My youth and beautie gently that did chide,
And me inſtructing as a skilfull guide;
Printed with all ſuch coldneſſe in my blood,
That it might ſo perpetuate my good.

7216
copy 1

The King who with an enuious eye did see,
His power deluded, ſtrongly diſcontent,
who thence his power not poſſibly could free,
Which his ſad breaſt doth grieuouſly torment;
which ſince that I ſo wilfully was bent,
And he paſt hope now euer to enioy me,
Reſolues by ſome meanes laſtly to deſtroy me.

And he that knew one fit for ſuch a fact,
to whom he durſt his ſecret thoughts impart,
One that for him would any thing enact,
And in performance wanted not his Art,
That had a ſtrong hand, a relentleſſe hart;
On him the King (in madneſſe ſo enrag'd)
Impoſde my death, himſelfe thereto that gag'd.

Who making haſte the fatall deede to do,
Thither repaires, but not as from the King,
One that did well know what belong'd thereto,
Nor therein needed any tutoring,
But as one ſent vpon ſome needefull thing;
with a ſmooth countenance and with ſetled browes,
Obtaines to get in where I paide my vowes.

Where I alone and to his tale expoſde,
As one to him a willing eare that lent,
Aye me, too ſoone himſelfe to me diſcloſde,
And who it was that him vnto me ſent,
From point to point, relating his intent; (vaſion,
Which whil'ſt I ſtoode ſtrooke dumbe with this in-
He thus purſues me ſtrongly with perſwaſion.

Saith

Saith he but heare how greatly thou dooſt erre,
Fondly to doat vpon thine owne perfection,
Whenas the King thee highly will preferre,
And that his power deſireth thy protection;
So indiſcreetly ſort not thy election,
To ſhut vp in a melancholy cell,
That in the Court ordained was to dwell.

How dangerous is ſo bountifull an offer,
If thy neglect do retchleſly abuſe it,
who was it euer that did ſee a coffer,
Filled with gold, and proffered did refuſe it;
Greater thy fault the more thou dooſt excuſe it,
Thy ſelfe condemning in thine owne good hap,
Refuſing treaſure caſt into thy lap.

Wrong not thy faire youth, nor the world depriue
Of that great riches Nature freely lent,
Pitty t'were they by niggardize ſhould thriue,
whoſe wealth by waxing craueth to be ſpent,
For which thou after iuſtly ſhalt be ſhent;
Like to ſome rich churle burying his pelfe,
Both to wrong others, and to ſtarue himſelfe.

What is this vaine, this idle reputation,
which to the ſhew you ſeemingly reſpect,
Onely the weakeneſſe of imagination.
which in concluſion worketh no effect?
Leſſe then that, can the worſhippers protect,
That onely ſtandeth vpon fading breath,
And hath at once the being, and the death.

7216
copy 1

A feare that grew from doting ſuperſtition,
To which ſtill weake credulitie is prone,
And onely ſince maintained by tradition,
Into our eares impertinently blowne,
By follie gathered, as by error ſowne;
Which vs ſtill threatning, hindreth our deſires,
Yet all it ſhewes vs be but painted fires.

Thee let it like this Monaſtry to leaue,
Which youth and beautie iuſtly may forſake,
Do not the Prince of thoſe high ioyes bereaue,
Which happy him eternally may make,
Which ſends me elſe thy life away to take;
For dead to him if needſly thou wilt proue,
Die to thy ſelfe, and buried with his loue.

Rage that reſumde the colour of his face,
Whoſe eye ſeemde as the Baſaliſks to kill,
The horror of the ſolitary place,
Being ſo fit wherein to worke his will,
Each good omitted, euery preſent ill;
Which all doe ſeeme my ouerthrow to further,
By feare diſſwaded, menaced by murther.

In this ſo great and peremptory triall,
With ſtrong temptations grieuouſly afflicted,
With many a yeelding, many a deniall,
Oft times acquitted, oftentimes convicted,
Whilſt feare before me liuely ſtands depicted,
And at the inſtant by a little breath,
Giues me my life, or ſends me vnto death.

When

When nowe my ſoule that gathred all her powres,
Which in this neede might friendly giue her aide.
The reſolution of ſo manie howres,
whereon herſelfe ſhe confidently ſtaide;
(In this diſtreſſe their helpe together laide,)
Making the ſtate which ſhe maintained good,
Expeld the feare, vſurping on by blood.

The which my tongue did modeſtly enlarge,
From thoſe ſtrict limits terror it confinde,
My greeued boſome ſadly to diſcharge,
And my loſt ſpirites did liberally vnbinde;
To my cleere eyes their reſidence reſignde,
And ſtrongly there mine honour to maintaine,
Check'd his preſumption with a chaſte diſdaine.

Finding me thus inuiolably bent,
He for my death that onely did abide,
Hauing a poiſon murdring by the ſcent,
Vnto the organ of that ſenſe applide;
which for the ſame when fitteſt time he ſpide,
Vnto my noſthrills forcibly did ſtraine,
Which at an inſtant wrought my deadly baine.

With his rude tuch (my vaile diſordered then)
My face diſcouering, whoſe delitious cheeke
Tinckted with crimſon, fading ſoone agen,
with ſuch a ſweetenes as made death euen meeke,
Seeming to him, beholding it euen like
Vnto a ſparke extinguiſh'd to the eye,
Breakes forth in fire e're ſuddainely it die.

And

7216
copy 1

And whilſt thereat amazed he doth ſtand,
wherein he ſuch an excellencie ſaw,
Ruing the ſpoile done by his fatall hand,
whom nothing elſe my beauty now did awe,
And from his eyes would force him teares to draw;
Of which depriu'd and ſetled euen as dead,
Greeuing for me that it had none to ſhed.

When life retreating gently towards the hart,
(On whom cold death inuaſion now did make,
winning by little euery outward part)
As more and more her ſuccours her forſake,
To this laſt fort enforc'd her to betake,
To him whom ſadly yet did me behold,
Thus with milde ſpeech my greefe I did vnfold.

Is this the gift the King on me beſtowes,
which in this ſort he ſends thee to preſent me?
I am his friend, what giues he to his foes,
If this in token of his loue be ſent me?
His pleaſure thus, it muſt not diſcontent me;
Yet after ſure a prouerbe this ſhall proue,
The gift King *Iohn* beſtow'd vpon his loue.

When all that race to memory are ſet,
And by their ſtatues their atchieuements done
which wonne abroad, and which at home did get,
From ſonne to ſyre, from ſyre vnto the ſonne,
Grac'd with the ſpoiles that gloriouſly they wonne;
O that of him it onely ſhould be ſaid,
This was that King, the murtherer of a maid!

O keepe it safely from the eares of Fame,
That none do heare of this vnhalowed deede,
To him be secret and conceale his shame,
Least after ages hap the same to reede,
And in their eyes the very letters bleede;
O let the graue my innocency hold,
Ere of a King so heynous sinne be told.

Vttering my minde my sorrow to asswage,
The heauy burthen of my pensiue breast,
The poison now that inwardly did rage,
The present vigor forcibly expresst,
Me no way suffering to declare the rest;
Longer for him t'was now no time to stay,
And death call'd on to hasten me away.

Thus in my closet being left alone,
Vpon the floore vncomfortably lying,
The deede committed and the murtherer gone,
Almost arriued at the point of dying,
Some of the sisters me by chance espying,
Calls all the rest that in most wofull plight,
Came to behold this miserable sight.

Where like a rose by an vnkindly blast,
Mongst many buds that round about it grow,
The withered leaues improsp'rously doth cast.
Yet all the rest their soueraigne beauties show,
Amidst this goodly sisterhood euen so;
Nipt with cold death vntimely did I fade,
Whilst they about me pitteous wailing made.

when

copy 1

Whenas my poore ſoule in hir ſuddaine flight,
Neglects the organ of each ſeuerall ſenſe,
with all that horror could the ſame affright,
Being diſturbed in her parting hence,
Onely conſtrained for her beſt defence,
Vnto her ſpotleſſe innocence to take her,
Which her not leaues when all the reſt forſake her.

VVhen all our pleaſures are but childrens toyes,
And as meere ſhadowes preſently do paſſe,
As yeares encreaſing, waning are our ioyes,
As we forget our fauours in a glaſſe,
Euen as a tale of that which neuer was;
Death our delights continually doth ſeuer,
Vertue alone abandoneth vs neuer.

And now my ſpirit thus liberally enlargde,
By gently flitting from this earthly roome,
The debt to Nature faithfully diſchargde,
And at the howre conditiond on my toombe;
Such is the heauens ineuitable doombe,
Me *Baynards* Caſtle to the earth did bring,
Dunſtow againe my place of burying.

Now ſcarſly was my breathleſſe body cold,
But euery where my tragedy was ſpred,
For tatling Fame in euery place had told,
My reſolution being lately dead,
Ruing my blood ſo prodigally ſhed,
And to my father flies with this miſchance,
Which then remained in the Court of France.

His

His losse too great to be bewailde with teares,
Nor were there found wordes to expresse his woe,
Terror it selfe so settled in his eares,
No more might enter, nothing out might goe,
O whie againe should griefe distract me?
Enough of sorrow is already shewne,
And telling his renewing of mine owne.

Me t'shall suffise my fortunes to relate,
And beare the burthen of my proper ill,
If I expresse my pittifull estate,
tis all I aske, and I obtaine my will,
For whie, true sorrow needes not others skill,
It is too much the bitternesse we taste,
vvithout remembrance when the same is past.

Some saie, the King repentant for this deede,
vvhenas remorce to thoughts thereof him draue,
Poorely disguised in a Pilgrimes weede,
Offered his teares on my vntimely graue,
For which, no doubt but heauen his sinne forgaue;
And did thereby my grieued spirite appease,
He being contrite, I happly at ease.

Thus tolde my storie, I my state deuise,
to you sweete Madam, fitt'st with you to rest,
vvhich do my vertues daily exercise,
That be impressed in your patient breast,
By whome alone I rightliest am expresst;
For whom my praise (it grieues me) is too scant,
Whose happie name an Epethite shall want.

Then

Then moſt deere Lady for a maidens ſake,
To ſhead one teare, if gently you but daine,
For all my wrongs it full amends may make,
And be my paſſe to the Elizian plaine,
In your chaſte eies ſuch powre there doth remaine,
As can th afflicted proſprouſly deliuer,
Happy be they may looke vpon them euer.

FINIS.

The Legend of *Pierce Gaueston.*

FRom gloomy shadowes of eternall night,
Shut vp in darkenes where I long did dwell,
O heere beholde me miserable wight,
Lastly, inuokt my tragedie to tell,
Giue me then leaue my sorrowes to impart,
Somewhat to ease my poore afflicted hart.

Goddesse of Artes and Armes, *Pallas* diuine,
Let thy bright fawchion lend me *Cipresse* bughes,
Be thou assisting to this Poet of mine,
With funerall wreathes incompassing his browes,
Pittying my case when none would heare me weep,
To tell my sorrowes, layes his owne to sleepe.

And mournefullst maiden of the sacred Nine,
That balefull sounds immoueably doost breathe,
With thy swolne visage, and thy blubbred eine,
I vnto thee my sad complaints bequeathe;
Matter that yeelds sufficient for thy glorie,
If thou exactly prosecute my storie.

copy 1

Tell how the ſtarres my wandring ſtate did guide,
Th'unconſtant turnes of euerie changing houre,
Of manie a lowe ebbe, manie as high a tide,
Manie a ſmoothe calme, manie a ſtormie ſhowre,
The height whereto I laſtly did aſcend,
My ſtrange beginning, and my fatall end.

When *Edward* ſate vpon the Engliſh throne,
Long-ſhankes that ſo victoriouſly did raigne;
Firſt of that name, and ſecond vnto none,
In all to knighthoode euer did pertaine,
My life begunne, and then begunne my bliſſe,
Euen in thoſe daies, thoſe happie daies of his.

So much did vertue gratious harts inflame,
Promotion then not purchaſed with golde,
And in thoſe times he that deſired fame,
Bought it of them that it full deerely ſolde,
Hatefull exceſſe ſo much did not deuoure,
Lawes had leſſe force, and honeſty more powre.

And ſince that time ſo violently prayes
Vpon thoſe ages that euen holieſt bee,
Let me remember thoſe more happie daies,
In theſe ſad houres my grieued eies doe ſee,
With greater griefe that makes me theſe deplore,
When I doe thinke of thoſe that were before.

And Muſe, to thee I ſadly then appeale,
Since thou my life wilt needſly haue me ſhow,
That I by thee may faithfully reueale,
Euen what the moſt inquiſitiue would know,
Whilſt that my ſoule heere bodied did abide,
In the vaine world that pampred me in pride.

From *Gaſcony* our name and our deſcent,
Of which my father naturally was borne,
In all his warres that with king *Edward* went,
To him a liege man and a ſouldier ſworne:
And in his country ventred his eſtate,
To follow him that ſeemd to gouerne fate.

Whoſe truſt that great king highly did imploy,
And neare his perſon tooke him for the ſame,
Who with my ſelfe, but then a little boy,
Vnto the Court of famous *England* came;
Whereas the King for ſeruice he had done,
Made me a page vnto the Prince his ſonne.

In me what ſhape that man's did not excel,
Where euery part ſuch harmony did beare,
As in this modell Nature ſeemd to tell,
T'was not perfection if it were not there,
As euery age reſeru'd his rareſt feature,
Thereof to make ſo excellent a creature.

copy 1

My lookes the powrefull adamants to loue,
Which vnto them attracted euery ſight,
With which the ſame was fixed or did moue,
As ſympathizing naturally delight,
That where my thoughts intended to ſurpriſe,
I at my pleaſure conqu'red with mine eies.

If euen the beſt in Paintings curious art,
In ſome rare peece his workemanſhip ſhould ſhow,
Imagination helping with her part,
vvhen th'hand had done the vtmoſt it could doe
Vnto that bodie modelling a minde,
Such a one was I the mirrour of my kinde.

This was the baite was laide for *Edwards* loue,
That bred the league of amitie thereby,
That no misfortune after could remoue,
vvhen ſhe the vtmoſt of her force did trie,
Nor death it ſelfe retained power to ſunder,
Friendſhip ſeld ſeene, and in the world a wonder.

Heere on this earth th'onely meane thou art,
Whereby we hold intelligence with heauen,
And it is thou that onely dooſt impart,
All good can to mortalitie be giuen;
That ſacred bond that neuer canſt be broken,
O word diuine to be with reuerence ſpoken!

with

With this ſweete Prince in height of worldly bliſſe,
vvhilſt Tutors care his wandering eares did guide,
I liu'd enioying whatſoe're was his,
vvho ne're my pleaſures any thing denide,
Whoſe deare affection ſtill me ſo attended;
As on my ioyes his happines depended.

Whether that it my rare perfections were,
that wonne my youth ſuch fauour in his eie,
Or that the heauens to whom I ſeemde ſo deare,
On me downe ſhowr'd this bleſſing from the skie;
I cannot tell, but well it did direct,
That could produce ſuch wonderfull effect.

Thou Arke of heauen where wonders are enrouled,
O depth of Nature, who can looke vnto thee?
What might he be that hath thy doome controuled?
Or hath the key of Reaſon to vndoe thee?
Thy workes diuine, which thine alone doe know,
Shallow mans wit, too ſhort for things below.

The ſoule her liking ſubt'ly doth eſpie,
In the high power that is to her aſſignde,
By the cleere ſight diſcouering through the eie,
the thing agreeing aptlieſt with her kinde;
And by each motion quickely apprehendeth,
that which it ſelfe paſt humane ſenſe extendeth.

7216 copy 1

This *Edward* in the April of his age,
Whilst yet the crowne sate on his fathers head,
Like that great *Ioue* with his rap'd *Phrigian* page,
Me with Ambrosiall delicacies fed;
He might command that was the Soueraignes son,
And what I said, that onelie must be done.

My will a lawe autentically past,
My yea by him was neuer crossd with no,
Who in affection chained was so fast,
He as my shadow still with me did goe,
To me this Prince so pliant was in all,
Still as an eccho answering to my call.

My smiles his life, his heauen was in my sight,
And his delight confinde by my desire,
Who from my cleere eies borrowed all his light,
As pale-eide *Cinthia* from her brothers fire;
My cheeke the pillow where he laide his head,
My brow his booke, my bosome was his bed.

Like faire *Idalia* bent to amorous sportes,
With yong *Adonis* in the wanton shade,
Figuring her passions in as sundry sortes,
As he to her indeerements to perswade
Eithers affections happily to moue,
With all the tender daliances of loue.

The table (thus) of our delight was laid,
Seru'd with what dainties pleaſure coulde deuiſe,
And many a Syren muſicke ſweetely plaid,
(O that youth had vs wherewith to ſuffice)
whilſt we on that vnſatiately doe feede,
Which our confuſion afterwards did breed.

For ſtill I ſpurd his violent deſire,
Holding the reines wherewith he rulde the ſunne,
My blandiſhment the fuell to the fire,
In which to frie already he begunne;
waxing his wings taught him Art to flie,
Who on his back might beare me through the skie.

Whilſt the vaine world vpon vs ſtill did winne,
Inticde his flatteries ſtedfaſtly to truſt,
Looſing the clew which led vs ſafely in,
Are loſt within this Labyrinth of luſt;
For when the fleſh is nuſſled once in vice,
The ſweete of ſinne makes hell a paradice

Who thy deceits vile world yet euer told,
In thee what is that's not extreamely ill?
A ſhop where poiſon's onely to be ſold,
whoſe very entrance inſtantly doth kill,
where all deformed wickedneſſe do dwell,
And all thy waies guide head long into hell.

copy 1

The King that saw his hopefull sonne betraide,
That like young *Phaeton* ventred on the skies,
Perceiu'd his course with danger hardly staide,
(For he was graue and prouidently wise;)
That wanting skill to maister youthes desire,
Might by mi guidance set his throne on fire.

This was a corsiue to King *Edwards* daies,
That without ceasing fed vpon his bones,
That in the day bereau'd him of his ease,
Breaking his night-sleepe with vnquiet grones;
That did depresse and burthened him downe,
More then the weight that sate vpon his Crowne.

When now their iudgement that seuerely tride,
The matter whence this malladie first grew,
Likewise must now a remedie prouide,
To preuent the perill likely to ensue,
The cause must end e're the effect could cease,
Else (well) of one, there many might encrease.

When such in Court my opposites as were,
On all aduantage that could wisely play,
Who did to me inueterate malice beare,
That for their purpose found so faire a way;
On this their forces instantly did ground,
My name and fame perpetually to wound.

And the time fit for venting their vntruth,
Me into hate more forcibly to bring,
Sticke not to charge the looſeneſſe of my youth,
T'offend euen in th'vnnaturaleſt thing,
And olde fore-paſſed outrages awake,
With all that me contemptible might make.

Wherefore the Prince to priuacie beſtow'd
In Realmes remote I baniſhed to rome,
Cenſured of all men fitſt to be abroad,
That had betraide my honeſt truſt at home,
Adiudg'd to die, if after I were found,
The day preſcrib'd vpon the Engliſh ground.

So much aſtoniſh'd with the ſuddaine blow,
That I became inſenſible of paine,
Vntill awak'd with ſharpneſſe of my woe,
I ſaw the wound which open did remaine;
By which my ioyes ſtill fainted more and more,
No hope at all me euer to reſtore.

Euen as a Turtle for her faithfull make,
Whoſe youth her deare virginitie enioyde,
Sits ſhrowded in ſome ſolitary brake,
With melancholy penſiueneſſe annoide;
Thus without comfort ſit I all alone,
From the ſweete Prince infortunately gone.

copy 1

My beauty once which ſdainde the ſummers light,
Beaten with bleake and chilly winter ſtormes,
Thoſe tender limbes muſt trauell day and night,
So often hug'd in *Edwards* princely armes;
Thoſe eyes oft viewing pleaſure in her pride,
With fearefull obiects euery way ſupplide.

And whilſt theſe ſtormes me ſtrangely thus did toſſe,
where I my ſelfe confined yet in *France*,
Thwarted the while with many a greeuous croſſe,
Inſeperables to my ſad miſchance;
Others that ſtem'd the current of the time,
By which I fell, prou'd afterwards to clime.

Camelion-like the world doth alter hue,
And as falſe *Proteus* puts on ſindrie ſhapes,
One change ſcarce gone, another doth enſue,
This fild, that likewiſe for promotion gapes;
Thus did they ſwarme like Bees about the brim,
Some drownd, and ſome as dang'rouſly ſwim.

And ſome on whom the higher powres look'd faire,
Yet of the ſeaſon little ſeemde to vaunt,
For there were clowdes hung in the troubled ayre,
which ſhew'd ſomething to their deſire did want,
That forc'd them ſtoope which otherwiſe would flie,
Whilſt with much care they fading honor buy.

when

When reſtleſſe time that neuer turnes againe,
Whoſe winged feete are ſliding with the ſunne,
By the fleete howres attending on his traine,
His reſolution fatally begunne;
In a iuſt courſe eftſoone to bring about,
That which long ſince the wiſer ſort did doubt.

For whilſt the King doth ſeriouſly attend,
His long-hop'd voyage to the Holy-land,
For which his ſubiects mighty ſummes did lend,
Euen whilſt this buiſnes onely was in hand;
All on the ſuddaine happily doth fall,
The death of *Edward* quickely altred all.

Should I aſſay his vertues to report,
To do the honor due vnto his name,
My meane endeuours ſhould come farre too ſhort,
And I thereby ſhould greatly wrong the ſame;
But leaue it to ſome ſacred Muſe to tell,
Vpon whoſe life a Poets pen might dwell.

His princely body ſcarſly wrapt in lead,
Before his mournefull obſequies were done,
But that the Crowne was ſet on *Edwards* head,
With whom too ſoone my happy daies begunne;
After blacke night like brightneſſe of the day,
All former ſorrowes vaniſhed away.

Whea

7216
copy 1

When now *Carnaruan* calls within a while,
Whom *Edward Long-ſhanks* hated to the death,
He whom the father lately did exile,
Is to the ſonne as precious as his breath,
What th'old inſcrib'd, the yonger forth did blot,
Kings wils peſtorm'd, and dead mens words forgot.

When the winde wafts me to that happy place,
And ſoone did ſet me ſafely on that ſhore,
From whence I ſeemde but baniſh'd for a ſpace,
That my returne might honored be the more;
Vnto this new King happily to leaue me,
Whoſe princely armes were ready to receiue me.

Who would haue ſeene how that kinde Roman dame,
O re-come with ioy did yeelde her lateſt breath,
Her ſonne returning laden with ſuch fame,
When thankfull *Rome* had mourned for his death,
Might heere behold her perſonated right,
When I approached to the Princes ſight.

My *Ione* now Lord of the Aſcendant is,
In an aſpect that promiſde happy ſpeede,
Whilſt in that luckie influence of his,
Some praiſde the courſe wherein I did proceede;
Yet it to ſome prodigiouſly appeares,
Telling the troubles of enſuing yeares.

When

When like to *Midas* all I touch'd was gold,
Powr'd as t'was once downe into *Danaes* lap,
For I obtained any thing I would,
Fortune had yet ſo lotted out my hap;
The cheſts of great men like to Oceans are,
To whom all floods by courſe do ſtill repare.

The Iſle of *Man* he firſt vnto me gaue,
To ſhew how high I in his grace did ſtand,
But fearing me ſufficient not to haue,
I next receiued from his bounteous hand,
Faire *Wallingford* that antiently had beene,
The wealthy dower of many an Engliſh Queene.

The ſummes his father had beene leuying long,
By impoſitions for the warre abroad,
Other his princely benefits among,
At once on me he bounteouſly beſtow'd;
When thoſe which ſaw how much on me he caſt,
Soone found his wealth ſufficed not his waſte.

He giues me then chiefe Secretaries place,
Thereby to traine me in affaires of ſtate,
And thoſe high roomes that I did hold to grace,
Me Earle of *Cornwall* franckly did create;
And that in Court he freely might partake me,
Of *England* Lord high Chamberlaine did make me.

And

7216
copy 1

And that he would more ſtrongly me alie,
To backe me gainſt their inſolent ambition,
Doth his faire Coſen vnto me affie,
A Lady of right vertuous condition,
which his deare ſiſter proſperouſly bare,
To the Earle of *Gloſter* blood-ennobled *Clare*.

O ſacred bounty, mother of content,
Fautreſſe and happy nouriſher of Arts,
That giu'ſt ſucceſſe to euery high intent,
The Conquerour of the moſt nobleſt harts,
High grace into mortalitie infuſed,
Pitty it is that e're thou waſt abuſed.

When thoſe that did my baniſhment procure,
Still in my boſome hated did abide,
And they before that could me not endure,
Are now much more impatient of my pride,
For emulation euer did attend,
Vpon the great, and ſhall vnto th'end.

And into fauour cloſly working thoſe,
That from meane places lifted vp by me,
And factious ſpirits being fitteſt to oppoſe,
Them that perhaps too powerfull elſe might be;
That euen gainſt enuie raiſed by my hand,
Me muſt vphold to make themſelues to ſtand.

And

And ſince the frame by fortune ſo contriu'd,
to giue protect to my ambitious waies,
Vrging thereby their hate to me deriu'd,
From thoſe hie honours hir vpon me layes,
Drawing the King my courſes to pertake,
Still to maintaine what he himſelfe did make.

Thus doth my youth ſtill exerciſe extreames,
My heed fond raſhnes to forerunne my fall,
My wit meere folly, and my hopes but dreames,
My councell ſerues my ſelfe but to inthrall,
That me abuſed with a vaine illuſion,
When all I did intending my confuſion.

And now the King, to haſten his repaire,
Himſelfe by marriage highly to aduance,
With *Iſabel* a Princeſſe, yong and faire,
As was her father *Philip* king of *France*,
When now the more to perfect my command,
Leaues vnto me protection of the land.

My power confirm'd ſo abſolute withall,
That I dranke pleaſure in a plenteous cup,
vvhen there was none me to account to call,
All to my hands ſo freely rendred vp,
That earth to me no greater bliſſe could bring,
Except to make me greater than a King.

when

copy 1

When being now got as high as I could clime,
That the vaine world thus bountifully bleſt,
Franckly imbrace the benefite of time,
Fully t'enioy that freely I poſſeſt;
Strongly maintaining he was worſe than mad,
Fondly to ſpare, a Princes wealth that had.

Their counſells when continually I croſſt,
As ſcorning their authoritie and blood;
And in thoſe things concernd their honor's moſt,
In thoſe againſt them euer moſt I ſtoode:
And things moſt publique priuately extend,
To feede my riot that had neuer end.

When laſtly Fortune like a treacherous foe,
That had ſo long attended on my fall,
In the plaine path wherein I was to goe,
Layes many a baite, to traine me on withall;
Till by her skill ſhe cunningly had brought me,
Vnto the place where at her will ſhe caught me.

The mighty buſines falling then in hand,
Triumphs ordain'd to welcome his returne
(Before the French in honour of the land)
With all my power I labourd to adiourne;
Till all their charge was laſtly ouerthrowne,
Who likde t'haue ſeene no glory but mine owne.

Thus

Thus euery thing the forward ſtill doth ſet,
Euen as an engine forcing by the ſlight,
One miſchiefe thus a ſecond doth beget,
And that doth leade th'other but to right;
Yet euery one himſelfe employing wholy,
In their iuſt courſe to proſecute my folly.

Which when they found how ſtill I did retaine,
Th'ambitious courſe wherein I firſt beganne,
And laſtly felt, that vnder my diſdaine
Into contempt continually they ranne;
Take armes at once to remedy their wrong,
Which their cold ſpirits had ſuffred but too long.

Me boldely charging to abuſe the King,
A waſtefull ſpender of his needefull treaſure,
A ſecret thiefe of many a ſacred thing,
And that I led him to vnlawfull pleaſure,
That neuer did in any thing delight,
But what might pleaſe my ſenſuall appetite.

That as a ſcourge vpon the land was ſent,
Whoſe hatefull life the cauſe had onely beene,
The State ſo vniuerſally was rent,
Whoſe ill increaſing euery day was ſeene;
I was reproached openly of many,
Who pitti'd none, not pitti'd now of any.

And

7216
copy 1.

And for oppoſde by men of greateſt might,
(The King my danger that had wiſely waide)
That did purſue me with ſuch deadly ſpight,
Me into *Ireland* ſecretly conuaide,
Vntill he might my peace againe procure,
And his owne ſafety better might aſſure.

As one whoſe houſe remedileſly burning,
Seeing his goods now heapt together loſt,
His griefe no whit disburthen'd by his mourning,
Taking ſome one thing that he loueth moſt,
To ſome remote place doth with that retire,
Leauing the reſt to'th mercie of the fire.

Yet he ſo much that ſtill did me eſteeme,
That euer ſtroue to couer my diſgrace,
To make my abſence otherwiſe to ſeeme,
And to the world to beare a fairer face,
Leſt my exile ſuggeſted by their hate,
Might ouerthrow my liuelihoode and eſtate.

By their neere councell that were him about,
His Deputy of *Ireland* doth me make,
And cauſde it each-where to be giuen out,
My iourney thither inſtantly to take,
To ſtop their mouthes that gladly would embrace,
Any report might tend to my diſgrace.

There

There liu'd I in that honourable ſort,
As to my high place purchaſed renowne;
vvith no leſſe bountie managing a court,
then hourely crau'd th'reuenues of a Crowne;
to me his loue ſuch ſoueraignтie did bring,
that though he raignde, I abſolutely King.

Few weekes there went but ſome the channell croſſt,
With ſome ſuch preſent Princes holde in price,
Some jewell that him infinitely coſt,
Or ſumptuous roabe of excellent deuiſe;
When they that ſawe what he vpon me caſt,
Found that his treaſure long time could not laſt.

And ſince the floud me followed in this wiſe,
His fulnes I as amply entertaine,
It might ſhew folly to be found preciſe,
that to refuſe which fell as did the raine,
Such as no age before did euer winne,
And ſince his being, yet hath neuer bin.

When now th'abated Baronry that found,
The cunning vſde for couering of my flight,
That me but ſhifted to a ſurer ground,
On which ſo vainely they beſtow'd their might;
Perceiu'd farre off where greater perill roſe,
then they could finde how rightly to diſpoſe.

copy 1

Like thoſe that ſtriue to ſtop ſome violent ſourſe,
vvhoſe plenty Nature planted not for boundes,
Climes aboue all the oppoſers of his courſe,
Or let at large the neighboring plaine ſurrounds,
That in it ſelfe ſ'enated is bleſs'd,
That will the more be, more it depreſs'd.

And fearing now the force I had abroade,
vvho knew the way the *Iriſh* harts to winne,
Fitter by farre at home to be beſtow'd,
(And to the State more ſafety found therein)
vvhere though my riots they could not preuent,
Yet might ſuruey the giddy courſe I went.

Whereof they ſcarſly entertain'd the thought,
And did thereto but ſeemingly deſcend,
But that his loue immediately it caught,
Nor cares he by it what they doe intend;
Plot what they could, ſo he therby might gaine him,
That with delight, which ſtill did entertaine him.

O how thy preſence maieſtie commands!
That ſo ſeuerely humbleth euery eie,
vvhoſe onely ſelfe actes more than many handes,
In thee ſuch vertue ſecretly doth lie,
Hauing about thee the high power of fate,
Art both emperious ouer loue and hate.

He

He that occaſion neuer did neglect,
That aught vnto my happineſſe might winne,
My buiſnes did ſo carefully effect,
That euer was ſo fortunate therein,
As he to paſſe doth prouidently bring,
Before deemde ſo impoſſible a thing.

And Meſſengers immediately are ſent,
Me into England inſtantly to call,
Authorizde by the generall conſent,
Although not likde of inwardly of all;
Yet, twas ſufficient that it freedome gaue me,
But to be there where he deſirde to haue me.

My ſailes now ſwelling with a proſperous winde,
The boiſterous ſeas do homage to mine eies,
That much aboue their vſuall courſe are kinde,
All lowring clouds abandoning the skies,
Nothing diſcern'd that any whit might feare me,
Fortune herſelfe ſittes at the helme to ſteare me.

What time the King his progreſſe then did take,
That part of *Wales* pretending now to ſee,
For which he forward inſtantly did make,
Which was (indeede) there but to meete with me,
With all the fauour that he could deuiſe,
To giue me honour in the publique eies.

7216
copy 1

Where for my landing long he did prouide,
That nought might want intending my delight,
And at each place as leasurely we ride,
Did entertaine me with some pleasing sight,
And vnto *London* to the pompous Court,
Brings me in the magnificentest sort.

Which prou'd but spurres to my vntamde desire,
Giuing the reine to my lasciuious will,
vvho let me forth vnto my full carire,
On places slipperie, and my manage ill,
Small my foresight, and ouermuch my haste,
That me alas infortunately cast.

The Princes eare, that hauing at command,
That who would aught haue, me must entertaine,
And yet before it passde my gripple hand,
Got the greatst share vnto my priuate gaine;
Nor carde I what from any I did wring,
Many thereby too much impouerishing.

And daily begging of Monopolies,
Taking the lands belonging to the Crowne,
And hence transporting those commodities,
To England vsefull comming of her owne,
And basely selling offices (ere then)
The due reward of best deseruing men.

And being irrecouerably prowd,
Held all things vile that ſuted not my vaine,
Nothing might paſſe, my iudgement not allow'd,
A great opinion to my wit to gaine,
Giuing vile termes and nicke-names of diſgrace,
To men that ſate in honourable place.

By which brake out that execrable rage,
That long before had boiled in their blood,
And for reuenge they boldly them ingage,
When laſtly for their libertie they ſtood;
And in this quarrell open Armes they take,
Or to marre all, or better it to make.

They durſt affirme my mother was a witch,
And for the fact condemned burnt to be,
And I her ſonne and rightly of her pitch,
She had bequeath'd her damned Art to me;
Vrging it an inſeperable thing,
That I by Magicke wrought vpon the King.

And into *France* did charge me to conuay,
A goodly table that was maſſie gold,
A relique kept at *Windſor* many a day,
That to King *Arthur* did belong of old;
Vpon whoſe margent as they did ſurmiſe,
Merlin ingraued many prophecies.

7216
copy 1

And by appealing to the ſea of *Rome*,
A Legat thence procuring to the land,
With malediction by the Churches doome,
On any one that on my part ſhould ſtands.
The King ſuſpending ſhould he not conſent,
And ratifie the generall intent.

Which they did but to proſperouſly effect,
Being ſo ſtrong to counterprize his force,
The Clergy ſtill being ready to direct
them the beſt way in all their reſtleſſe courſe.
That at the laſt they ſtrongly him procure,
By ſolemne oth me euer to abiure.

Th'vncertaine biding of each earthly thing,
(Set out moſt liuely in my ſtarre-croſt ſtate)
That doth remaine in Fortunes mannaging,
Appearing in my variable fate
One eye that frown'd and flattered me ſo oft,
Caſting me downe and ſetting me aloft.

To *Flanders* then my preſent courſe I caſt,
Which being the neareſt, lay fitteſt for my eaſe,
Safeſt the way, the ſooner it was paſt,
All not my friends that were abroad at ſeas:
Such meanes in *France* they daily do procure,
That there my ſelfe I doubted to ſecure.

And

And though I chang'd my habite and my name,
Becauſe I meant to liue vnknowne to any,
Yet ſwift report had ſo diuulg'd my ſhame,
My hated life was publiſh'd to too many;
In euery ſtreete that as I pas'd along,
I was the talke of euery common tongue.

And finding that which onely I did craue,
A ſecret meanes to ſend vnto the King,
To me certaine intelligence that gaue,
Of the ſtate and courſe of euery thing;
Who labored now (more euer then before)
Me into *England* ſafely to reſtore.

For which relying on my Soueraignes loue,
(To whom my life had euer beene ſo deare)
Which I then now had ne're more cauſe to proue,
Striuing t'obtaine (if any meane there were;)
A diſpenſation for his former oth,
In their diſpight that thereto ſeem'd moſt loth.

Where caſting many a ſundry courſe at length,
(Being by marriage mightily alide,
And but too much preſuming of my ſtrength)
Reſolu'd for *England*, come what could betide;
And in a ſhip that for the iourney lay,
Thither my ſelfe did ſuddainely conuay.

7216
copy 1

And safely landed on the wished shore,
Vnto the Court me secretly betooke,
Of which the King had notice long before,
And for my comming euery day did looke,
Wisely that plotted when I should arriue,
All helpefull meanes my safetie to contriue.

Which soone being known whilst yet their blood was hote,
That to their strength now onely were to trust,
For what before was done preuailed not,
And for my sake the King did proue vniust;
Bringing thereby whilst trifling they did stand,
Wrong to themselues, and danger to the land.

Now when the time did generally distaste,
Our lewd and inconsiderate neglect,
when those in Court that our high fauours plac'de,
Giue vs iust cause their dealings to suspect,
And they that view'd vs with the pleasedst eye,
Yet at our actions sometimes looke awrie.

Wherefore the King inforced to prouide,
A present Armie rushing to his friends,
Repaire to *Yorke* vntill he were supplide,
From whence for aide he into *Scotland* lands,
To warlike *Baliol* and to *Wales*, from whence
He might get power to frustrate their pretence.

But

But they his purpoſe wholy intercept,
Not now to ſeeke in any ſecret thing,
The marches that ſo vigilantly kept,
And yet renounce all malice to the King;
Only to chaſtice my abhorred ſinne,
Who had the cauſe of all this trouble bin.

Thus Like a ſhip diſmembred of the ſailes,
Forc'd by the winde againſt the ſtreamefull tide,
From place to place with euery billow hales,
And as it haps from ſhore to ſhore doth ride;
As that poore veſſell reſts my brittle ſtay,
Nearer the land, ſtill neareſt caſt away.

Corſiue of kingdoms home-begotten hate,
which in no limits euer yet waſt bounded,
when didſt thou ſeize euen on the greateſt ſtate,
By thee that was not vtterly confounded?
How many kingdoms be there that doe rue thee?
Happy the world was till too well it knew thee.

Thus of our ſuccour inſtantly bereft,
Hauing but now ſome little force at ſea,
Laſtly to truſt to, onely vs was left,
On which our hope infortunately lay;
Which he to haſten, ſpeedily doth make,
His former courſes forced to forſake.

The

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The preſent danger mannaging it ſo,
That did for aide importunately call,
Wherefore in *Yorke* as fartheſt from the foe,
Leaues me vnto the ſafegard of the walls
Till his returne me further helpe might giue,
Whom more and more he ſtudied to releeue.

From *Bedford* now the Armie ſetting on,
Th'appointed randy where they gathered head,
When they had notice that the King was gone,
Vpon their way more haſtily them ſped,
(Me t'afflict as purpoſed they were,)
Whoſe preſence elſe might force them to forbeare.

To *Skarborough* immediately I poſte,
With the ſmall force my fortune then did lend me,
A Fort beſt fitting ſtanding on the coaſt,
And of all other likeſt to defend me,
And came the worſt, reſiſtleſſe were their might.
The ſea ſhould ſafely priuiledge my flight.

But they the Cittie lying round about,
Keepe euery paſſage with a watchfull ſpie,
That gaue them notice of my paſſing out,
With their light horſe purſue me by and by;
Whereas vpon me ſuddainely they came,
E're I had time to fortifie the ſame.

Along the lands towards *Oxford* they conuey me,
Wondring my ſight as birds do at the Owle,
And by the way continually they bray me,
As hungry woolues at paſſengers do howle;
Each one exulting that I now was caught,
That in the land ſuch miſchiefe euer wrought.

And being brought to *Dedington* at laſt,
Where the Earle of *Pembrooke* wild me to be ſtaid,
To vnderſtand ere further that I paſt,
Things to my charge that ſecretly were laid;
And to the King he ſpeedily had ſent,
T'acquaint him with the generall intent.

But the Earle of *Warwicke* (lying but too neare)
(The dog of *Arden* that I vſde to call,)
That deadly hatred ſtill to me did beare,
And that I euer doubted moſt of all;
Thither repairing with a powerfull band,
Ceazed vpon me with a violent hand.

And vnto *Warwicke* carrying me along,
Where he had long deſired me to get,
With friends and tenants abſolutely ſtrong,
Whom all the puiſſant Barronry abet;
Since now occaſion offered them ſuch hold,
Haſten my death by all the meanes they could.

North

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North from the Towne, a mile, or very neare,
An easie hill in publike view doth lie,
Blacklow them call'd of those that dwelled there,
Neare to the ancient Hermitage of *Gay*;
Thither with arm'd bands strongly they me led,
Whereas I hastly fortuned my head.

My sundry passions having thus expreſt,
In the sad tenor of my tragicke Tale,
Let me returne vnto the fields of reſt,
Thither transported by a proſp'rous gale;
I leaue the world my destiny to view,
Bidding it thus for euermore adiew.

FINIS.

7216
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Drayton, M.